Sept. 7, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

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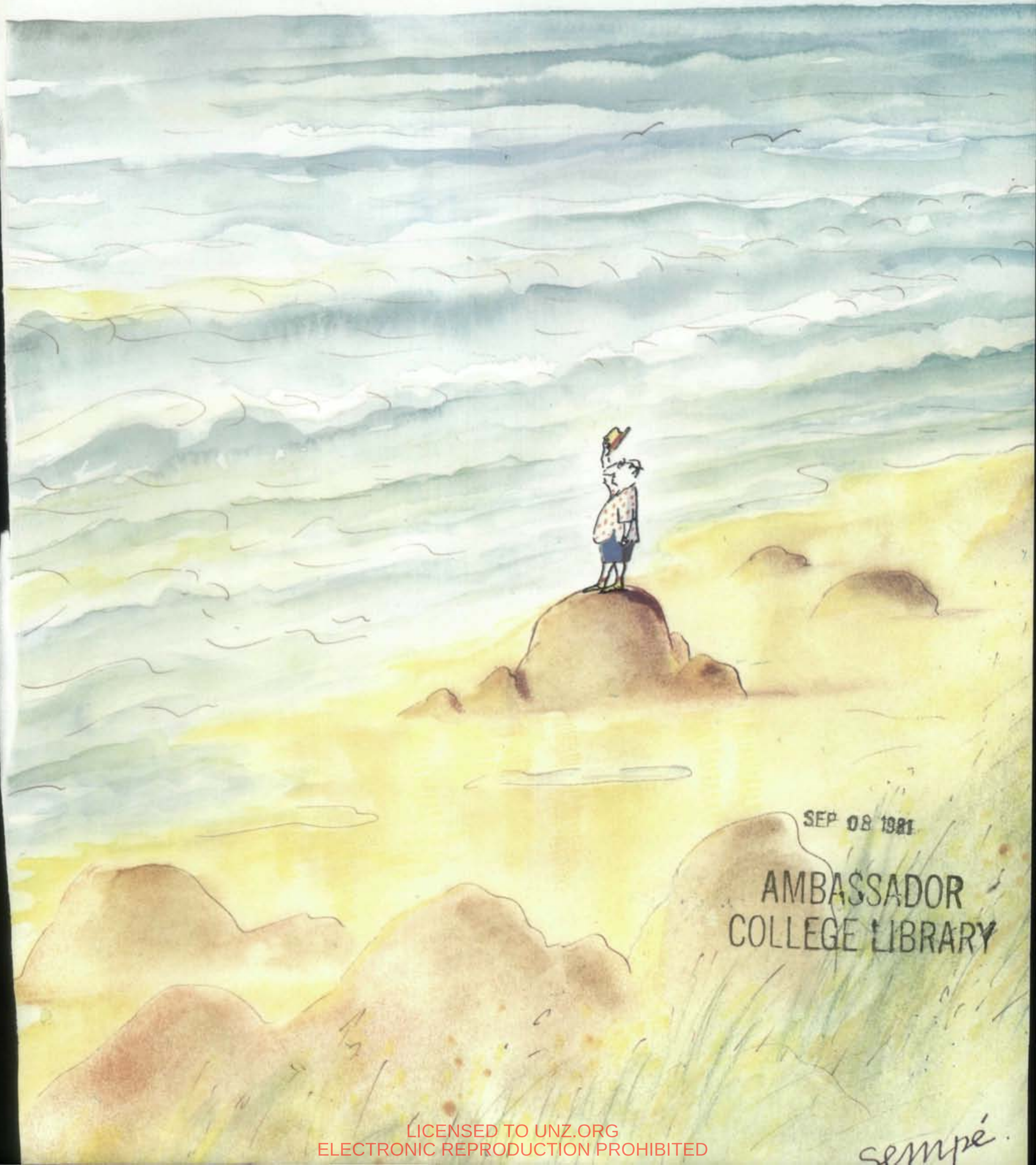

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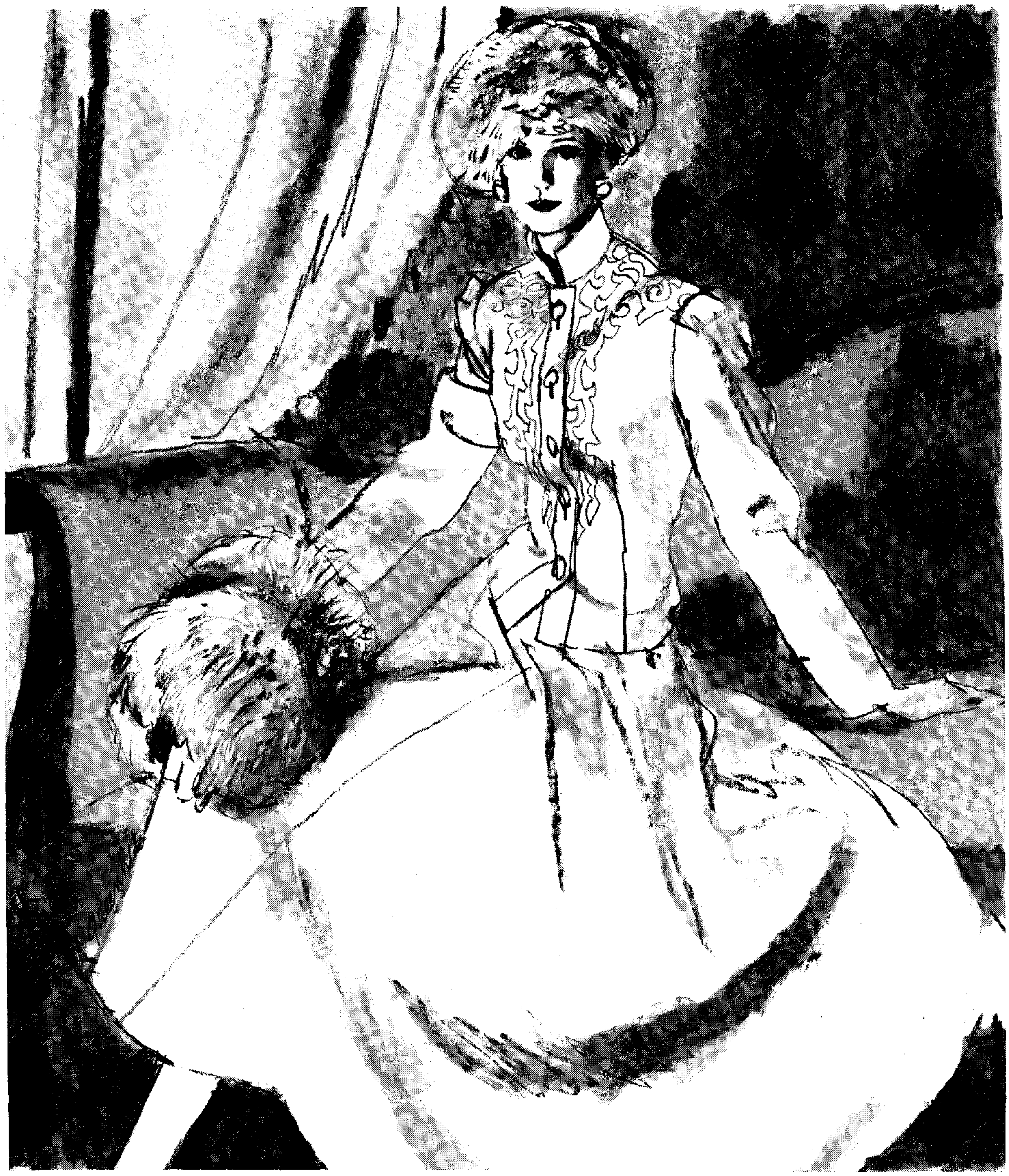

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 7. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 2-4, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 3 and 8. After Saturday, Sept. 5, no performances until Friday, Sept. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 6: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Sept. 9: Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A rip-roaring melodrama in which Lillian Hellman examines greed and family life in the Old South. With Elizabeth Taylor, Maureen Stapleton, and a number of excellent supporting players. Austin Pendleton directed. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 5.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—After twenty-five years, the Lerner-Loewe musical is as witty and nimble as ever, and so is its star, Rex Harrison. Every immaculate word he utters pays homage to the English tongue. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Treat Williams, George Rose, Robby Benson, and Karla De Vito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 8, Maureen McGovern will replace Miss De Vito. (1/19/81) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-

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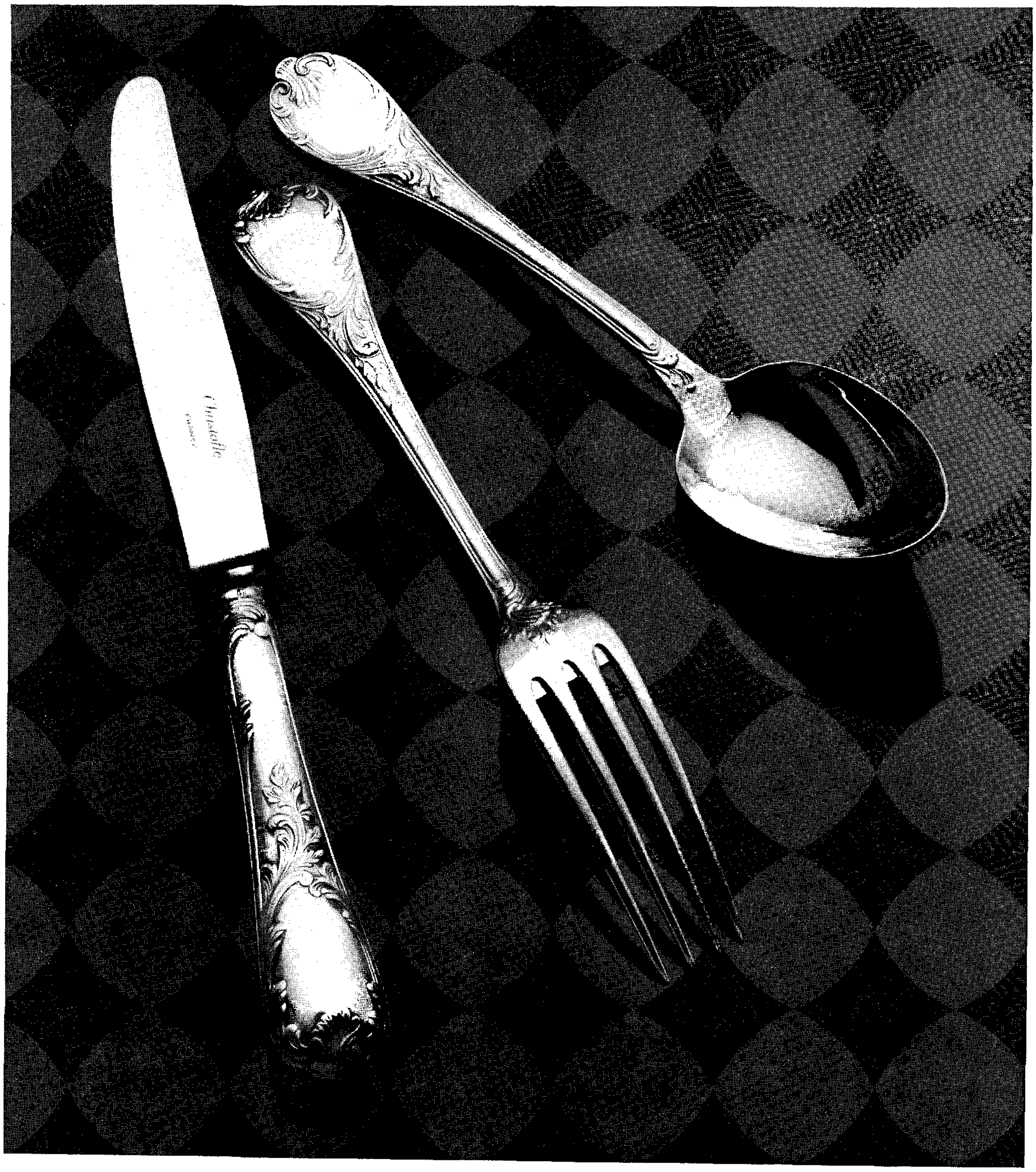

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

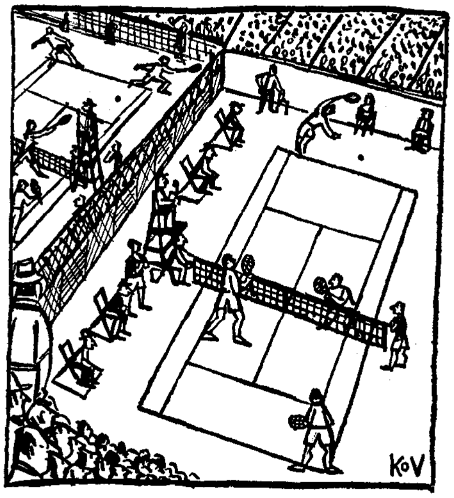
The Supporting Cast—A passable notion for a comedy dies amidst a welter of gags, most of them tiresome. The author is George Furth. (8/17/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 5.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

Ya'acobi & Leidental—A play by Israeli playwright Hanoch Levine. A presentation of the Cameri Theatre of Tel Aviv. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 8, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 20. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,880 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 9, at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Victor Garber and Marsha Skaggs, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday, Sept. 3, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 7.)

Ice Show—"Ice Follies" and "Holiday on Ice" in a combined show, headed by Christina Regőczy and András Sallay. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 7:30; Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 10-11, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will drop in with *his* trio. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Three fine New York players—pianist **MIKE ABENE,** saxophonist **JERRY DODGION,** and bassist **JAY LEONHART**—team up through Saturday, Sept. 5; on Sunday, Sept. 6, bassist Neal Bodner's trio will perform; Monday, Sept. 7, will belong to pianist Bill Halsey; and on Tuesday, Sept. 8, bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** will take over. Music nightly from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Thursday, Sept. 3, rock singer Jim Photoglo and folkie Christine Lavin; Friday, Sept. 4, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S** band and bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his band, the Rising Sun; Saturday, Sept. 5, a night of folk music with three youthful ensembles—Buskin & Batteau, the Song Project, and **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER**—and one veteran soloist, **DAVE VAN RONK;** Sunday, Sept. 6, Otto & George (a ventriloquist and a dummy, respectively) and rock-and-roll humorists Flo & Eddie (Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman to their mothers); Tuesday, Sept. 8, Timothy Leary; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, rock singer and guitarist **JOHN HALL** and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** a young a-cappella R. & B. group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music, after all these years. LARRY WILLIS, who played piano with Jackie McLean, Stan Getz, Kai Winding, and Blood, Sweat & Tears, works with a bassist through Saturday, Sept. 5. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—MARIAN MC PARTLAND is spending only two more weeks here while Bobby Short summers elsewhere. She's at the piano Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3, and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-12, at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist and composer ("Canadian Sunset") EDDIE HEYWOOD, who has said that his idea of relaxation is playing piano in night clubs, relaxes here from eight until midnight, through Saturday, Sept. 5. On Tuesday, Sept. 8, pianist ELLIS LARKINS will return to these quarters.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Sept. 2, Hipnotics, Heart Throbs, the Tapes, and Dark Motive; Thursday, Sept. 3, Lou Hollywood & the Chasers, the Problem, and the Locals; Friday, Sept. 4, the Mundanes, the Jitterz, and the Flavors; and Saturday, Sept. 5, DNA and the Brakes. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—ALBERTA HUNTER sings the blues, talks the blues, calls the blues, and chants the blues through Saturday, Sept. 5. Starting Monday, Sept. 7, AL CARMINES, composer of numerous Judson Memorial Church and Off Broadway productions, will play piano and sing, in his pleasing, modest baritone. On Sundays, one can hear DARDANELLE, who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She doesn't even gesture. (She can't, since she's playing piano, another source of pleasure.) She just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 2, Michael Cooney and the Derby Ram; Saturday, Sept. 5, mandolin ace ANDY STATMAN & Friends; Sunday, Sept. 6, guitarists Joe Ravo and Nick Katzman; Wednesday, Sept. 9, the Battlefield Band; and Saturday, Sept. 12, the Yankee Rebels. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 6, trumpeter Glenn Zottola will head up a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly main-

Casual Elegance Defined. A bouclé knit (in the texture-y mood of fall '81) cardigan, secured by a single button, in concert with a wool flannel, cluster-pleated skirt by **bleyle**. Autumn leaves fall printed on a crepe de chine shirt.

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stream-jazz room. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and his hard-bop quartet are here through Sunday, Sept. 6; on Tuesday, Sept. 8, blues and jazz organist **JIMMY SMITH** will take charge. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GINGER MAN, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music from their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombonist-guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassist **AL HALL,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** pianist **CHARLES BATEMAN,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and drummer **SHELTON GARY**—the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND** collectively—perform from nine-thirty to midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays from nine-thirty to one, Miss Rhapsody (Viola Wells) sings blues tunes with support from pianist Ram Ramirez and bassist Al Hall.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 2, singer Miles Jaye; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 3-5, **JAMES MOODY,** on saxophone, flute, vocals, and one-liners; and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-12, the wonderful vocal duo **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL.** On Sundays, **ANGELA SUAREZ** sings Brazilian-jazz tunes, and on Mondays pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** works with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and, on Sept. 7, with singer **ANDY BEY.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Sundays, singer Stephanie Nakasian is accompanied by Mr. O'Brien from seven to ten.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this restaurant and hangs, one story up, over Third Avenue. The inside is pleasant and modern. Pianist **PATTI BOWN** and her bassist go at it on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3; on Tuesday, Sept. 8, **MIKE LONGO,** who played piano for Mr. Gillespie for several years, will move in for five nights with a bassist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays; from nine to one on Saturdays. Dining. Closed Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5-6.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is at the dining-room piano Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **RED RICHARDS** mans the keyboard from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters, and there are, thank heavens, ceiling fans instead of fireplaces. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS** will all be on the bandstand. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mr. Morgenstern jams with another bunch of musical colleagues. Music from nine. Sundays, from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz. Closed Friday through Sunday, Sept. 4-6.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KIPPY'S PIER 44, in the Milford Plaza Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (354-4414)—A dark, nauticalized back-room bar, with portholes, *pictures of ships, and a bridge of a* bandstand, which is occupied by singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT,** who is seaworthy, landworthy, airworthy, and, most of all, musicworthy. Miss Scott and her jumping trio can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven until one. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** trades solos with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Sept. 5; on Tuesday, Sept. 8, **BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, composer, and National Public Radio star, will come in with his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN.** Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; this club is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 2, **PAUL BUTTERFIELD,** the great white blues singer and harmonica player; Thursday, Sept. 3, singer Stella Parton; Sunday, Sept. 6, Texas Jewish cowboy folkie Kinky Friedman; Monday, Sept. 7, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL;** Tuesday, Sept. 8, the Aztec Two-Step; and Thursday, Sept. 10, folkie Jonathan Edwards. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The music room has a view of a garden. **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, non-emotional voice, is on hand through Saturday, Sept. 5. On Wednesday, Sept. 9, **SYLVIA SYMS** will begin singing. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 2, Readymades, Teenage Furniture, and the Kelvins; Thursday, Sept. 3, the Doids, the Shakes, and Candy Apple; Friday, Sept. 4, Joy Ryder and the Workers; and Saturday, Sept. 5, the Lenny Kaye Connection and the Times. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** admirers can hear Miss Dearie sing "Baby, It's Cold Outside" and other tunes with pianist **BOB DOROUGH** through Saturday, Sept. 5. On Tuesday, Sept. 8, Bobbi Rogers will arrive to sing a program of Richard Rodgers songs. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell sand chairs; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. Thursday, Sept. 3, jazz singer **GRACE TESTANI** and her quartet; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, singer Tanya Willoughby; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, Zulema. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Friday, Sept. 4, Roland Vazquez; Saturday, Sept. 5, Shade; Wednesday, Sept. 9, Mode I.Q. and Teenage Furniture; Thursday, Sept. 10, Floyd Domino, ex-Asleep at the Wheel pianist; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, folk-rock singer Ronee Blakley. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Tuesdays, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** plays non-depressing swing music. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make uplifting, irresistible music to Lindy to; through Sunday, Sept. 6. On Tuesday, Sept. 8, **SY OLIVER'S** bouncy dance orchestra will return. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Sept. 2, Alan Vega, Walter Steding, and Shox Lumania; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3-4, Classix Nouveaux; Saturday, Sept. 5, and Monday, Sept. 7, the Rockats; Thursday, Sept. 10, **X,** from Los Angeles; and Friday, Sept. 11, Blue Angel. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," features Susan Bigelow, Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: On Tuesday, Sept. 8, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO** will guide a combo that will feature his old Jazz Messenger classmate, tenor saxophonist **CARTER JEFFERSON**; Wednesday, Sept. 9, a septet called Deuce, which is co-piloted by trumpeter Ellen Seeling and saxophonist Jean Fineberg, will be present; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13, have been reserved for the **HEATH BROTHERS** band, which includes saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH**, bassist **PERCY HEATH**, and pianist and friend of the family **STANLEY COWELL**.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, **SONNY FORTUNE**, a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, will head up a trio; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing blues and ballads with her backing crew. Music from about nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** is here with his group through Saturday, Sept. 5; on Tuesday, Sept. 8, guitarist Sal Salvador will bring in his quartet. On Sundays and Mondays trumpeter **JOHN MC NEIL** works with bassist **RUFUS REID** and drummer **BILLY HART**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: Wednesday, Sept. 2, B. Willie Smith; Thursday, Sept. 3, the Nighthawks; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 4-6, blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND**; and Friday and Saturday, Sept 11-12, **BIG JOE TURNER**, *the* Kansas City blues shouter and early rock-and-roll singer. If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blues soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 2, Beau Jack and Marc Johnson; Thursday, Sept. 3, Nasty Facts and Rorschach; and Friday, Sept. 4, Richard Lloyd and Tiger Beats. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, Sept. 5-8.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays enthusiastic, adept salsa bands perform downstairs from about nine, and Tuesdays jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER** leads his quartet through Sunday, Sept. 6; on Tuesday, Sept. 8, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and his multi-instrumentalist colleague **IRA SULLIVAN**—he can take off playing the flute, the saxophone, or the trumpet—will arrive with their quintet. The Monday-night music will be made on Sept. 7, by drummer **CHARLI PERSIP'S** big band. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Esther Blue and Thursdays through Sundays by Tony Regusis. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. **STRING FEVER**, a hot-jazz outfit, performs through Friday, Sept. 4; on Saturday, Sept. 5, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will drop by with his Jazz Sultans; on Monday, Sept. 7, saxophonist Percy France will lead his group; Tuesday, Sept. 8, will belong to the great drummer **JO JONES**; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, trumpeter Franc Williams will guide his Swing Four; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, trumpeter and vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM** will be on hand with his quintet. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Iggy Pop—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3, at 9.

Salsa Festival—Eddie Palmieri & Friends and Ray Barretto and his orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Celia Cruz, Willie Colon and his orchestra, Hector Lavoe and his orchestra, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd St. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8.)

Frank Sinatra—With the George Shearing quintet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 8, through Sunday, Sept. 20. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14-15, at 8. Tuesday, Sept. 8, and Thursday, Sept. 17, are benefit performances.

The Commodores—With France Joli and John Witherspoon. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13, at 8.)

Ricky Ford Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Sept. 11, at 8.

Solid Gold Rock 'n Roll—Little Anthony, the Drifters, the Shirelles, Danny and the Juniors, the Belmonts, and the Five Satins. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8 and 11.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10: Thiago de Mello & Amazon, featuring Claudio Roditi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3, at 10: Roseanna Vitro. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, at 10: Pepper Adams quartet, featuring Walter Bishop, Jr. . . . ¶ Sundays at 9: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 10, at 10: Jimmy Madison quintet, featuring Bob Berg and Tom Harrell. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 10: Bebop Quintessence. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Friday, Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: More than a hundred and seventy-five prints (Rembrandt, Homer, Feininger, Dine) in a show intended as a visual course for the prudent collector. Forgeries, prints altered by publishers, and a comparison of Cézanne's lithograph "The Bathers" with a photographic reproduction of that same work are among the lessons. Through Oct. 3. . . . **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Friday, Sept. 4. . . . **CITY GALLERY**, second floor, 2 Columbus Circle: "Hispanic Artists in New York," a show of paintings and sculptures by fourteen artists. Through Friday, Sept. 4. . . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Friday, Sept. 11.

PHOTOGRAPHY

M. Miller—Formal portraits of mostly upper-class Chinese—the mandarins and compradors of Hong Kong and Canton—made between 1861 and 1864 by this Hong Kong-

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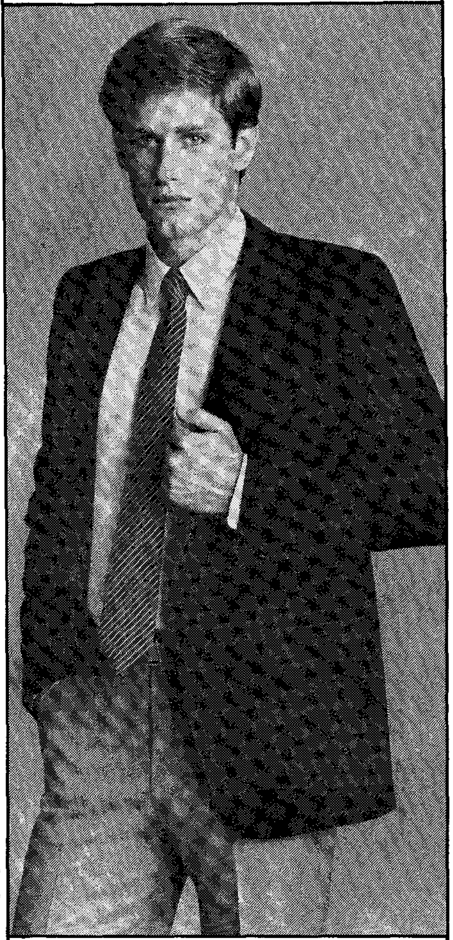

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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based photographer. Through Oct. 3. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Frederick Sommer—A review of the artist's career to date, extending from photographs of found-object assemblages, desert scenes, and portraits to *cliché-verre* prints, drawings, and musical scores. Through Sept. 20. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8. A second show consists of forty *cliché-verre* prints by four photographers: John Bloom, Meg Ojala, Jack Sal, and Jaromir Stephany.)

Group Shows—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **the urban center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: "New York's Historic Districts" and "The Upper East Side Historic District," a pair of photographic exhibits (with maps and other documentation) put together by the Municipal Art Society. Architectural styles found on the East Side are given some attention. Through Sept. 18. . . . **zabriskie,** 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Friday, Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died July 1. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ In a show that deals broadly with the ways artists link words and pictures are illustrations for literary works (no texts); drawings that use words as either symbol or image; and artists' books that substitute pictures for words. Charles Demuth, Max Ernst, and Carl Andre are a few of the artists. Through Oct. 6. . . . **photography:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ Nineteen watercolors by Winslow Homer, twenty by John Singer Sargent, and a single painting each by a number of contemporary Americans, all from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ A survey of recent Korean drawing. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.) All three shows through Monday, Sept. 7.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight watercolors by William Blake done during the last years of his life as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and other works, in a show intended to complement a selection of the artist's earlier *oeuvre* on view at the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A diverse selection of William Blake's watercolors (including a series of twenty-one done in 1805 for the "Book of Job"), engravings (a bound volume of his 1793 "America"), and illuminated works (complete sets of illustrations for both his "Songs of Innocence" of 1789 and "Songs of Experience" of 1794). Also, the "Pickering Manuscript," the only extant holograph of Blake's verse. A complementary show is at the Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ About a dozen Mozart manuscripts, ranging from four pieces for the piano written by the composer at the age of five, to one of the three known sketches for "The Magic Flute," written shortly before his death. Both shows through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Barbara Adrian, Marcia Marcus, Harry Roseman, and Frank Stout are among works being considered for purchase and donation to museums, through the Henry Ward Ranger Fund. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Labor Day, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—A two-week engagement of Wright and Forrest's "Song of Norway" (based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg). Opens Thursday, Sept. 3, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 13, after which the company will move into repertory continuing through Sunday, Nov. 15. There will be alternating casts. Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, David Eisler, Stephen Dickson, David Rae Smith, and the Eliot Feld Ballet, or Claudette Peterson, Janis Eckhart, Joseph Evans, John Brandstetter, Mr. Smith, and the Feld ballet. Liza Redfield will conduct both casts. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting a program including the American première of Stockhausen's "Jubilee," with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. The opening performances of the season, which will run through Wednesday, May 12. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8; Friday, Sept. 11, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 7:30.)

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—Final performances of a series of concerts. The participants include Yuuko Shiokawa, Daniel Phillips, James Buswell, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, all violin; Walter Trampler and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Edward Auer, Alicia Schachter, André-Michel Schub, and Andras Schiff, all piano; Carol Wincenc, flute; Franklin Cohen, clarinet; and Janice Felty, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3, at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

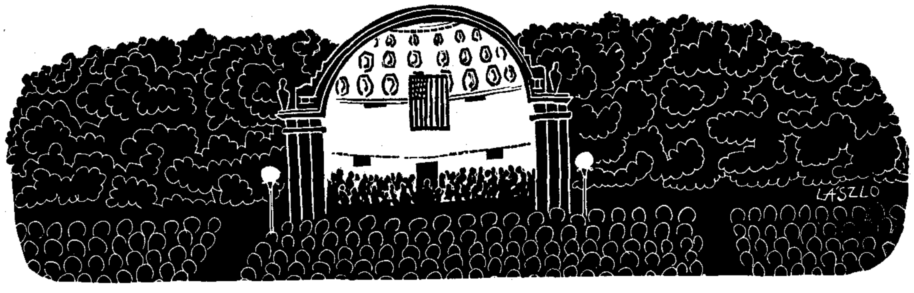
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Friday, Sept. 4, at 7: Charlie Daniels Band and Juice Newton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7: Peter Frampton. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 7: Kansas. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, with Maria Alba. (Lee, Mass. Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5-6, at 3 and 8:30; and Monday, Sept. 7, at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5-6, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Monday, Sept. 7, at 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, Sept. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2.

College Football—**saturday, sept. 5:** Grambling



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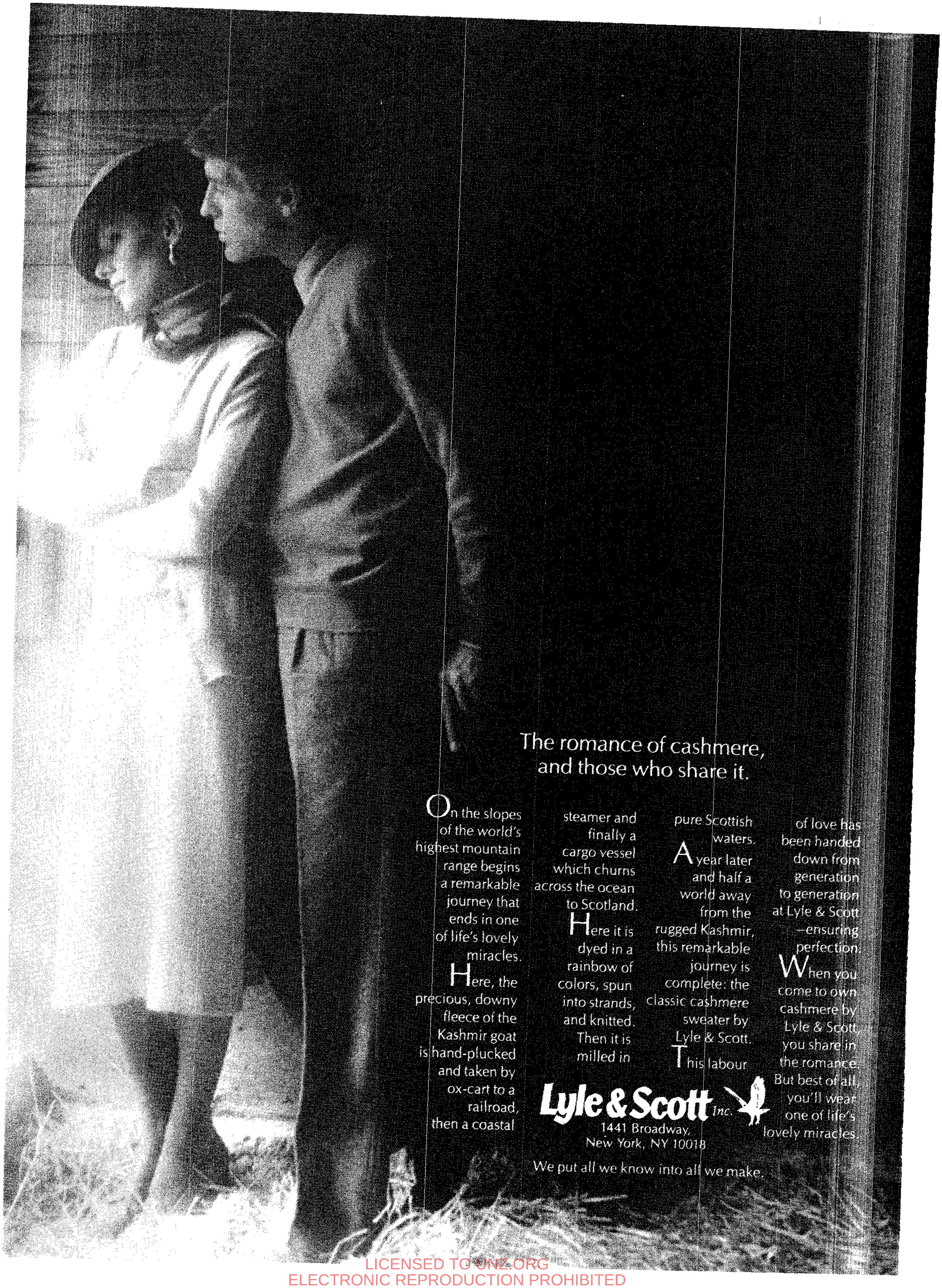

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

State vs. Florida A. & M., in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse, at 7. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 12:** Fordham vs. Southern Connecticut State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Sept. 6: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 12. The Astarita, Thursday, Sept. 3; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Friday, Sept. 4; the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 5; the Maskette, Sunday, Sept. 6; the Flower Bowl Handicap, Monday, Sept. 7; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Choice Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturday at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Racing begins Monday, Sept. 7, and will run through Thursday, Dec. 31. Post time opening week will be Monday, Sept. 7, at 1:30; Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 8-11, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 1:30 and 8. The Pegasus, Monday, Sept. 7. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, Sept. 8, through Monday, Oct. 19.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay, in the second game in the North American Soccer League's quarterfinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday, Sept. 2, through Thursday, Sept. 10, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 11-13, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Labor Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Final free performances of **HENRY IV, PART 1.** Under Des McAnuff's direction, the action is swift and clear, and many details are ingenious, but the principal actors are not yet up to the principal roles—an exception being Margaret Whitton, who gives a delightful performance as Hotspur's loving, outspoken wife. The stunning, practical set is by Stuart Wurtzel. The costumes, lighting, and music—all admirable—are by Patricia McGourty, Richard Nelson, and Richard Peaslee, respectively. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The final performances in the Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Thursday, Sept. 3: Bonnie Raitt and NRBQ. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 8-9: Adam & the Ants. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 11: Ian Hunter Band, with Mick Ronson and Leslie West, and Corky Laing & New Mountain. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12: The Plasmatics. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

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DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Carol Wincenc, flute, and Raymond Mase, trumpet. The final concert of the season. (Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES,** with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Sept. 5-7; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, from noon until sundown.

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of conventional and experimental films will be shown on Central Park's Cedar Hill, Fifth Ave. at 79th St., on Sunday, Sept. 6, at 8:30. (Rain date: Sept. 7.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Sept. 13 (day). Cleveland, Sept. 21-23 (night). Baltimore, Sept. 25-26 (n) and Sept. 27 (d). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Sept. 15-17 (night). St. Louis, Sept. 18 (n) and Sept. 19-20 (day). Pittsburgh, Sept. 21 (n) and Sept. 22 (at 5:05). Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 1 (n). Montreal, Oct. 2 (n) and Oct. 3-4 (d). . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE PRELIMINARY PLAYOFFS:** Start Oct. 6. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Oct. 13. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Oct. 20, in the home park of the American League champion.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**FRIDAY, SEPT. 18:** Rutgers vs. Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 19:** Army vs. V.M.I., at West Point; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Fordham vs. Catholic University, at Fordham; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 20:** Manhattan vs. Siena, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 26:** Army vs. Brown, at West Point; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Manhattan vs. Brooklyn College, at John F. Kennedy Field; Princeton vs. Delaware, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 3:** Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge; Rutgers vs. Cornell, at Piscataway; and Yale vs. Navy, at New Haven. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 4:** Manhattan vs. Livingston, at John F. Kennedy Field. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 10:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point; Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, at Hanover; Holy Cross vs. Yale, at Worcester; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; and Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**SUNDAY, SEPT. 13:** Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 20:** Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Pittsburgh. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 27:** Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 4:** Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Oct 6. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all exhibition games): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Oct. 3.

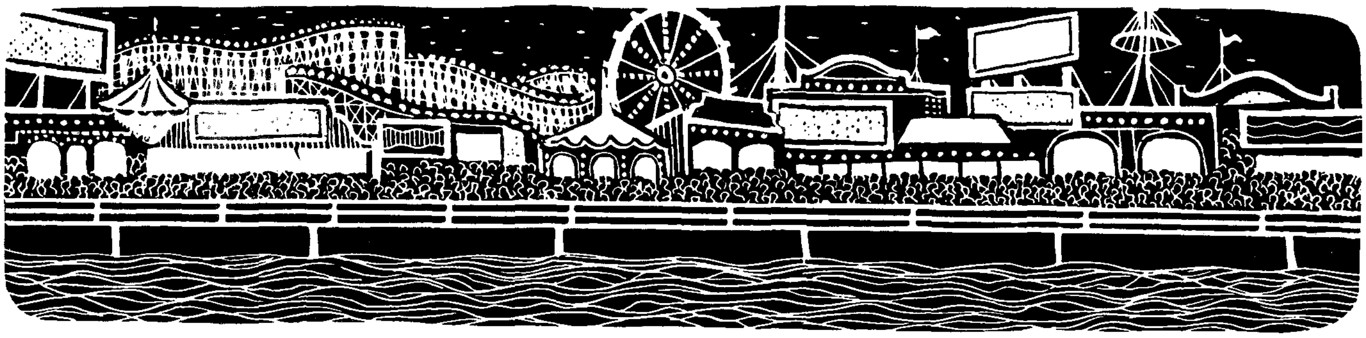
RUNNING—The Fifth Avenue Mile, Sept. 26.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season will open on Sept. 21, with Bellini's "Norma," and will run through April 17. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Sept. 27. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Mark Zeltser, piano, Oct. 6. . . . ¶ National Arts Center Orchestra of Canada, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Dallas Symphony, Oct. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Grant Johannesen, piano, Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Sept. 13, 15, 16, 18, and 20. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Bella Davidovich, piano, Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Oct. 5-6. . . . ¶ Nina Beilina, violin, Oct. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Menahem Pressler, piano, and the Juilliard String Quartet, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider and Friends, Oct. 9.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Claudette Colbert and Jean-Pierre Aumont will have the leads in "A Talent for Murder," a comedy-thriller by Jerome Chodorov and Norman Panama. . . . ¶ The Royal Shakespeare Company production of "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," based on the Dickens novel and adapted for the stage by David Edgar. Stephen Oliver wrote the music and lyrics. Roger Rees will have the title role, and David Threlfall will play his friend Smike. The play will be presented in two parts.

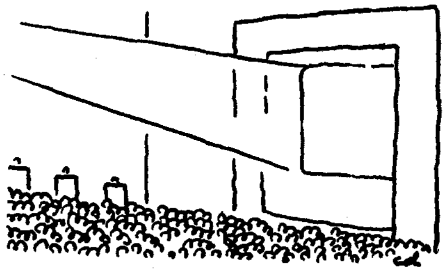
DANCE—Twyla Tharp Dance, at the Winter Garden, Sept. 22-Oct. 18.

OTHER DATES—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 22. . . . ¶ The Fall Antiques Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Sept. 24-27. . . . ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 24-27. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 25 at Alice Tully Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, and then continues at Alice Tully Hall: Sept. 26-Oct. 10. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 3 elections, Oct. 6 and 10.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 10: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; directed by Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). No performances on Monday, Sept. 7.
From Sept. 11: "The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian).

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Sept. 2: "The Harvey Girls" (†) and "Summer Holiday." (†)
Sept. 3: "Gold Diggers of 1935" (†) and "Wonder Bar." (†)
Sept. 4-5: "The Gang's All Here" (†) and "42nd Street." (†)
Sept. 6-7: "Summer Stock" (†) and "Yolanda and the Thief." (†)
Sept. 8-9: "Sun Valley Serenade" (†) and "Hello, Frisco, Hello." (†)
Sept. 10-11: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (†) and "The Belle of New York." (†)
From Sept. 12: "Guys and Dolls" (†) and "Hans Christian Andersen." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 3: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)
Sept. 4-10: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†) and "Alien." (†)
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "Take This Job and Shove It" (Gus Trikonis), with Robert Hays and Barbara Hershey. From Sept. 4: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Night Porter." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Chu Chu and the Philly Flash" (David Lowell Rich), with Alan Arkin and Carol Burnett.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 10: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
Sept. 11: "My Brilliant Career." (†)
Sept. 12: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 3: "Blow Out." (†) From Sept. 4: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 3: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.
From Sept. 4: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 3: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Sept. 4-10: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
From Sept. 11: "Blow Out." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 3: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.
From Sept. 4: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "S.O.B." (†)
Theatre 2: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 3: "Blow Out." (†) Sept. 4-10: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (directed by Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). From Sept. 11: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
Theatre 4: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 4: "Alice's Restaurant" (†) and "Bound for Glory." (†)
Sept. 5-6: "Performance" (†) and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Condorman" (Charles Jarrott), with Michael Crawford and Barbara Carrera; and "Song of the South." (†)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Sept. 3: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.
From Sept. 4 (tentative): "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Blow Out." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heartland." (†)

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 5: "The Navigator" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Goodnight Nurse" (1918) and "Day Dreams" (1922). Sept. 6-8: "Our Hospitality" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Blacksmith" (1921) and "My Wife's Relations" (1923). Sept. 9-12: "Seven Chances" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Coney Island" (1917) and "The Balloonatic" (1922).
Theatre 2: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "New York, New York." (†) From Sept. 11: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "S.O.B." (†) From Sept. 4: "Best Boy." (†)
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 3: "Arthur." (†) From Sept. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 3: "Blow Out." (†) From Sept. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 3: "Take This Job and Shove It" (Gus Trikonis), with Robert Hays and Barbara Hershey. From Sept. 4: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 3: "S.O.B." (†) From Sept. 4: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 3: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 10: "Superman II."

(†) From Sept. 11: "New York, New York." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "An American Werewolf in London" (directed by John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 3: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 3: "Chu Chu and the Philly Flash" (David Lowell Rich), with Alan Arkin and Carol Burnett. From Sept. 4: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.
Theatre 5: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 3: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton. From Sept. 4 (tentative): "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 4: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 3: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From Sept. 4: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Arthur." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

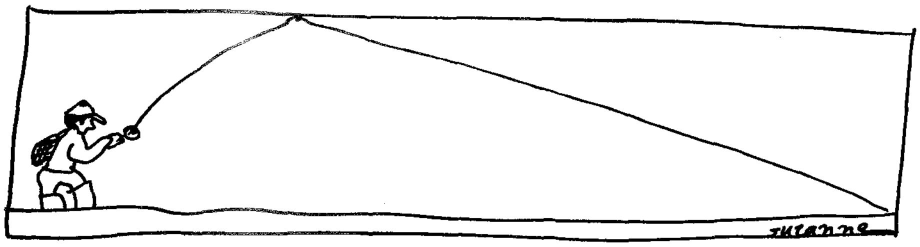
R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "Take This Job and Shove It" (Gus Trikonis), with Robert Hays and Barbara Hershey. From Sept. 4: "Hell Night" (Tom DeSimone), with Linda Blair.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 2: "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; directed by Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel; and "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French).
Sept. 3: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Sept. 4: "Tristana" (1970; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Sept. 5: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.
Sept. 6: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Sept. 7: "Valentino" (1977; Ken Russell), with Rudolf Nureyev; and "Fellini's Casanova." (†)
Sept. 8: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Exploits of Kyoshiro Nemuri, Blazing Swordsman" (1966; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.
Sept. 9: "Of Human Bondage" (†) and "Dishonored." (†)
Sept. 10: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
Sept. 11: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Sept. 12: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 2: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Sept. 3: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Sept. 4: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Sept. 5: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.
Sept. 6: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold.
Sept. 7: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Imitation of Life" (1959; Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner.
Sept. 8: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Casablanca." (†)
Sept. 9: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940; Mervyn LeRoy), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.
Sept. 10: "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith; and "Ulysses." (†)
Sept. 11: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles.
Sept. 12: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Ned Kelly" (1970; Tony Richardson), with Mick Jagger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 3: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Russ Meyer's 'Vixen' " (1969).
Sept. 4-5: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman),



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

Sept. 6-8: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

Sept. 9-10: "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan; and "Yanks." (†)

Sept. 11-12: "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 10: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

From Sept. 11: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 5: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Sept. 6-8: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Sept. 9-12: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 5: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Sept. 6-8: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973; John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro.

Sept. 9-12: To be announced.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 4: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Sept. 5-7: "Show Boat" (1951; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Sept. 3: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Girl Friends" (1978; Claudia Weill), with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner.

Sept. 4-5: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.

Sept. 6-8: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Sept. 9-10: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). Both X-rated.

Sept. 11-12: "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin; X-rated); and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 5: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Sept. 6-7: "Duck Soup" (†) and "Horse Feathers." (†)

Sept. 8-9: "One, Two, Three" (†); and "Avanti!" (1972; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills.

Sept. 10-12: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. McLeod), with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 2: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton, and three Keaton shorts—"Coney Island" (1917), "One Week" (1920), and "Day Dreams" (1922).

Sept. 3: "The Cameraman" (1928; a silent film) and "Doughboys" (1930), both films directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton.

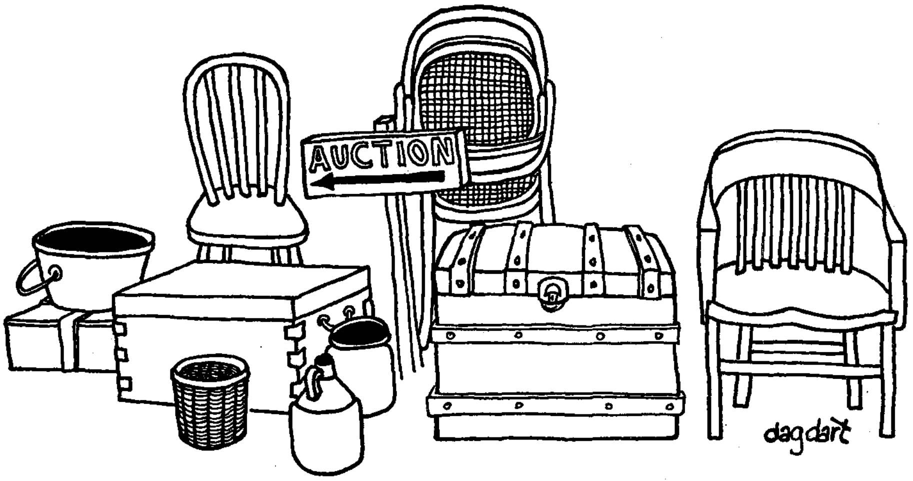
Sept. 4-5: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Willie & Phil" (1980; Paul Mazursky), with Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder, and Ray Sharkey.

Sept. 6: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allegret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa, and Leo Genn; and "Sons and Lovers." (†)

Sept. 7: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurski, and Anne Shirley; and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.

Sept. 8: "The Outlaw" (†) and "His Kind of Woman." (†)

Sept. 9: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), compiled from newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances.



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Sept. 10: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers; and "Abel Gance: Charm of Dynamite" (1968), a documentary compiled by Kevin Brownlow.

Sept. 11-12: "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 2: "Satan Met a Lady" (1936; William Dieterle), with Bette Davis, Warren William, and Alison Skipworth; and "June Bride" (1948; Bretaigne Windust), with Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery, Fay Bainter, and Betty Lynn.

Sept. 3: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, and Rossano Brazzi; and "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" (1947; Peter Godfrey), with Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, and Nigel Bruce.

Sept. 4-5: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Sept. 6-7: "Trouble in Paradise" (†); and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

Sept. 8: "Thank You, Mr. Moto" (1938; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto; and "Sherlock Holmes" (1932; William K. Howard), with Clive Brook as Holmes and Reginald Owen as Dr. Watson.

Sept. 9: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Smiles of a Summer Night." (†)

Sept. 10: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "M." (†)

Sept. 11-12: "Blackmail" (†) and "Sabotage." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films produced by the National Film Board of Canada: Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Cold Journey" (1972; directed by Martin DeFalco), with Chief Dan George and Johnny Yesno. . . . Sept. 3 at 6: "Once Upon a Hunt" (1972; Francis Mankiewicz; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Marcel Sabourin. . . . Sept. 3 at 8: "Nobody Waved Goodbye" (1964; Don Owen), with Peter Kastner. . . . Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Bravery in the Field" (1979; Giles Walker) and "Steel Blues" (1976; Jose Fajardo). . . . Sept. 4 at 6: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973; Jacques Leduc; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Esther Auger. . . . Sept. 5 at noon: "The Railrodder" (1965; Gerald Potterton), with Buster Keaton; "Ashes of Doom" (1970; Grant Munro); and "The Boy Who Stopped Niagara" (1947; Leslie McFarlane). . . . Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Hunt." . . . Sept. 5 at 5: "Mon Oncle Antoine" (1976; Claude Jutra; in French, with English subtitles), with Jacques Gagnon, Monique Mercure, and Jean Duceppe. . . . Sept. 6 at noon: "The Railrodder," "Ashes of Doom," and "The Boy Who Stopped Niagara." . . . Sept. 6 at 2:30: "Cold Journey." . . . Sept. 7 at 2:30: "Mon Oncle Antoine." . . . Sept. 8 at 6: "J. A. Martin, Photographe" (1977; Jean Beaudin; in French, with English subtitles), with Marcel Sabourin and Monique Mercure. . . . Sept. 10 at 2:30: "Ordinary Tenderness." . . . Sept. 10 at 6: "Travel Log" (1978; Donald Winkler), "Horizon" (1975; Norman Grégoire and Claude Jobin), and "Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail" (1966; Don Owen). . . . Sept. 10 at 8: "Night Cap" (1974; André Forcier) and "Cher Theo" (1975; Jean Beaudin), both films in French, no English subtitles. . . . Sept. 11 at 2:30: "Primal Fear" (1978; Anne-Claire Poirer; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Julie Vincent; recommended for adults only. . . . Sept. 11 at 6: "Cold Journey." . . . Sept. 12 at noon: "National Scream" (1980; Robert Awad and David Verrall) and "Tourist Go Home" (1959). . . . Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Travel Log," "Horizon," and "Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail." . . . Sept. 12 at 5: "Primal Fear." . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: Sept. 6 at 5: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine. . . . Sept. 7-8 at noon: "Experiments in Motion Graphics" and "Arabesque," both directed by John Whitney; "Solo" (Mike Hoover); "Spaceborne" (Philip Dauber); and "Music of the Spheres" (Jordan Belson). . . . Sept. 7 at 6: "Stereo" (1969; David Cronenberg). . . . Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The final program in a summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through Sept. 6: "Dumbo" (1941) is being shown at 1, and "Transfigurations," a program of ten short films, is being shown at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Harold Clurman; through Sept. 4.)

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 4-10.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 3.)

The Barkleys of Broadway (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance," as well as some Tchaikovsky. Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their usual buoyant best. (Art; Sept. 10-11.)

The Belle of New York (1952)—M-G-M belting out Hugh Morton's operetta story, with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, and Keenan Wynn. Songs: "The Belle" (obviously), "Baby Doll," "Naughty but Nice," "Thank You Mr. Currier, Thank You Mr. Ives," et al., by various hands, including Harry Warren, Johnny Mercer, and Burton Lane. Vera-Ellen, in a thigh-length skirt, is swept off her feet by an Astaire who looks as young as he ever did, and dances you out of any dusty summer. Directed by Charles Walters. (Art; Sept. 10-11.)

Best Boy (1980)—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl, whose presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 4.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who didn't look very different half a century later, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine. Also with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11-12.)

Blow Out—It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car into the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 4. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 11.)

Bound for Glory (1976)—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives this Hal Ashby film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). Though the story doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—this is an impressive piece of work. (Harold Clurman; through Sept. 4.)

Casablanca (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. Although their romance was certified by a collection of Academy Awards, they didn't press their luck and never appeared together again. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). Questioned about his purpose and motives, he informs the police: "I came to Casablanca for the waters." "Waters? What waters? We're in the desert." "I was misinformed." It's far from a great film, but it has a special appealingly shlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinskey, Curt Bois, Dan Seymour, Ludwig Stossel, Ilka Grunning, Frank Puglia, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson, singing "As Time Goes By." Academy Awards: Best Picture; Best Director (Michael Curtiz); Best Screenplay (Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch). And the Thalberg Memorial Award went to the producer, Hal B. Wallis. Based on the play "Everybody Comes to Rick's," by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Cutter's Way—Its original title, "Cutter and Bone," is also the name of Newton Thornburg's 1976 novel, on which it's based. This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California; it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. Writers who aren't forcibly restrained love to go for "mordant" protagonists, and actors love to play them. Heard gives a stylized performance of a man full of self-lacerating energy; he isn't a character—he's a one-eyed, one-legged literary conceit. As Cutter's burned-out wife Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty—she's wound up tight, like an American Glenda Jackson, but without Jackson's shaping and style. The film is packed with symbolic gestures, though they're not quite as effective as the ghostly fiesta scene behind the opening titles, with señoritas dancing to music that's different from the music we hear, and castanets silently clicking. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music is by Jack Nitzsche. (Cinema Studio.)

Dishonored (1931)—The dullest of the Marlene Dietrich films directed by Josef von Sternberg. He wrote the story (which was a mistake), and then the scenario was prepared by Daniel Rubin (another mistake). Dietrich plays a "woman of the streets" who is given the chance of spiritual redemption by serving her country; she becomes the glamorous spy X-27, but falls in love with an enemy agent (Victor McLaglen). McLaglen is the really hopeless mistake. He's meant to be dashing, but he lacks style and physical grace—he's a grinning buffoon, with zero sex appeal. Dietrich goes through her repertory of teases, lowering her eyelids demurely and raising them amusingly; she's charming, but she's playing all alone. (At times she might as well be doing eye exercises.) In a few sequences (especially the ones in which she impersonates a peasant hotel maid) she's clearly having a good time, and when she poses with a cat she's sleekly, still youthfully, beautiful (she was born December 27, 1901); the mask of mysterious remoteness and agelessness is just beginning to form. Her ironic, spacey gallantry—the way she keeps her firing squad waiting while she takes out her lipstick and touches up her mouth—is the only real entertainment in this lamely directed movie; the lines are so stiffly paced that they're like failed epigrams. You wince. With Lew Cody, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Warner Oland, Barry Norton, and, in a small part, William Powell. (Every one of them seems more desirable than McLaglen.) Photographed by Lee Garmes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Regency; Sept. 6-7.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Eastside Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Sept. 4-10.)

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Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about the single-minded love of a teenage boy (Martin Hewitt) for his young girlfriend (Brooke Shields), the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is the girl's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as the boy's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin). (Criterion Theatres.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero: he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 3.)

Fellini's Casanova (1976)—Fellini has done something that no one else in screen history has ever done: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be achieved successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crisis on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as a deliberately unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 7.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Art; Sept. 4-5.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; the heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

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The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which as a piece of staging passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. Leo Robin and Harry Warren supplied the songs, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. (Art; Sept. 4-5.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (Art; Sept. 3.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Art; starting Sept. 12.)

Hans Christian Andersen (1952)—Lavish, cloying, pseudo-whimsical monstrosity, contrived by Moss Hart and directed by Charles Vidor under the aegis of Samuel Goldwyn. It's the conceit of the movie to make Andersen (Danny Kaye) a simpleton bordering on active idiocy. With Zizi Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn, Joey Walsh, Farley Granger, and John Qualen. The drippy songs are by Frank Loesser. (Art; starting Sept. 12.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—In this extravagant, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central notion of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Art; Sept. 2.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris.)

Hello, Frisco, Hello (1943)—Mediocrity enshrined. A moderately sickening tinsel musical from Fox, with Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Laird Cregar, June Havoc, and Lynn Bari. The paste-up score ranges from "You'll Never Know" and "Hello Ma Baby" to such lethal jobs as "It's Tulip Time in Holland." H. Bruce Humberstone directed. (Art; Sept. 8-9.)

His Kind of Woman (1951)—Winsome comedy about a deported racketeer trying to sneak back into America. Vincent Price, Jane Russell, and Robert Mitchum as the good guy. Directed by John Farrow. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

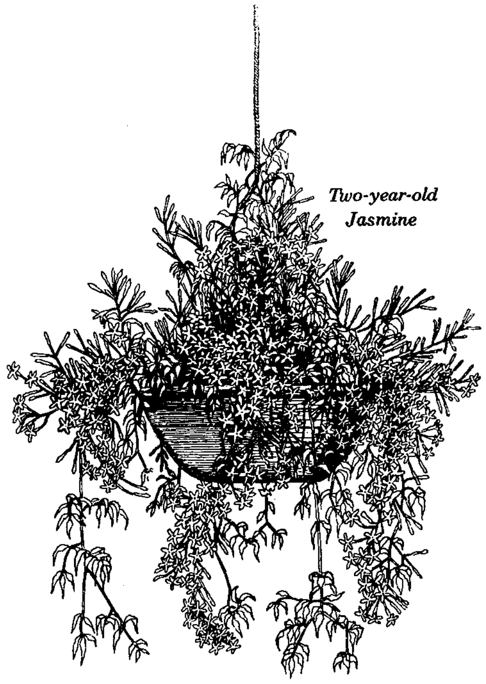
Horse Feathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their niftiest corny-surreal comedies; it isn't in the class of their "Duck Soup," but then what else is? The setting is academic, with emphasis on football; Groucho is Prof. Wagstaff, the new president of Huxley College, who explains his policy and plans in the song "Whatever It Is, I'm Against It," and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom all four brothers make overtures. So there's some naughty sense to it when Groucho sings the picture's theme song to her, "Everyone Says 'I Love You!' " Norman McLeod directed for Paramount from a screenplay by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (who also wrote the songs) and S. J. Perelman and Will B. Johnstone. With Robert Grieg as the solemn-voiced biology professor, David Landau as the villain, and Nat Pendleton. (Regency; Sept. 6-7.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

My Brilliant Career (1980)—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Britain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith; Sept. 11.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich, dizzy girlfriend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears at a porthole in a portrait that petrifies the hero. (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 5.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to em-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

phasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbot as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 11.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Sutton.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a *great slouch in the role of Mildred, the* scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot this example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where the Brandenburg Gate was reconstructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc Molnár one-act play. (Regency; Sept. 8-9.)

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Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife), and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Lincoln Plaza; Sept. 6-8.)

The Outlaw (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes managed to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Harold Clurman; Sept. 5-6.)

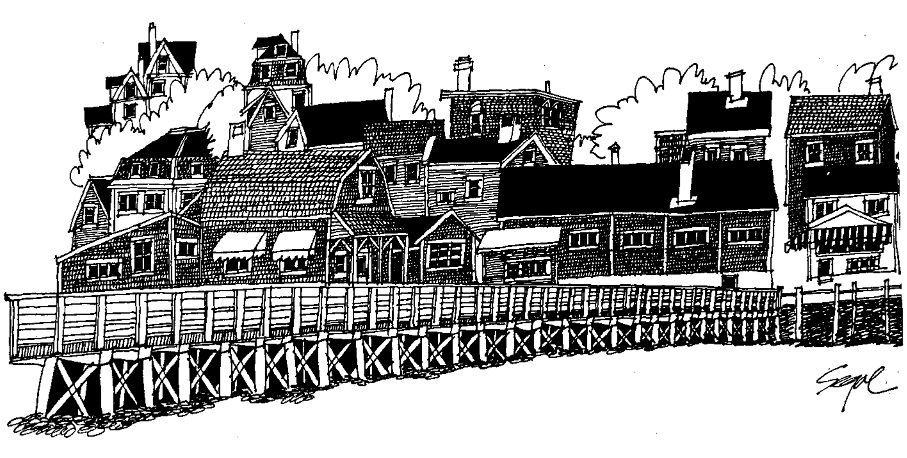
Prince of the City—Treat Williams has a very closed face—the kind of opaque face that is like a brick wall in front of the camera. And that may be why Williams, as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit, plays each scene as an acting exercise—going through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts *all over the place, yet the movie—two hours* and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. Things don't begin to come together until you're heading into the third hour, when the cross suspended from Williams' neck lights up, like a balloon above his head, announcing "Penance! Absolution!" There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy, acts with such sureness and economy that while Williams is flailing about, Orbach magnetizes the camera. Directed by Sidney Lumet, the film has a superrealistic over-all gloom, and the people are so "ethnic" and yell so much that you begin to long for the sight of a cool blonde in bright sunshine. Lumet and Jay Presson Allen wrote the screenplay, based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, who's stuck with one of those speeches about how we're all guilty, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music, by Paul Chihara, suggests an existentialist fugue by Schubert. (Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thought that he erred in this one, and that this explained why the picture wasn't a hit. But he was wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Des*mond* Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's *younger* brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11-12.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed *is published in the papers, prospective* brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Lincoln Plaza; Sept. 9-12.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes theme in an intricate plot structure, and *in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting*, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful and his epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjel-



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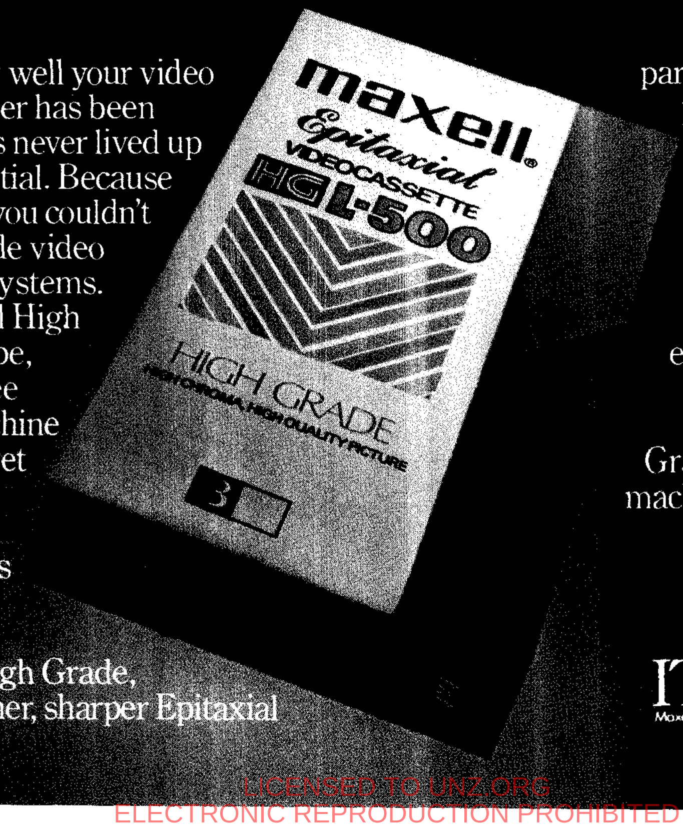

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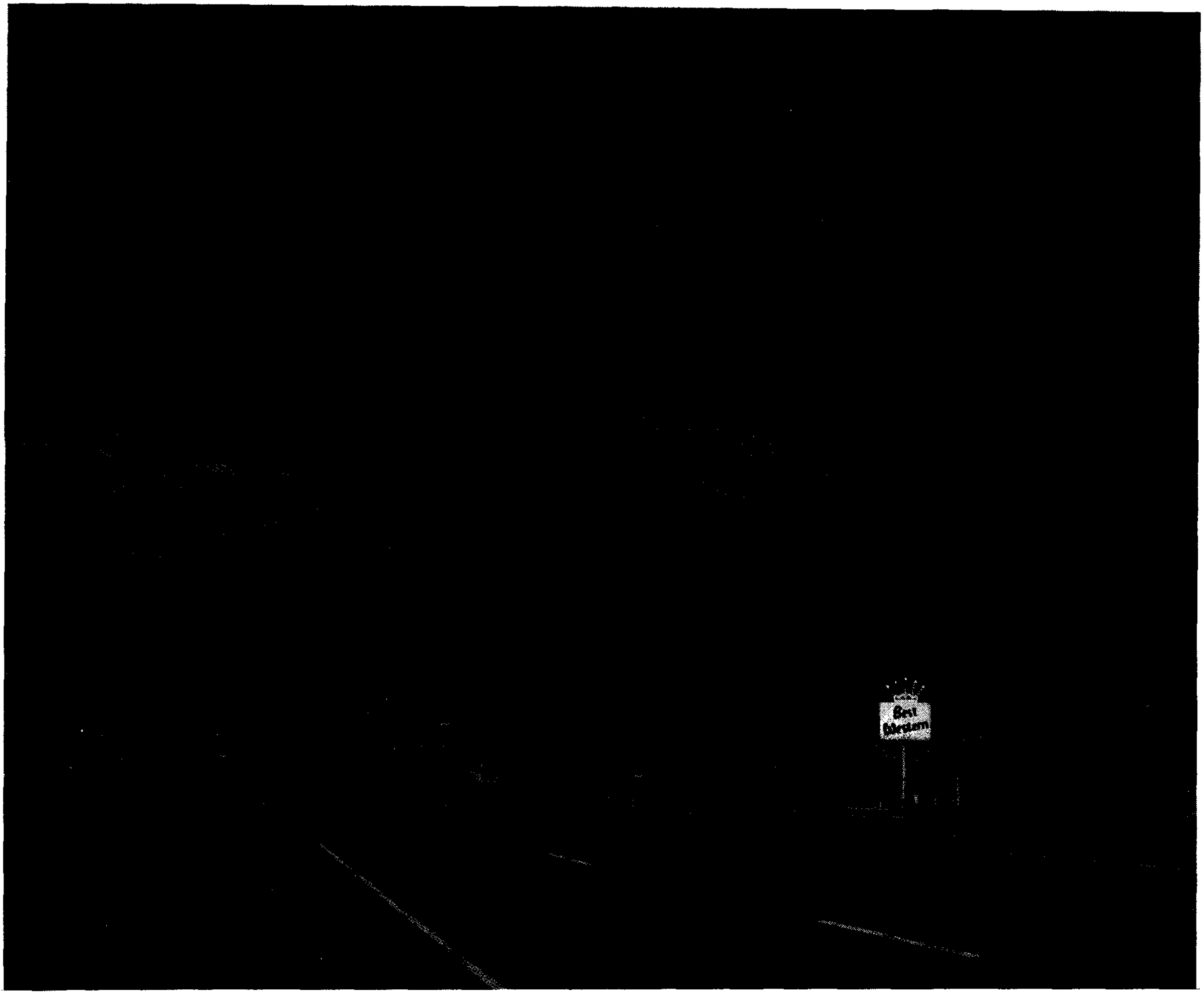

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venstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. (Used as the basis of the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags as a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously. Blake Edwards wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, which is acknowledged to be based on his own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. With Shelley Winters, William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 3.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Guild.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine. Dean Stockwell does nicely in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken miner-father are superb; it is possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. There are scenes—such as the one of the father's getting his weekly bath—that are so good they almost do Lawrence justice; other scenes are merely conscientious. With Mary Ure as Clara the suffragette, Heather Sears as Miriam, Rosalie Crutchley as Miriam's mother, and Ernest Thesiger and Donald Pleasence. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; the assistant director was Peter Yates. In CinemaScope. (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy.)

Summer Holiday (1948)—Rouben Mamoulian directed this essentially ghastly musical version of "Ah Wilderness!," Eugene O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about adolescence, set in a small town at the turn of the century. The play unfortunately lends itself to the wholesome-Americana-good-clean-dances approach. Mamoulian has a heavy touch, and perhaps because of that Mickey Rooney, in the lead, mugs offensively. The cast includes Walter Huston, Gloria De Haven, Agnes Moorehead, Marilyn Maxwell, Frank Morgan, Selena Royle, Anne Francis, Virginia Brissac, and Butch Jenkins in the role Rooney had played in the 1935 "Ah Wilderness!" The disastrous script was adapted from the 1935 script by Irving Brecher and Jean Holloway; the undistinguished music is by Harry Warren. Shot in 1946, this film spent a couple of years in the editing room and on the shelf. (Art; Sept. 2.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the corny, simpleminded story material—a reworking of the Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney pictures about adolescents staging a show in a barn. Though Garland is overweight and obviously uncomfortable in much of the picture, she and Kelly bring conviction to their love scenes and make them naïvely fresh. As a team, they balance each other's talents: she joins her odd and undervalued cakewalker's prance to his large-spirited hoofing, and he joins his odd, light, high voice to her sweet deep one. Their duet on "You Wonderful You" has a plaintive richness that stays with one. The most famous sequence is Garland's rakish solo "Get Happy," shot almost three months after the rest of the picture; exultantly thin, in a black hat and short jacket, she flaunts her spectacular long legs. It is one of the great cheerful numbers of her career. For all the messiness, this is a likable picture, with lots of good songs and dances; they were staged by different hands—Kelly, Nick Castle, and the director, Charles Walters (he choreographed "Get Happy"). With Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Main, Hans Conreid, and Carleton Carpenter; the dancers include Carol Haney and Jeannie Coyne. Most of the songs are by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon. (Art; Sept. 6-7.)

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Sun Valley Serenade (1941)—Sonja Henie skates and skis to such colossal triumphs that Lynn Bari, her jealous rival for John Payne's affection, can do nothing more than call her a "Scandinavian hillbilly" and take off in a huff. Sonja Henie probably has to be seen once, just as the infant Shirley Temple has to be seen once. There's no way of explaining what made either of them a top star, but when you see them you understand it perfectly; they may be beyond satire but they're undeniably stars. This picture is as strong a dose of adorable Sonja Henie as anyone could wish; it even includes the number "The Kiss Polka." With Milton Berle, Joan Davis, and Glenn Miller and his orchestra, who come through with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." H. Bruce Humberstone directed. (Art; Sept. 8-9.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, has become a smoothie; his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 10.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968; also called "One Plus One")—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Harold Clurman; Sept. 5-6.)

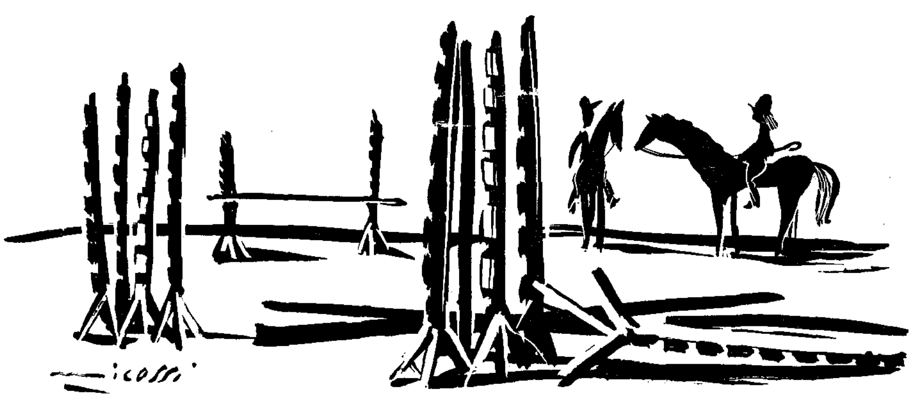
Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" With Charles Ruggles, C. Aubrey Smith, and Leonid Kinskey. Script by Samson Raphaelson and Grover Jones; it has some remote connection to a play by Laszlo Aladar. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 6-7.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Art; Sept. 3.)

Yanks (1979)—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Cinema Village; Sept. 9-10.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque M-G-M musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what the director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. It's the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody, it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. Yolanda's bathroom has cascading fountains, and the ballets, staged by Eugene Loring and costumed by Irene Sharaff at her maddest, include such decorator delights as laundresses washing linen in a pool of gold coins. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, and Mary Nash. (Art; Sept. 6-7.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours in the city writes:

I was alone over the weekend, and I went out Saturday morning and bought some things for lunch—some milk and crackers and cheese. The cheese was Mrs. Weaver's Pimento Spread. I had never had Mrs. Weaver's Pimento Spread before, and I thought it tasted fine. Up to a point, that is. The point was when I happened to look at the lid of the container and a statement labelled "Ingredients." It read: "Pasteurized process cheese spread (American cheese, Monterey cheese, pasteurized process pimento cheese [American cheese, water, cream, pimentos, sodium phosphate, salt, sorbic acid added as a preservative, artificial color], skim milk cheese, water, cream, whey solids, nonfat milk solids, sodium phosphate, sodium citrate, locust bean gum, salt, artificial color), salad dressing (soybean oil, water, corn syrup, vinegar, modified food starch, salt, egg yolks, lemon juice, paprika, calcium disodium EDTA added to protect flavor), process cheese spread substitute (water, calcium caseinate, partially hydrogenated soybean and coconut oil, whey solids, American cheese, sodium and calcium phosphate, salt, artificial color and flavor, potassium sorbate added as a preservative), red peppers, salt, potassium sorbate added as a preservative, artificial color."

AND a friend trying to cope with the delays and frustrations of getting settled in a new house in the country writes:

Every now and then, an erratic longing I have for order and efficiency finds gratification when I least expect it. Out here in the boondocks last week, for instance, I was aroused just before daybreak one morning by what at first struck me as a souped-up version of the bickering that sometimes takes place among the fowl on a neighboring farm. Much too early for that sort of fuss, it seemed, but then I remembered that one of the ponds down the road is a stopping-off place for migrating geese making their end-of-summer journey south. As I lay in bed, wide-awake now, listening to their clamor, I became aware of a single bird, obviously the flight commander, whose calls kept sounding out above the others: four deep, authoritative notes, patiently repeated again and again, each time followed by the shriller cries of various underlings as they reported in, one after the other. It was a roll call, plain as day, and nothing slipshod about it, either. Urgency was there, but also discipline and exactitude. Every bird in the flock, apparently, was being accounted for, and the whole procedure was being handled by a past-master in the art of getting things done. After the last "Here, sir!," silence returned, and by the time the sun was up the order to move out had been given, and the geese were on their way. I watched them take off—right on schedule, of course—then drifted back to sleep, relaxed and reassured.

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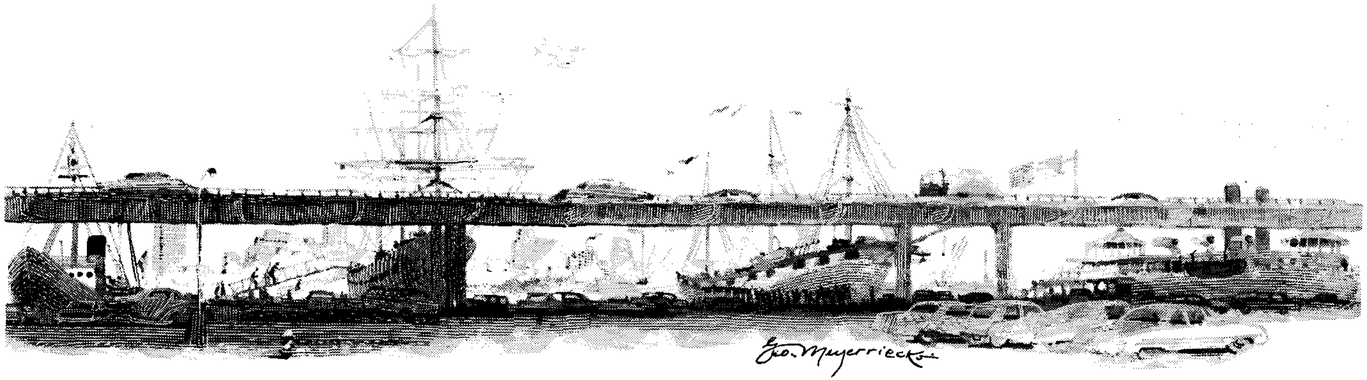
Bus Station

WHAT resembles the Georges Pompidou Center on the outside and the newly remodelled Saks on the inside? Well, to our mind, it is the Port Authority Bus Terminal, which is nearing completion of its (so far) six-year expansion-and-modernization project. Most non-commuters we know think of the bus station with those good old seventies emotions fear and loathing, but all that will change once they visit it. That's what happened to us at about eight-thirty on a recent Friday morning, when we were given a personal tour of the place by Anthony Barber, a twenty-year man with the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. Since January, he's been working out of the Port Authority offices in the World Trade Center—he's on the seventy-first floor—as the Deputy Director of Tunnels, Bridges, and Terminals, but he'd spent the five previous years at the bus station, first



as assistant manager and then as manager.

Mr. Barber greeted us in his former office, at the Ninth Avenue end of the terminal. He was dressed in a navy-blue suit, a white button-down shirt, and a dark-red tie with white pin dots. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, and his gray hair and mustache were neatly trimmed. He looked pleasant and important. Come to think of it, that's how the bus station (the finished parts, that is) looked, too—pleasant and important. Outside, the graying light-orange brick had been replaced by a wall of indented two-story-high picture windows, and above that, supported on handsome, round brick columns, were huge, striking cross-hatched steel beams that were another two stories high and painted cherry red. The whole thing looked very functional. "It is," Mr. Barber told us. "We call it the truss. It holds up part of the building."

Inside, the institutional-looking butterscotch-enamelled brick walls had been replaced by dark-reddish-brown mat bricks. The bright, harsh lighting had been replaced by subdued, cool lighting. The not-too-uplifting white-and-gray flecked terrazzo floors had been replaced by a cheerful combination of terra-cotta and buff quarry tiles. The old battered escalators had been replaced by sleek, snazzy ones, fitted out with glass balustrades and brass trim. And the damp, warm, suffocating air had been replaced by air-conditioning.

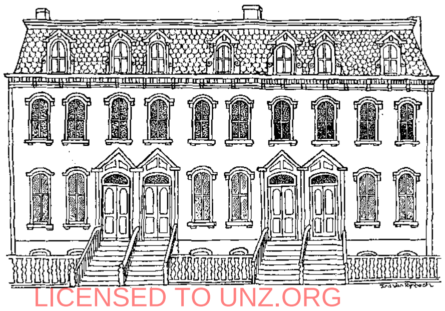
"For years, we received complaints about how bus riders felt," Mr. Barber said as we walked down the main concourse toward the Eighth Avenue end of the terminal. "They said they thought of the bus station as dingy, hot, and very unappealing. They said they felt like second-class citizens—compared with airline travellers. And, compared with the old bus station, most airports are *plush*. We wanted to upgrade this facility to that level. We were also aiming at a shopping-mall atmosphere. The Port Authority dictated that all the stores in the terminal except those on the street level have the same wood-batten canopies over their fronts. And every remodelling design for each individual store was subject to approval by the P.A. We'll have over seventy stores here when we're finished; that's twice as many as we had before."

Midway down the concourse was a fenced-off construction area where a jackhammer was blasting. The area would eventually be the new waiting room. As we passed, Mr. Barber put his palm to his cheek and looked up in mock agony. "*That's* been going on for three years," he said. "Oh, some of the things we've done to commuters. Of the hundred and seventy thousand people who pass through here on a weekday, a hundred and twenty thousand of them are commuters. We built over and under and around them. Commuters establish patterns—their favorite routes from the bus platform to the street—and they don't want to be diverted. But most of that is behind us now, and we're starting to get very positive reactions from them."

We walked with Mr. Barber amid a continuous flow of commuters. The place was humming. Many shops were already open. You could buy women's lingerie, women's bathing suits, women's sportswear, books, croissants, cheese, Dab German beer. You could patronize the only Walgreen's we know of in New York City. We could hear piped-in music, the jackhammer receding, and lots of footsteps. We tried asking a few random commuters what they thought about the changes in the bus station, but most of them either didn't answer or said, "It's very nice," and kept walking, without missing a stride. The only skeptical comment came from Howard Levine, of West Caldwell, New Jersey, a smiling and relaxed man with a Vandyke beard. Mr. Levine, who has been a commuter for ten years, said, "All this might be nice. I don't know if most commuters want these amenities. They just want to get to work and get home." Gloria Rogers, a gray-haired lady in a business suit, from Wyckoff, New Jersey, said that she'd been commuting for twenty years, and that she thought the bus station was beautiful.

Tournament

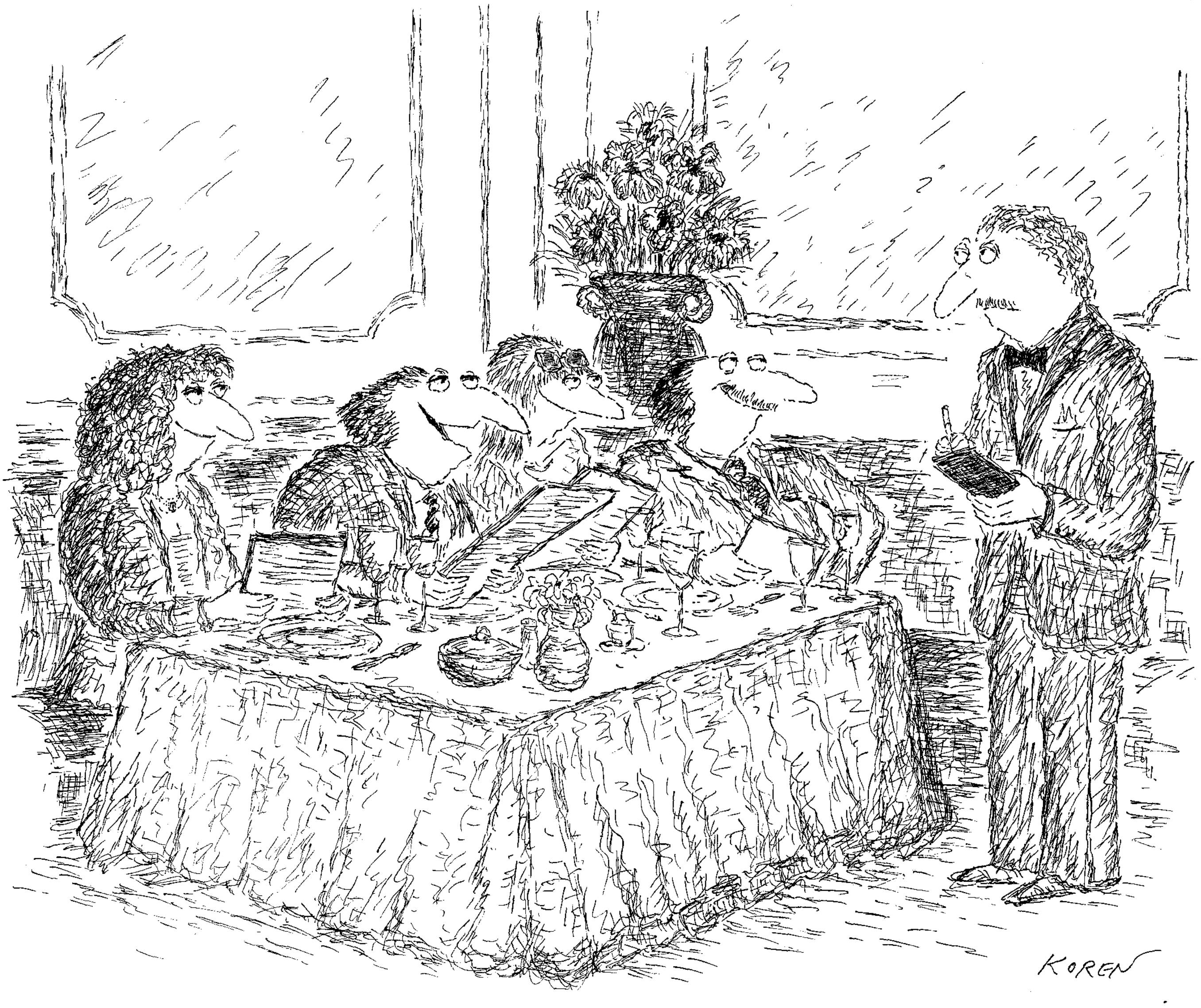
THE Professional Pool Players Association held its sixth annual World Open Pocket Billiard Championship recently in the Grand Ballroom of the Roosevelt Hotel, and we went over one afternoon to take a look. The Grand Ballroom is a glittery sort of place (rust-and-gold carpets, mirrored sconces), with a balcony running around three of its sides. On the ballroom's floor were five pool tables, each of which measured nine feet by four and a half feet and had a green felt surface, and each of which was occupied by two players in formal dress. White-gloved referees stood nearby, observing shots and calling out scores. Seated around the sides of the room and on the balcony were about a hundred and fifty spectators, many of whom murmured things like "Nice shot" from time to time, and most of whom indulged in a restrained sort of applause—it reminded us of the stands at Wimbledon—whenever an especially skillful shot was made.



In a chair on the sidelines sat a blond, mustached young man named Arnd Bollhardt, who is a director of the Professional Pool Players Association, or P.P.P.A. We asked him to tell us something about the tournament.

"We have ninety-three entrants this year," Bollhardt said. "Sixty-four are in the men's division, thirteen are in the women's division, and sixteen are in the junior division, which includes people seventeen and under. We have players from Canada, Sweden, and West Germany, as well as from the United States. The P.P.P.A. was formed six years ago, after a lot of the good players—for a number of reasons—broke away from the Billiard Congress of America, or B.C.A., which until then had been the main national organization. Pocket billiards—pool—is definitely growing. In fact, more than thirty-one million Americans now play the game. When we first got organized, of course, we realized that there was a certain stigma attached to the game—the image of the old-time pool hall—and we're doing what we can to counter that image. We think we're making real progress. There's been a lot of pool on television lately—championship matches, and play-offs between well-known players like Minnesota Fats and Willie Mosconi. And Mayor Koch has proclaimed this Billiard Week in New York City. If you stay around, you're sure to see some of the world's top players. In fact, there's Steve Mizerak over there."

Mizerak, who is currently featured in a series of beer commercials on television, was sitting at one end of the ballroom, and we went over to say hello. He is a heavyset, sunny-looking



"We're very good eaters."

• •

man who has won the B.C.A. United States Open four consecutive times.

"The sport is blossoming into something big," Mizerak told us when we had taken a chair next to his. "What you'll see being played at this tournament is fourteen-point-one continuous pool, or straight pool, which is *the* definitive game as far as players are concerned. As a spectator sport, though, pool attracts a lot more attention when we do trick shots, or when we stick to the more colorful variations of the game, such as Eight Ball or Nine Ball."

"Steve Mizerak," said a voice. "I watched you play in Perth Amboy, when you were only four. You were good even then."

We looked up and saw a short man with keen brown eyes and a fringe of white hair framing a rubbery-looking, amiable face. He turned out to be Carl Zingale, of New Rochelle, who is known in the world of pool as Cue Ball Kelly. We asked him to tell us more about himself.

"I'm eighty-six, and I've been active in the sport of pool for seventy-five years," Cue Ball Kelly said. "I've played in ten thousand poolrooms, and I've refereed ten thousand games. I've taught the great ones, and I've refereed for every champion that ever lived since 1915. I've refereed for Andrew Ponzi, Erwin Rudolph, Ralph Greenleaf, Cowboy Weston, Jimmy Caras, Wimpy Lassiter, Willie Mosconi, Irving Crane. They're all my boys—I've known them all. In the years before the First World War, I used to play with W. C. Fields, over at McGirr's, on Eighth Avenue. Fields was good. He was very good. I played with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, too. They weren't good pool players, but they were wonderful guys."

A teen-age boy in a white T-shirt strolled by and said, "How ya doin', Cue Ball?"

"Wonderful," said Cue Ball Kelly.

Later, in a lounge area on the hotel's mezzanine, we spoke with Stephanie Kawaoka, an entrant in the women's division. She is a striking-looking young woman with long dark hair, and she was wearing a pleated white dress with a floral pattern, high-heeled white sandals, and two gold neck chains. "There are definitely more women getting into this sport," she told us. "In fact, I'm convinced that in a few years the women's division will really go places. I started playing at the collegiate level, in California, and in 1976 I got as far as the national intercollegiate championships. I have my own table, which sits in my living room, in San Luis

Obispo, California. That table is a classic in itself. It was built in 1962, and its top is made of Pennsylvania blue slate."

We asked Miss Kawaoka whether she practiced much.

"For a while, I didn't practice at all," she said. "But now I'm taking the game more seriously. I'm putting in up to twelve hours a day."

Balloon

TWENTY people (fifteen adults and five children) met by arrangement the other evening on a sand dune near the end of Cape Cod to witness the launching of a hot-air balloon. The balloon was twelve feet tall. It was made of alternating stripes of green, white, and red tissue paper—the kind you wrap Christmas presents in—and it looked like the Italian flag. At its base, there was a collar of aluminum foil, stretched over a wooden hoop, to separate the flame from the paper. The flame sat in a tray suspended from the collar by three strands of wire. The total cost was $25.44. It was $15.40 for the tissue paper, $4.67 for the rubber cement, $3.98 for the Sterno, and $1.39 for the aluminum foil. The balloon was made by a thirty-six-year-old psychometrician—that is, a person interested in the numbers side of psychology (statistics, graphs, and computers)—from a design he recalled out of the pages of "The American Boys Handy Book." He had made two similar balloons before, when he was eleven. One of them had consumed itself in flame during lift-off. The other was launched successfully, and travelled from Yorktown, in Westchester, to Peekskill, where someone discovered it and honored an attached request to call. This third balloon was meant to catch the westerly wind that blows over Cape Cod and head out to sea.

It took a day to build the balloon, which was intended to last only one blow. The Scientist and three children and another adult spent the day at the Scientist's house. First, they cleared aside the furniture and laid sheets of tissue paper on the floor in a vertical line. They folded the sheets vertically in half. Then they applied the pattern for the balloon's "gores," or side pieces, to the tissue paper. The pattern, made out of pages of the *Times*, was in the shape of a cigar and folded in half vertically. It was flat at the bottom, then curved out slightly, and finally narrowed to a point at the folded edge. The folded edge was straight, and the outside edge was like that of a spoon in profile. When the tissue paper was unfolded, the gores, too, were cigar-shaped. At their widest, near the top, they were ten inches across, and at the bottom they were four. Twenty-two gores painstakingly pasted together over the course of several hours completed the balloon.

As it turned out, it was easier to make the balloon than to launch it. The group tried first at seven-thirty one morning. (They chose this early hour because one of the group had to be back in the city that evening to work her job as a waitress near Lincoln Center.) They all went out to the beach. In addition to the balloon, they had pliers, a propane stove to heat the air for the initial filling of the balloon, Sterno to provide heat once the balloon was launched, a pole to serve as a launching support, matches, wire, rubber cement, and extra tissue paper against any last-minute repairs in the gores. Someone brought coffee. Someone else brought cream cheese and bagels. There was a breeze, and every time they began to get some hot air into the balloon the wind came up, the balloon collapsed, and the hot air rushed out. Also, the balloon was fragile, and they began to fear that it would rip. They aborted the attempt.

They tried again the next afternoon. There was wind, but they had hopes. They decided on a spot in the lee of a house near the edge of the dunes. One of the party was deputized to introduce himself to the owner of the house and request permission to launch the balloon in his yard. The deputy, a young man in shorts and a T-shirt, went partway down the driveway and stopped.

The Scientist said, "What's the matter?"

"I feel stupid," the young man said.

"It's for a good cause," the Scientist told him, and the young man went on.

The owner of the

"Watch me. I'll give you a signal if you get out of your depth."

house was agreeable to having all these people in his yard, but he had one concern. The Scientist was preparing a launching pad near the man's car. "Maybe with that flame I ought to move the car," he said.

"Oh, it's just a small flame," the Scientist told him.

"Yeah, but it's still a *flame*," the man said.

"But it's controlled."

"Yeah, but it's still a *flame*." He left the car where it was, though.

Even there, too much wind. Everyone thanked the man and left. They tried one more site. It was in another section of the dunes, and it was no good, either. The Scientist became aware of an interesting perversity of nature: whenever he put the balloon down, the wind died. Whenever he decided that the wind had died, and brought the balloon out, the wind came back. Away; down. Out; back. Also at that site, the children found three praying mantises that had attached themselves to the balloon. No one could really figure out why.

The third day was perfect. It was stereoscopically clear. The sky was the way some painters make it, with a crisp, flat line at the horizon. There were no clouds. The sea was between tides and almost calm. The group chose a spot back from the edge of the dune and not far from the house they had been to the day before. The wind left them alone. While the balloon was filling, the children ran up and, squatting underneath and craning their necks, peered into the collar. One said it looked like a big red room. The Scientist judged the balloon to be ready, and he let go of the string holding it down. The wind came up. The balloon climbed steadily, heading toward the sea, straight as an arrow. There was applause and cheering. Everyone ran after it to the edge of the dune. In the long evening light, the shadows stretched all the way down to the beach. The balloon met a corridor of wind along the ridge of the dune and went straight up for a while, but then it went out to sea. The man from the house, having heard the applause, appeared, walking over the moors. "You have my congratulations," he shouted.

For the next few minutes, the adults stood still, without taking their eyes off the balloon. Some of them wished they could have it back. The children's interest wandered. A girl with blond hair and plenty of barrettes practiced a cossack's dance, spraying sand all around and always falling over. Two other girls stood at the edge of the dunes and clapped their hands to the rhythm of a rhyme that had many verses. One verse went:

Miss Sue (*clap, clap*)
Miss Sue (*clap, clap*)
Miss Sue from Alabama
Sitting in a rocker, eating Betty Crocker
Watching the clock go ticktock . . .

Another went:

My name is Adeline Adeline
Pickaline Pickaline
Zon Zon Booty, Walla Walla Whiskie
Chinese Japanese
American Indian *Chief*

A teen-age boy, in a sweatshirt and shorts, spoke with a tall man who was a friend of the Scientist. For the boy, it was the summer when he was just beginning to find himself, possibly precociously, in serious conversation with adults. He and the man had this exchange:

BOY: Are you religious?

MAN: I believe in God, if that's what you mean, but I've never very much cared for going to church.

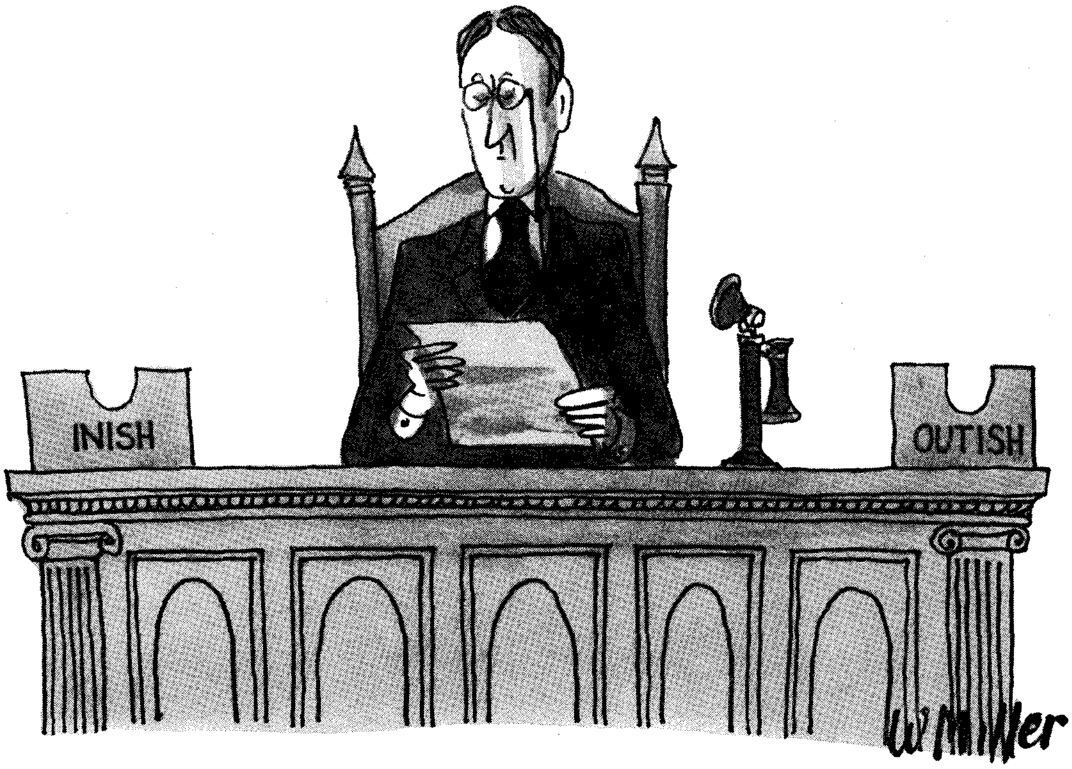
BOY: That's the way I feel, that's *exactly* the way I feel.

The fifth child, a boy, stood next to an older man who was wearing bluejeans and a down parka against the evening chill. The man borrowed a pair of binoculars from a woman next to him in order to see the balloon. The boy borrowed them from the man and said, "Now I can't see *anything*."

The balloon appeared to travel a long way toward the horizon. As it flew higher and the sun was reflected from it in different ways, it changed color. For a time, it was completely red; then it was gold against the blue ground of the sky. It became small and easy to lose sight of. Some of the adults interrupted the children and asked them to find it again. A handsome woman with short black hair and dark eyes spoke up. "I like the fact that it was made to last only an hour," she said. "So luxurious."

Actually, it lasted only about forty-five minutes. Then it wobbled a little and began to come down—slowly at first and then rapidly. When it finally settled in the water, it was much closer than anyone had guessed. It sat, a small speck of color, about half a mile past the buoys marking the lobster pots, which sit about a mile offshore, and then it sank.

The group dissolved. The Scientist collected the pliers, the pole, and the matches. The teen-age boy and the tall man walked off, still in conversation. The children turned their backs on the ocean. Everyone seemed to feel that summer was over.



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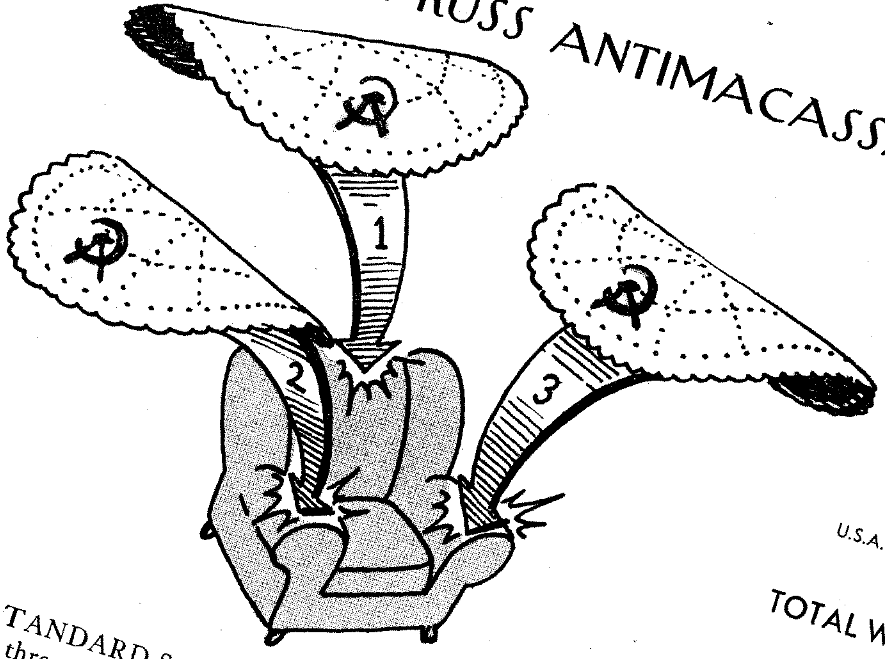
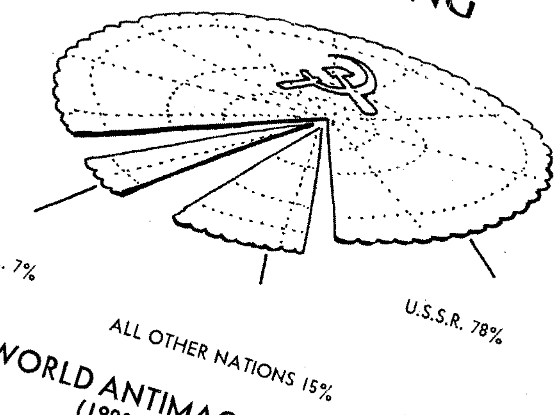
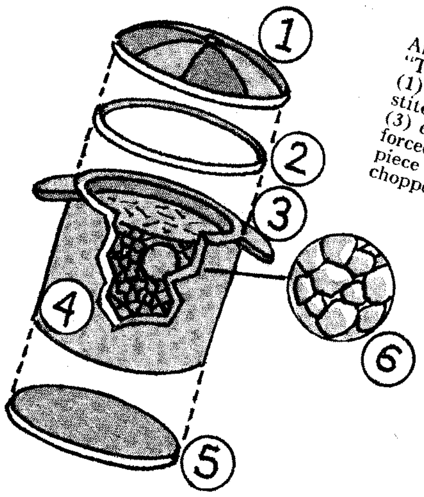
FEAR RUSS ANTIMACASSAR LEAD WIDENING





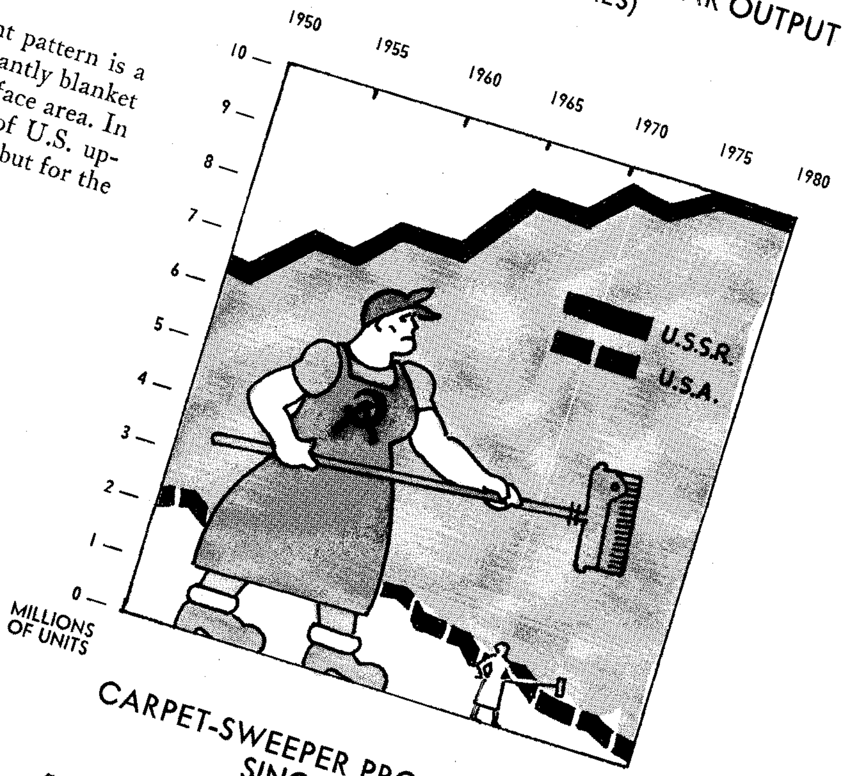
TOTAL WORLD ANTIMACASSAR OUTPUT
(1980 FIGURES)

STANDARD Soviet antimacassar deployment pattern is a three-element protective system that can instantly blanket 30% of this ZUB-60 "Fotbax" lounger's surface area. In sharp contrast, 95 out of every 100 square inches of U.S. upholstered seating are easy prey not only for macassar but for the entire global arsenal of petroleum-based pomades.



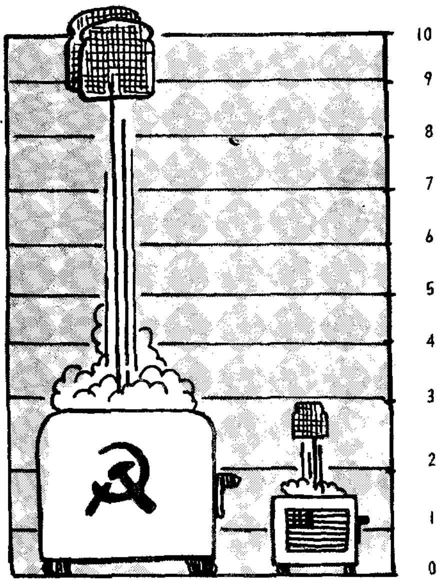
Anatomy of the ZUG-M45 "Tobfax" ottoman: (1) multi-segment double-stitched lid; (2) plastic welt; (3) ear-type grips; (4) reinforced vinyl trunk; (5) one-piece bottom; (6) closeup of chopped-kapok stuffing.

Total U.S. footstool reserves are adequate to equip only one in every 154,000 American living rooms—and 74% of these units predate World War II. Meanwhile, since the secret 1968 changeover from horsehair to chopped-kapok stuffing, Soviet footstool production has raged at a pace so furious that the U.S.S.R. could today ring the entire North American continent with a cordon of ZUG-M45 "Tobfax"-class ottomans spaced less than one mile apart.

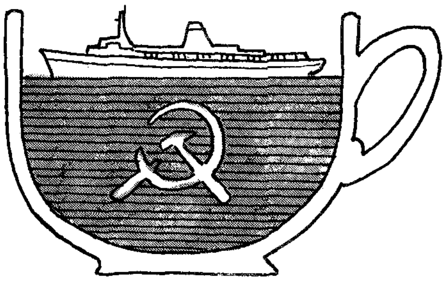


CARPET-SWEEPER PRODUCTION SINCE 1950

The carpet-sweeper gap, first identified by U.S. floor-care analysts as early as mid-1965, had by 1980 (*See chart*) become a chasm—this despite the 1977 introduction of Swillmart's Ladyfingers Mk II, amid great hoopla and bold claims that its unique Toe-Matic self-emptying feature would reverse the postwar decline in American carpet-sweeper technology. It soon became evident that the Ladyfingers Mk II had barely gained parity with the ZUZ-20—now obsoleted by the all-new ZOT-22 "Tafbox," which grooms *as* it beats *as* it sweeps even thick bearskin rugs and can ingest a dust kitten as big as a baseball without jamming. Another round to Ivan; back to the drawing board—again—for America's crestfallen carpet-sweeper contractors.



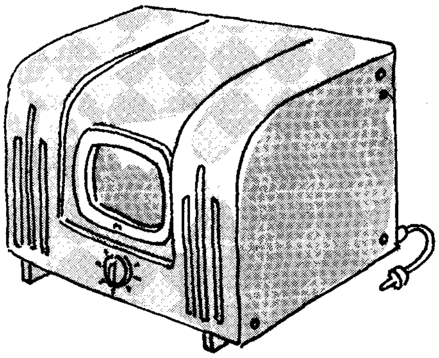
Latest Soviet toaster, the heavy-duty ZIB-33 "Tofbax," can pop up its double sliceload of heavy black bread almost three times higher than the best U.S. toaster can lift even a single slice of Wonder.



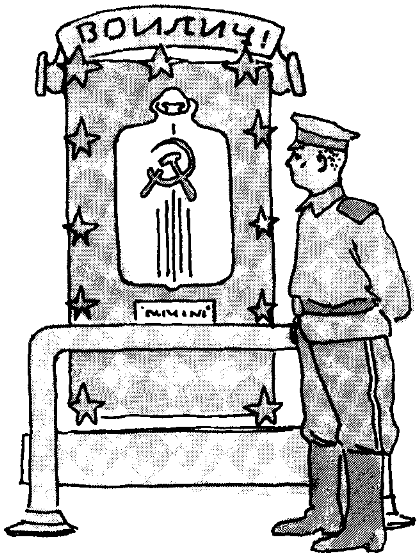
Samovars of the U.S.S.R. could brew enough in one day to fill an 80-million-gallon teacup easily large enough for the 20,000-ton Soviet liner Alexandr Pushkin to float in.

Documents furnished by the highest-ranking officer of the Soviet State Ministry of Kitchenware and Home Appliances ever to defect to the West have exploded the idea that U.S. superiority in hot-beverage-brewing equipment was something almost God-given: not only has every Mr. Coffee built since 1977 been checkmated by *two* ZUK-T45 "Batfox" samovars but Gorky's mighty TUD locomotive works will soon begin tooling up for volume production of the new T47 "Super Samovar," a high-speed powerhouse made of cheap, nonstrategic Leninium.

Worse yet, late dispatches from Cuba have Castro hatching a T47 percolator, to be parachuted by the million into Florida, shattering U.S. coffee-brewing confidence as Sputnik shook confidence in U.S. scientific know-how.

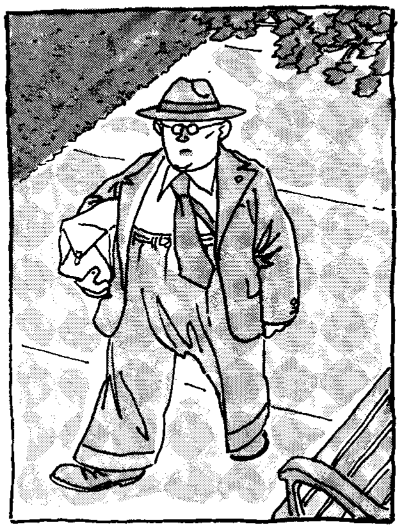


American video experts are forced to confess that current U.S. technology has nothing to match this captured ZUD-C24 "Baxfot"-class tabletop TV's 8.3-inch screen (measured diagonally), single control for volume, channel selection and vertical hold, and artificial fumed-oak cabinet.



Scorned as a propaganda stunt by Western observers when first spotted at the 1979 Bucharest Housewares Expo, the 22-litre "Faxbot"-class hot-water bottle is now known to be sited in all major Moscow hotels. A recently returned Canadian businessman reports that chronic leakage problems caused by backward Soviet screw-cap technology are more than offset by the Faxbot's three-hour-plus heat-retention cycle.

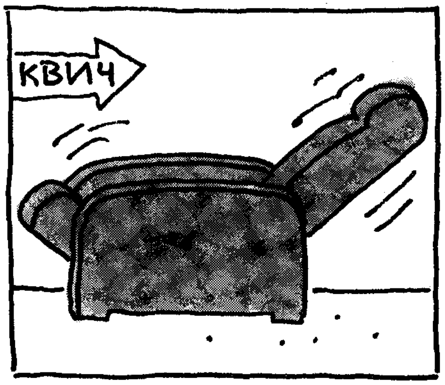
Here we have yet another chilling example of how a Soviet technological lag in one sphere (in this case, the lack of universal central heating) spawns a technological leap forward in another (in this case, hot-water-bottle performance easily superior to anything produced by the U.S. comfort industry since the Cold War era commenced).



First Western glimpse of Soviet's top accordion designer, A. Orgov, was provided by this 1980 surveillance photo snapped in a park near his suburban Moscow apartment. Package under his arm could be the new ZUG "Fatbox"-class accordion.

Weekly Smolensk Serenaders radio broadcasts monitored in the West have confirmed earlier reports that the U.S.S.R.'s élite social clubs are being rapidly reëquipped with the crude but powerful new ZUG "Fatbox"-class accordion, allegedly capable of a 45-second "Lady of Spain."

Against this leviathan the U.S. can pit only the twelve-year-old Polka-Master and a motley of obsolete squeezeboxes—most of them, ironically enough, copies of Czech and Polish designs of the late nineteen-forties.



This rare spy photo, recently smuggled out of Kiev's huge No. 4 SovMob Furniture Works, gave U.S. parlorologists confirmation of what they had long feared was imminent: Soviet seating engineers have successfully tested a fully reclining lounger.

The blurred image suggests Magic Fingers capability.

—Bruce McCall

MRS. VANSITTART

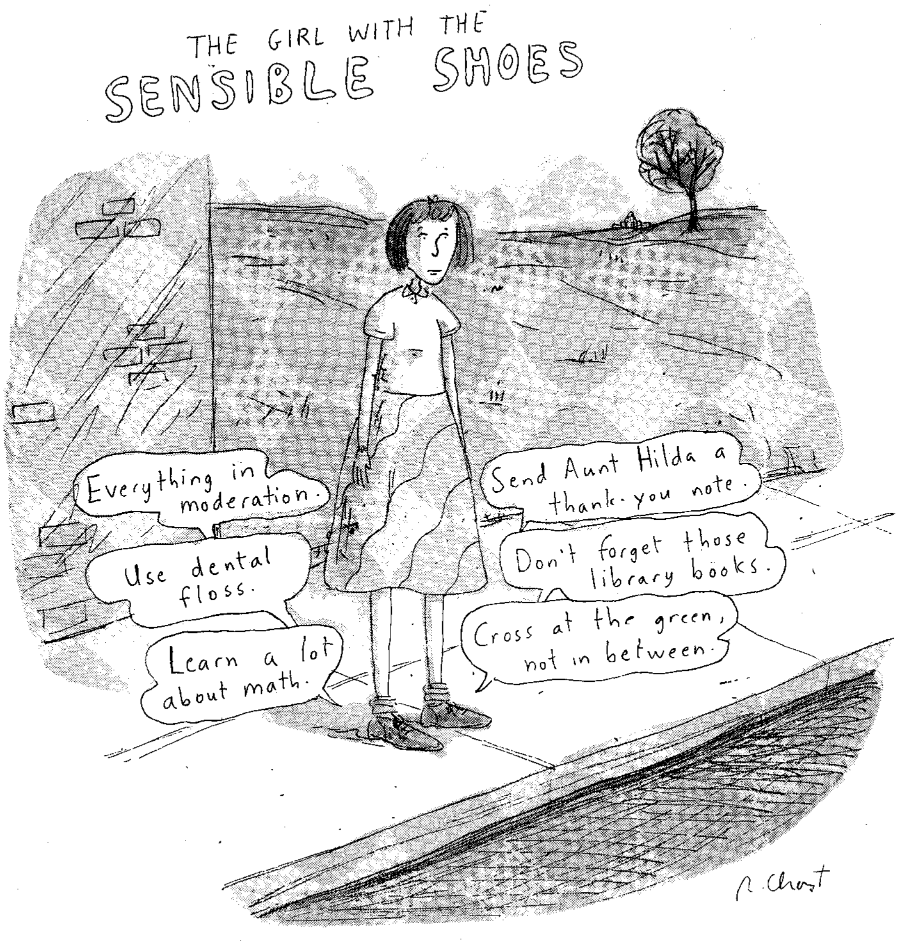
“YOU couldn’t trust those eyes,” people on Cap Ferrat say, for they find it hard to be charitable where Mrs. Vansittart is concerned. “The Wife Whom Nobody Cares For,” Joe-John remarks, attaching a tinselly jangle to the statement, which manages to suggest that Mrs. Vansittart belongs in neon lights.

At fifty-four, so Joe-John has remarked as well, she remains a winner and a taker, for in Saint-Jean and Monte Carlo young men still glance a second time when the slim body passes by, their attention lingering usually on the rhythmic hips. Years ago in Sicily—so the story is told—a peasant woman spat at her. Mrs. Vansittart had gone to see the ancient ruins at Segesta, but what outraged the peasant woman was to observe Mrs. Vansittart half undressed on the grass, permitting a local man to have his way with her. And then, as though nothing untoward had happened, she waited at the railway station for the next train to Catania. It was then that the woman spat at her.

Mrs. Vansittart is American, but when she divides her perfect lips the voice that drawls is almost that of an English duchess. Few intonations betray her origins as a dentist’s daughter from Holland Falls, Virginia; no phrase sounds out of place. Her husband, Harry, shares with her that polished Englishness—commanded to, so it is said on Cap Ferrat, as he is commanded in so much else. Early in their marriage the Vansittarts spent ten years in London, where Mrs. Vansittart is reported to have had three affairs and sundry casual conjunctions. Harry, even then, was writing his cycle of songs.

The Vansittarts live now in the Villa Teresa, just off the Avenue du Sémaphore, and they do not intend to move again. Their childless marriage has drifted all over Europe, from the hotels of Florence and Berlin to those of Château-d’Œx and Paris and Seville. To the Villa Teresa the people from the other villas come to play tennis twice a week. In the evening there is bridge, in one villa or another.

Riches have brought these people to Cap Ferrat, riches maintain them. They have come from almost all the European countries, from America and other continents. They have come for the sun and the bougainvillea, purchasing villas that were created to immortalize the personalities of previous owners, or building for themselves in the same whimsical manner. The varying styles of architecture have romance and nostalgia in common: a cluster of stone animals to remind their owners of somewhere else, a cupola added because a precious visitor once suggested it. Terra-cotta roofs slope decoratively, the eyes of emperors are sightless in their niches. Mimosa and pale wisteria add fairy-tale color; cypresses cool the midday sun. Against the alien outside world a mesh of steel lurks within the boundary hedges; stern warnings abound, of a Chien Méchant and the ferocious Sécurité du Cap.


THE GIRL WITH THE SENSIBLE SHOES
Everything in moderation.
Send Aunt Hilda a thank-you note.
Use dental floss.
Don't forget those library books.
Cross at the green, not in between.
Learn a lot about math.
R. Chast

In middle age, Mrs. Vansittart’s life is one of swimming pools that are bluer than the blue Mediterranean and titles that recall forever a mistress or a lover, or someone else’s road to success, or an obsession that remains mysterious: Villa Banana, Villa Magdalene, Morning Dew, Waikiki, Villa Glorietta, Villa Stephen, So What, My Way. The Daimlers and the Bentleys slide along the Boulevard Général-de-Gaulle, cocktails are taken on some special occasion in the green bar of the Grand-Hôtel. The Blochs and the Cecils and the Borromeos, who play tennis on the court at the Villa Teresa, have never quarrelled with Mrs. Vansittart, for quarrels would be a shame. Joe-John is her partner: her husband plays neither tennis nor bridge. He cooks instead, and helps old Pierre in the garden. Harry is originally of Holland Falls also, the inheritor of a paper mill.

The Villa Teresa is as the Vansittarts wish it to be now; and as the years go by, nothing much will change. In the large room that they call the salon, there is the timeless sculptured wall, a variety of colors and ceramic shapes. There are the great Italian urns, the flowers in their vases changed every day; the Persian rugs, the Seurat, and the paperweights that Harry has collected on his travels. Carola and Madame Spad come every day, to dust and clean and take in groceries. The Villa Teresa, like the other villas, is its own small island.

“RUBY, don’t you think it’s ridiculous?” Mrs. Vansittart said a month or so ago. “Don’t you, Joe-John?”

Mrs. Cecil inclined her head. Joe-

John said, "I think that sign they've put up is temporary."

"If they spell it incorrectly now, they'll do it again."

Two tables of bridge were going—Mrs. Cecil and Signor Borromeo with Joe-John and Mrs. Vansittart at one, the Blochs, Signora Borromeo, and Mr. Cecil at the other. In the lull halfway through the evening, during which Harry served tea and little pâtisseries that he made himself, the conversation had turned to the honoring of Somerset Maugham: an avenue was to be named after him; near the Villa Mauresque a sign had gone up, on which, unfortunately, his surname had been incorrectly spelled.

"Then you must tell them, my dear," urged Joe-John, who liked to make mischief when he could. "You must go along and vigorously protest."

"Oh, I have. I've talked to the most awful little prat."

"Did he understand?"

"The stupid creature argued. Harry, that's a polished surface you've put your teapot on."

Harry snatched up the offending teapot at once and looked apologetic, his eyes magnified behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. Harry isn't tall but has a certain bulkiness, especially around the waist. His hands and feet are tiny, his mouse-colored hair neither graying nor receding. He has a ready smile, is nervous perhaps, so people think, and not a great talker. Everyone who comes to the villa likes him, and sympathizes because his wife humiliates him so. To strangers he seems like a servant about the place, grubbily on his knees in the garden, emerging from the kitchen regions with flour on his face. Insult is constantly added to injury, strangers notice, but the regular tennis companions and bridge players have long since accepted that it goes rather further, that Harry is the creature of his wife. A saint, someone once said—a Swedish lady who lived in the Villa Glorietta until her death. Mrs. Cecil and Mrs. Bloch have often said so since.

"Oh, Harry, look, it *has* marked it."

How could she tell, Mrs. Cecil thought. How could it be even remotely possible to see halfway across the huge salon, to ascertain through the duskiness beyond the pools of light demanded by the bridge tables that the teapot had marked the top of an escritoire? Mrs. Cecil was sitting closer to the escritoire than Mrs. Vansittart and couldn't see a thing.

"I think it's all right," Harry quietly said.

"Well, thank God for that, old thing."

"Delicious, Harry," Mrs. Cecil murmured quickly, commenting upon the pâtisseries.

"Bravo! Bravo!" added Signor Borromeo, in whom a generous nature and obesity are matched. He sampled a second cherry tart, saying he should not.

"We were talking, Harry," Mrs. Vansittart said, "of the Avenue Somerset Maugham."

"Ah, yes." He pressed the silver tray of pâtisseries on Signora Borromeo and the Blochs, a wiry couple from South Africa.

"*Al limone?*" Signora Borromeo questioned, an index finger poised. Signora Borromeo, though not as stout as her husband, is generously covered. She wears bright dresses that Mrs. Vansittart regards with despair, and she has a way of becoming excited. Yes, that one was lemon, Harry said.

"I mean," Mrs. Vansittart went on, "it wouldn't be the nicest thing in the world if someone decided to call an avenue after Harry and then got *his* name wrong."

"If somebody—" Mr. Cecil began, abruptly ceasing when his wife shook her head and frowned at him.

"No, no one's going to," Mrs. Vansittart continued in a dogged way, which is a characteristic of hers when her husband features in a conversation. "No, no one's going to, but naturally it could happen. Harry being a creative person too."

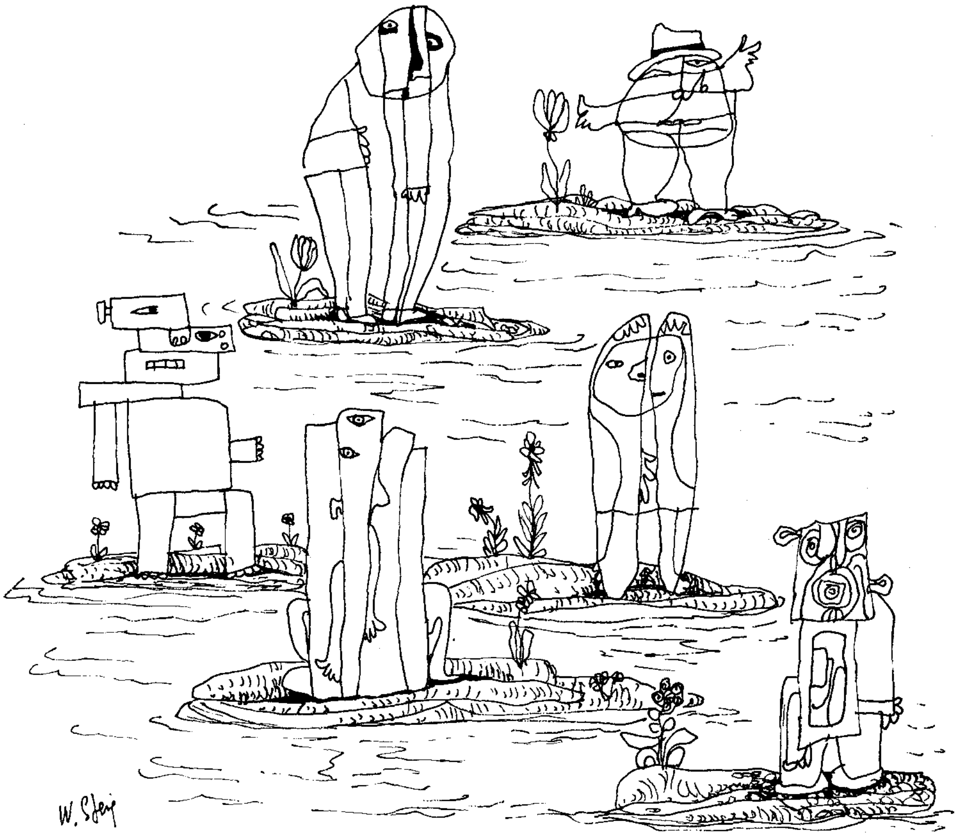
"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Cecil and Mrs. Bloch swiftly and simultaneously.

"It's not outside the bounds of possibility," added Mrs. Vansittart, "that Harry should become well known. His cycle is really most remarkable."

"Indeed," said Joe-John.

No one except Mrs. Vansittart had been permitted to hear the cycle. It was through her, not its author, that the people of the villas knew what they did: that, for instance, the current composition concerned a Red Indian called Foontimo.

"No reason whatsoever," said Joe-John, "to suppose that there mightn't be an Avenue Harry Vansittart." He smiled encouragingly at Harry, as if urging him not to lose heart, or at



No Man Is an Island

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least urging something. Joe-John wears a bangle with his name on it, and a toupee that most remarkably matches the remainder of his cleverly dyed hair.

Sharply glancing at his lip salve, Mrs. Vansittart said, "Don't be snide, Joe-John."

"Someone's bought La Souco," Mrs. Cecil quickly intervened. "Swiss, I hear."

Harry gathered up the teacups, the bridge recommenced. While the cards at his table were being dealt, Joe-John placed a hand lightly on the back of one of Mrs. Vansittart's. He had not meant to be snide, he protested; he was extremely sorry if he had sounded so. The apology was a formality, its effect that which Joe-John wished for: to make a little more of the incident. "I wouldn't hurt poor Harry for the world," he breathlessly whispered as he reached out for his cards.

It was then, as each hand of cards was being arranged and Harry picked up his tray, that a bell sounded in the Villa Teresa. It was not the telephone; the ringing was caused by the agitating of a brass bellpull, in the shape of a fish, by the gate of the villa.

"Good Lord!" said Mrs. Vansittart, for unexpected visitors are not at all the thing at any of the villas.

"I would not answer," advised Signor Borromeo. "*Un briccone!*"

The others laughed, as they always do when Signor Borromeo exaggerates. But when the bell sounded again, after only a pause of seconds, Signora Borromeo became excited. "*Un briccone!*" she cried. "*In nome di Dio! Un briccone!*"

Harry stood with his laden tray. His back was to the cardplayers. He did not move when the bell rang a third time, even though there was no servant to answer it. Old Pierre comes to the garden of the Villa Teresa every morning and leaves at midday. Carola and Madame Spad have gone by five.

"We'll go with you, Harry," the wiry Mr. Bloch suggested, already on his feet.

Mr. Cecil stood up also, as did Joe-John. Signor Borromeo remained where he was.

Harry placed the tray on a table with a painted surface—beneath glass—of a hunting scene at the time of Louis XIV. Nervously, he shifted his spectacles on his nose. "Yes, perhaps," he said, accepting the offer of companionship on his way through the garden to the gate. Signora Borromeo fussily fanned her face with her splayed cards.

It was Joe-John who afterward told of what happened next. Mr. Bloch took charge. He said they should not talk in the garden, just in case Signor Borromeo was right when he suggested that whoever sought entry was there with nefarious purpose. He'd had experience of intruders in South Africa. Each one caught was one less hazard to the whole community; the last thing they wanted was for a criminal to be frightened away to bide his time for another attempt. So as the bell rang again in the villa, the four marched stealthily, a hand occasionally raised to smack away a mosquito.

The man who stood at the gate was swarthy and very small. In the light that went on automatically when the gate was opened, he looked from one face to the next, uncertain which to address. His glance hovered longer on Harry's than on the others', Joe-John reported afterward, and Harry frowned, as if trying to place the man. Neither of them appeared to be in the least alarmed.

"It is arranged," the man said eventually. "I search for Madame."

"Madame Spad is not here," Harry replied.

"Not Madame Spad. The madame of the villa."

"Look here, my old chap," Mr. Cecil put in, "I doubt that Madame Vansittart is expecting you." Mr. Cecil is not one to make concessions when the nature of an occasion bewilders him, but it was Joe-John's opinion that the swarthy visitor did not look like anyone's old chap. He thought of saying so, sotto voce, to Mr. Bloch, but changed his mind.

"Better," he advised the man instead, "to telephone in the morning."

"My wife is playing bridge tonight," Harry explained. "It's no time to come calling."

"It is arranged," the man repeated.

SMALL WILD CREATURES ALONG A ROAD AT NIGHT

Not to be seen . . . Not to be seen . . .
We can hardly conceive
such a curse on the light,
such a love of oblivion, as
in the weasel's dense muscular
bolt from the high beam;
the fox's flattening cringe
into his shadow; the rac-
coon's shambling retreat
on the road shoulder, his coat
humped up over his head. They mean

not to be there, or anywhere; hence
are the night's minions—and all
the more if there's no moon
and a black cloudcast, so
that by padding upwind and with care
they're extinguished in five senses. With
what an ill grace they incarnate
again in the glare, like borers
wedged out of a blind heartwood
to unwelcome apocalypse; with
what relief, evidently, reënter
such a void as our vanity,
its name written in lights,
shudders at, and accelerates.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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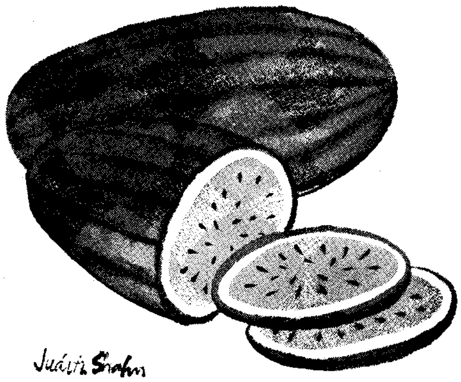

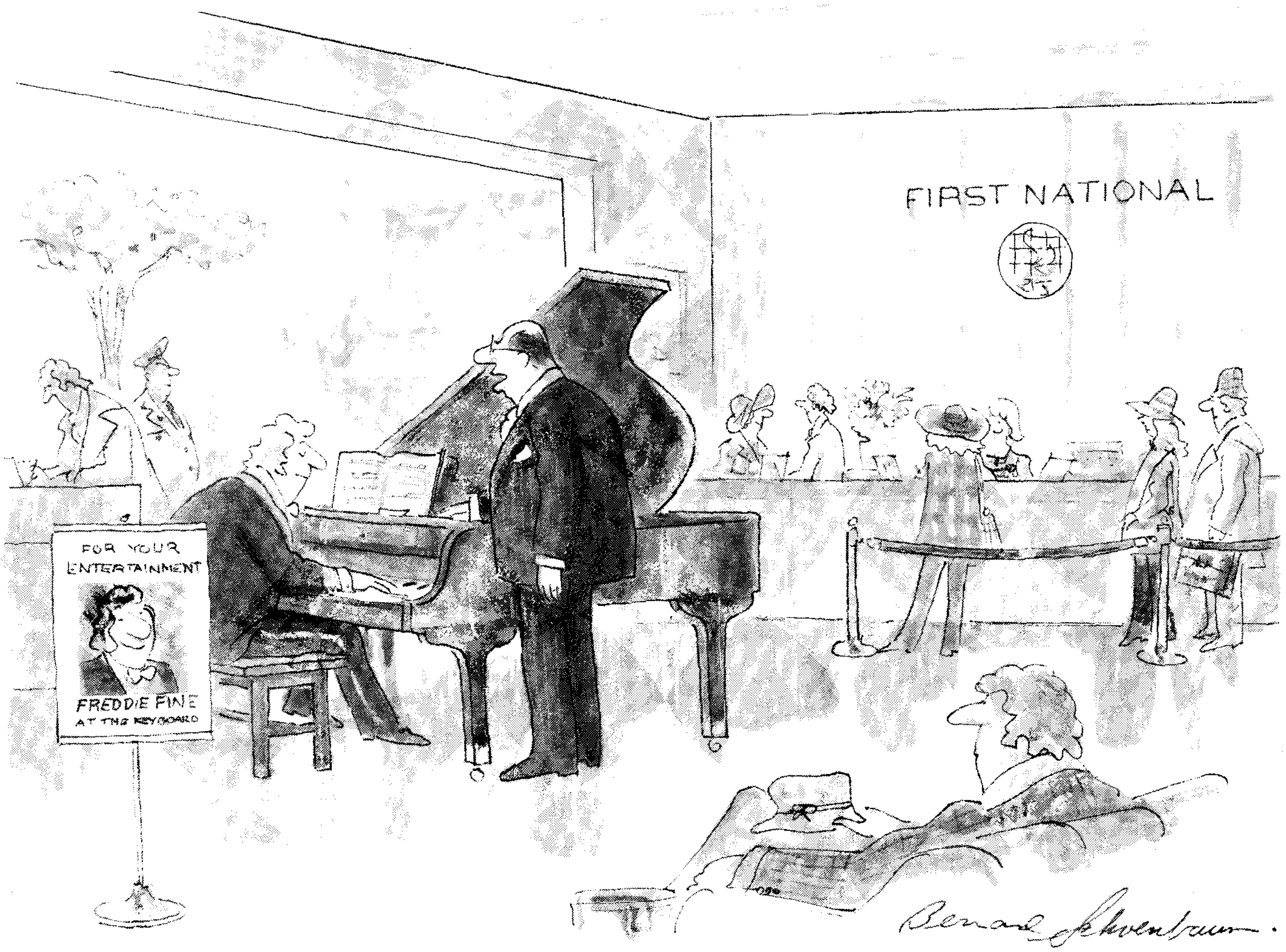

"Mr. Fine, the management will thank you to omit 'Money Is the Root of All Evil' from your repertoire."

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In a troop, as though conveying a prisoner, they made their way back through the garden. The man, although questioned further by Mr. Bloch, only shrugged his shoulders. No one spoke after that, but similar thoughts gathered in each man's mind. It was known that old Pierre would shortly be beyond it: after tennis one evening Mrs. Vansittart had relayed that information to her friends, inquiring if any of them knew of a younger gardener. What would seem to have happened was that this present individual had telephoned the villa and been told by Mrs. Vansittart to report for an interview, and now arrived at ten o'clock in the evening instead of the morning. When they reached the villa, Mr. Cecil began to voice these conclusions, but the man did not appear to understand him.

He was placed in the hall, Joe-John and Mr. Bloch guarding him just to be on the safe side. The others reëntered the salon, and almost immediately Mrs. Vansittart emerged. As she did so, Joe-John took advantage of the continuing interruption in order to go to the lavatory. Mr. Bloch returned to the salon, where Harry picked up his tray of tea things and proceeded with it to the kitchen.

"I told you not to come here," Mrs. Vansittart furiously whispered. "I had no idea it could possibly be you."

"I tell a little lie, Madame. I say to the men there is arrangement."

"My God!"

"This morning I wait, Madame, and you do not appear."

"Will you kindly keep your voice down."

"We go in your kitchen?"

"My husband is in the kitchen. I could not come this morning because I did not wake up."

"I am by the lighthouse. It is time to fix the tablecloths but I stand by the lighthouse. How I know you ever come?"

"You could have telephoned, for God's sake," whispered Mrs. Vansittart, more furiously than before. "All you had to do was to pick up the damn telephone. I was waiting in all day."

"Yes, I pick up the damn telephone, Madame. You husband answer, I pick it down again. All the time Monsieur Jean watch me. 'It is no good this time to fix the tablecloths!' he shout when I come running from the lighthouse. My hand make sweat on the tablecloths. I am no good, he shout, I am bad waiter, no good for Grand-Hôtel—"

"I cannot talk to you here. I will meet you in the morning."

"This at the lighthouse, Madame?"

"Of course at the lighthouse."

All this Joe-John heard through the slightly open lavatory door. It was not, he recognized at once, a conversation that might normally occur between Mrs. Vansittart and a prospective gardener. As he passed through the hall again, his hostess was saying in a clenched voice that of course she would wake up. She would be at the lighthouse at half past six.

"He's a waiter from the Grand-Hôtel," Joe-John reported softly in the salon, but not so softly that the information failed to reach anyone present. "They're carrying on in the mornings at the lighthouse."

Signor Borromeo won that night, and so did Mrs. Cecil. At a quarter to twelve Harry carried in a tray with glasses on it, and another with decanters of cognac and whiskey and bottles of Cointreau, cherry brandy, and yellow chartreuse. He drank some Cointreau himself, talking to Mrs. Cecil and Mrs. Bloch about azaleas.

"Harry dear, you've dribbled that stuff all over your jacket!" Mrs. Vansittart cried. "Oh, Harry, really!"

He went to the kitchen to wipe at the stain with a damp cloth. "Hot water, Harry," his wife called after him. "Make sure it's really hot. And just a trace of soap."

He'd had a bad day, she reported when he was out of earshot. In his Red Indian song Foontimo's child-wife—the wife who was not real but who appeared to Foontimo in dreams—continued to be elusive. Harry couldn't get her name right. He had written down more than four hundred names, but not one of them registered properly. For weeks now poor Harry had been depressed over that.

While they listened, they all of them in their different ways disliked Mrs. Vansittart more than ever they had before. Even Joe-John, who had so enjoyed eavesdropping at the lavatory door, considered it extravagantly awful that Mrs. Vansittart's seedy love life should have been displayed in front of everyone while Harry washed up the dishes. Mrs. Bloch several times tightened her lips during Mrs. Vansittart's speech about the difficulties Harry was having with his creation of an Indian child-wife; her husband frowned and looked peppery. It was really too much, Mrs. Cecil said to herself, and resolved that on the way home she'd suggest dropping the Vansittarts. There were all kinds of people in this world, Signor Borromeo said to himself, but found that his reflection caused him to like Mrs. Vansittart no more. A *cornuto* was one thing, but a man humiliated *in pubblico* was an unforgivable shame. Harry was *buono*, Signora Borromeo said to herself; Harry was like a *bambino* sometimes. Mr. Cecil did not say anything to himself, being confused.

At midnight the gathering broke up. The visitors remarked that the evening had been delightful. They smiled and thanked Mrs. Vansittart.

"She has destroyed that man," Mrs. Cecil said with feeling as she and her husband entered their villa, the Villa Japhico.

Signora Borromeo wept in the Villa Good-Fun, and her husband, sustaining himself with a late-night sandwich and a glass of beer, sadly shook his head.

"She has destroyed that man," Joe-John said to his friend in El Dorado, using the words precisely a minute after Mrs. Cecil had used them in the Villa Japhico. In the Villa Hadrian the Blochs undressed in silence.

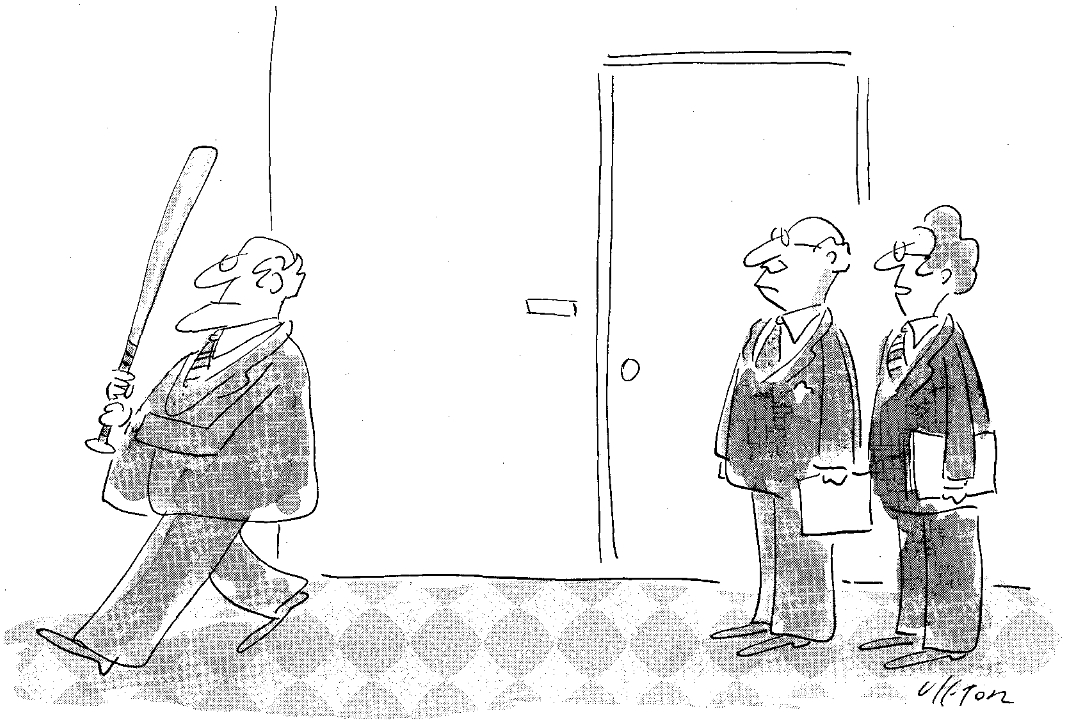
Mrs. Vansittart lighted a cigarette. She sat down at her dressing table and removed her makeup, occasionally pausing to draw on her cigarette. Her mind contained few thoughts. Her mind was tired, afflicted with the same fatigue that deadened, just a little, the eyes that people are rude about.

Harry sat at the piano in the snug little room he called his den. It was full of things he liked—ornaments and pictures he'd picked up in Europe, bric-à-brac that was priceless or had a sentimental value only. The main lights of the room were not switched on; an ornate lamp lighted his piano and the sheets of music paper on the small table beside him. He wore a cotton dressing gown that was mainly orange, a Javanese pattern.

The child-wife who visited the dreams of Foontimo said her name was Soaring Cloud. She prepared a heaven for Foontimo. She would never leave him, nor would she ever grow old.

Harry smiled over that, his even white teeth moist with excitement. He had known she could not elude him forever.

The following morning Joe-John watched from the rocks near the lighthouse. He carried with him a small pair of



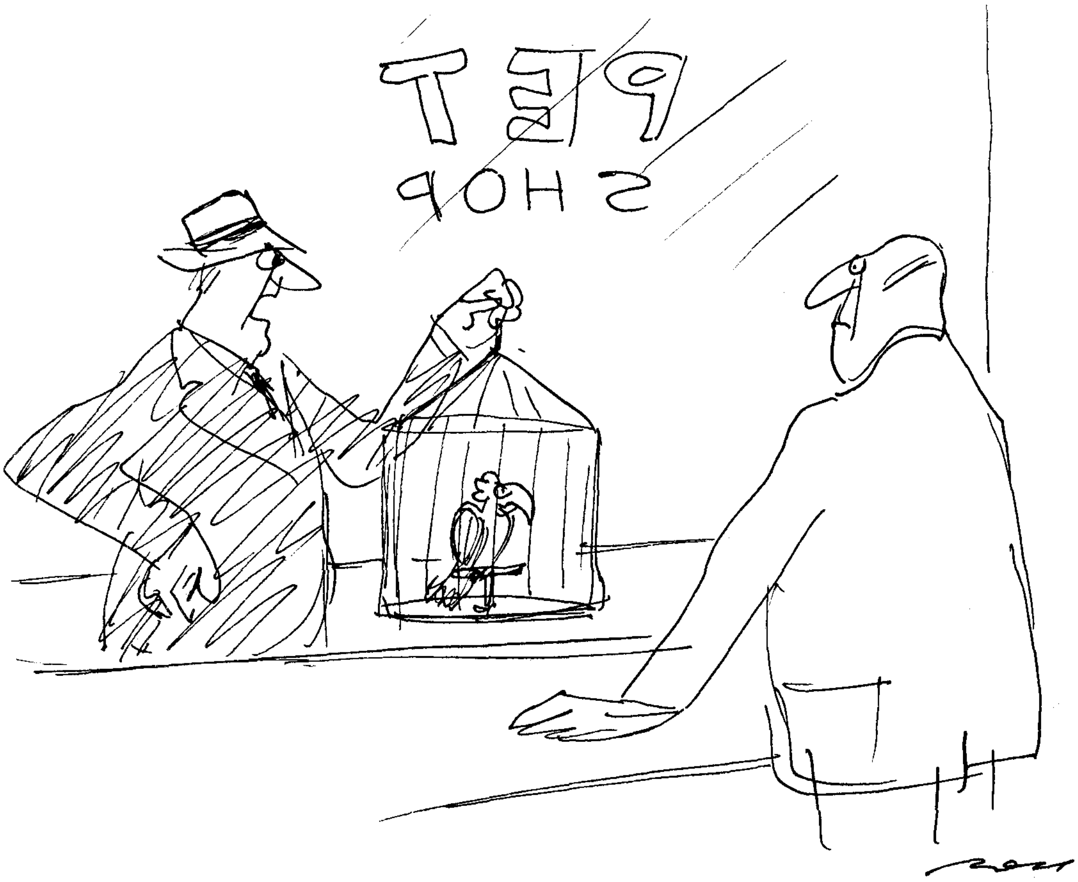
"Mr. Whitlow is one of those who still believe that one person can make a difference."

binoculars, necessary because the lie of the land would prevent him from getting close enough to observe his quarry profitably. He had to wait for some minutes before Mrs. Vansittart appeared. She looked around her before descending a path that led to a gap among the rocks from which, later in the day, people bathed. She sat down and lighted a cigarette. A moment later the swarthy waiter from the Grand-Hôtel hurried to where she was.

Joe-John moved cautiously. He was slightly above the pair but well obscured from their view. Unfortunately it would be impossible to overhear a word they said. Wedging himself uncomfortably, he raised his binoculars and adjusted them.

A conversation, apparently heated, took place. There were many gestures on the part of the swarthy man, and at one point he began to go away but was recalled by Mrs. Vansittart. She offered him a cigarette, which he accepted. Then Mrs. Vansittart took a wallet from a pocket of her trousers and counted a large number of notes onto the palm of her companion. "My God," said Joe-John aloud. "She pays for it!"

The couple parted, the waiter hurrying back toward the Grand-Hôtel. Mrs. Vansittart sat for a moment longer where he had left her and then clambered slowly back to the coastal path. She disappeared from Joe-John's view.



"Can you get it to stop saying 'Fellow-Republicans'?"

PRIVATELY, Mrs. Vansittart keeps an account of her life. While Harry composes his songs, she fills a number of hard-backed notebooks with the facts she does not wish to divulge to anyone now but which one day, after her death and after Harry's, she would like to be known. Of this particular day she wrote:

I paused now and again to watch the early-morning fishermen. I had paid ten thousand francs. At the end of the season the man might go and not return, as he had promised. But I could not be sure.

The morning was beautiful, not yet even faintly hot, the sky a perfect blue. The houses of Beaulieu seemed gracious across the glittering sea, yet the houses of Beaulieu are as ordinary as houses anywhere. A jogger glanced at me as I stood aside to let him pass, perspiration on his nose and chin. He did not speak or smile. I sometimes hate it on Cap Ferrat.

On the coastal path that morning I thought about Harry and myself when we were both eleven; I was in love with him even then. In Holland Falls he'd brought me to his mother's bedroom to show me the rings she crowded onto her plump fingers, her heavily stoppered scent bottles, her garish silk stockings. But I wasn't interested in his mother's things. Harry told me to take my clothes off, which I shyly did, wanting to because he'd asked me and yet keeping my head averted. Everyone knew that Harry loathed his mother, but no one thought about it or blamed him particularly, she being huge and pink and doting on her only child in a shaming way. "God!" he remarked, looking at my scrawny nakedness among his mother's frills. "God, *Jesus!*" I had wires on my teeth, and freckles which I still have. I didn't have breasts of any size. I took off Harry's red windcheater, and after that the rest of his clothes and his shoes. We lay side by side between his mother's scented sheets while two floors down she talked to Mrs. Gilliland. "Now, that's just a damned lie!" she afterward shrieked at Rose when Rose said what she'd seen. I'll never forget poor Rose's pretty black face in the bedroom doorway, her eyes as round as teacups, bulging from her head. Harry's mother got rid of her because of it, but the story ran all over Holland Falls and someone told my own mother, who sat down and cried. My father bawled at me, his fury a single crimson explosion of lips and tongue, his dotted necktie gulping up and down. It wasn't Harry's fault, I said, I'd tempted Harry because I loved him. Besides, I added, nothing had happened. "At eleven years of age?" my father yelled. "It's not the point, for God's sake, that nothing happened!"

On the coastal path that morning I

told myself it wasn't fair to remember my father in the moment of his greatest rage. He'd been a gentle man, at his gentlest when operating his high-speed dentist's drill, white-jacketed and happy. Even so, he never forgave me.

We ran away from Holland Falls when we were twenty-two. Harry had already inherited the paper mill but it was run by a manager, by whom it has been run ever since. We drove about for a year, from town to town, motel to motel. We occupied different rooms because Harry had begun to compose his cycle and liked to be alone with it at night. I loved him more than I could ever tell him, but never again, for Harry, did I take my clothes off. Harry has never kissed me, though I, in passing, cannot even now resist bending down to touch the side of his face with my lips. A mother's kiss, I daresay you would call it, and yet when I think of Harry and me I think as well of Héloïse and Abélard, Beatrice and Dante, and all the others. Absurd, of course.

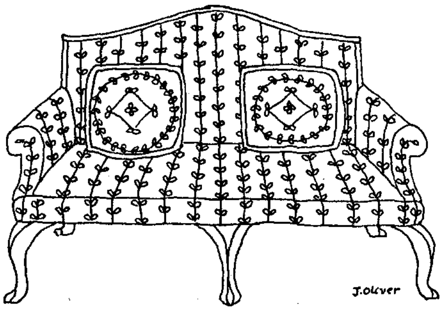
I left the coastal path and went down to the rocks again, gazing into the depths of the clear blue water. "You're never cross enough," Harry said with childish petulance in the City Hotel, Harrisburg, when we were still twenty-two. I had come into my room to find the girl lying on my bed, as I had lain on his mother's with him. In my presence he paid her forty dollars, but I knew he had not laid a finger on her, any more than he had on me when I was her age.

We went to England because Harry was frightened when a police patrol stopped our car one day and asked us if we'd ever been in Harrisburg. I denied it and they let us go, but that was why Harry thought of England, which he took to greatly as soon as we arrived. It became one of the games in our marriage to use only English phrases and to speak in the English way: Harry enjoyed that enormously, almost as much as working on his cycle. And loving him so, I naturally did my best to please him. Any distraction a harmless little game could provide, any compensation: that was how I saw my duty, if in the circumstances that is not too absurd a word. Anyway, the games and the distractions worked, sometimes for years on end. A great deal of time went by, for instance, between the incident in Harrisburg and the first of the two in England. "It's all right," the poor child cried out in London when I entered my room. "Please don't tell, Mrs. Vansittart." Harry paid her the money he had promised her, and when she had gone I broke down and wept. I didn't even want to look at Harry, I didn't want to hear him speak. In an hour or so he brought me up a cup of tea.

It was, heaven knows, simple enough on the surface of things: I could not leave Harry because I loved him too much. I loved his chubby white hands and tranquil smile and the weakness in his eyes when he took his spectacles off. If I'd left him he would have ended up in prison, because Harry needs to be loved. And then, besides, there has been so much happiness, at least for me: our travelling together, the pictures and the furniture we've so fondly collected, and of course the Villa Teresa. It's the strangest thing in the world, all that.

A fisherman brought his boat near to the rocks where I was sitting. I had lighted a cigarette and put my sunglasses on because the glare of daytime was beginning. I watched the fisherman unloading his modest catch, his brown fingers expertly arranging nets and hooks. How different, I thought, marriage would have been with that stranger. And yet could I, with anyone else, have experienced such feelings of passion as I have known?

"I'm sorry," Harry began to say, a catch phrase almost, in the nineteen-fifties. He's always sorry when he comes in from the flower beds with clay on his shoes, or puts the teapot on a polished surface, or breaks the promises he makes. In a way that's hard to communicate, Harry likes being sorry.



"*Bonjour, Madame*," the fisherman said, going by with his baskets of sole or whatever fish it was.

"*Bonjour*," I replied, smiling at him.

Harry would be still in bed, having worked on his cycle until three or four in the morning. Old Pierre and Carola and Madame Spad would not arrive for another hour, and in any case I did not have to be there when they did. But at the back of my mind there's always the terror that when I return to the Villa Teresa, Harry will be dead.

I clambered back to the coastal path and continued on my way. In England, after the first occasion, there was the convent girl in her red gym slip, who wasn't docile like the other ones but shouted at me that she loved Harry more than I did. Sometimes she was there when I returned from shopping in the afternoons, sometimes there was only the rumpling of my bed to remind me of her visit. We had to leave England because of the scenes she made, and after the awful melancholy that had seized him Harry promised that none of it would ever happen again.

My presence at the lighthouse that morning had to do with a German girl in Switzerland eleven years ago. The waiter who is at the Grand-Hôtel for the season was at the Bon Accueil in Château-d'Œx. The German girl was given wine at dinnertime and suddenly burst into tears, hysterically flinging her accusations about. I simply laughed. I said it was ridiculous.

We were gone by breakfast time and Harry has kept his promise since, frightened for eleven years. Dear, gen-

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POEM ON SLEEP

Then the bright being disguised as a seal dove into the deep billows.
I go on loving you after we are asleep.
I know the ledges where we sit all night looking out over the briny sea,
and the open places where we coast in sleekness through the sea.

And where is the practical part of me? The practical one, who is cunning?
Oh, he is long since gone, dispersed among the bold grasses.
The one he does not know of remains afloat and awake all night;
he lies on luminous boulders, dives, his coat sleek, his eyes open.

—ROBERT BLY

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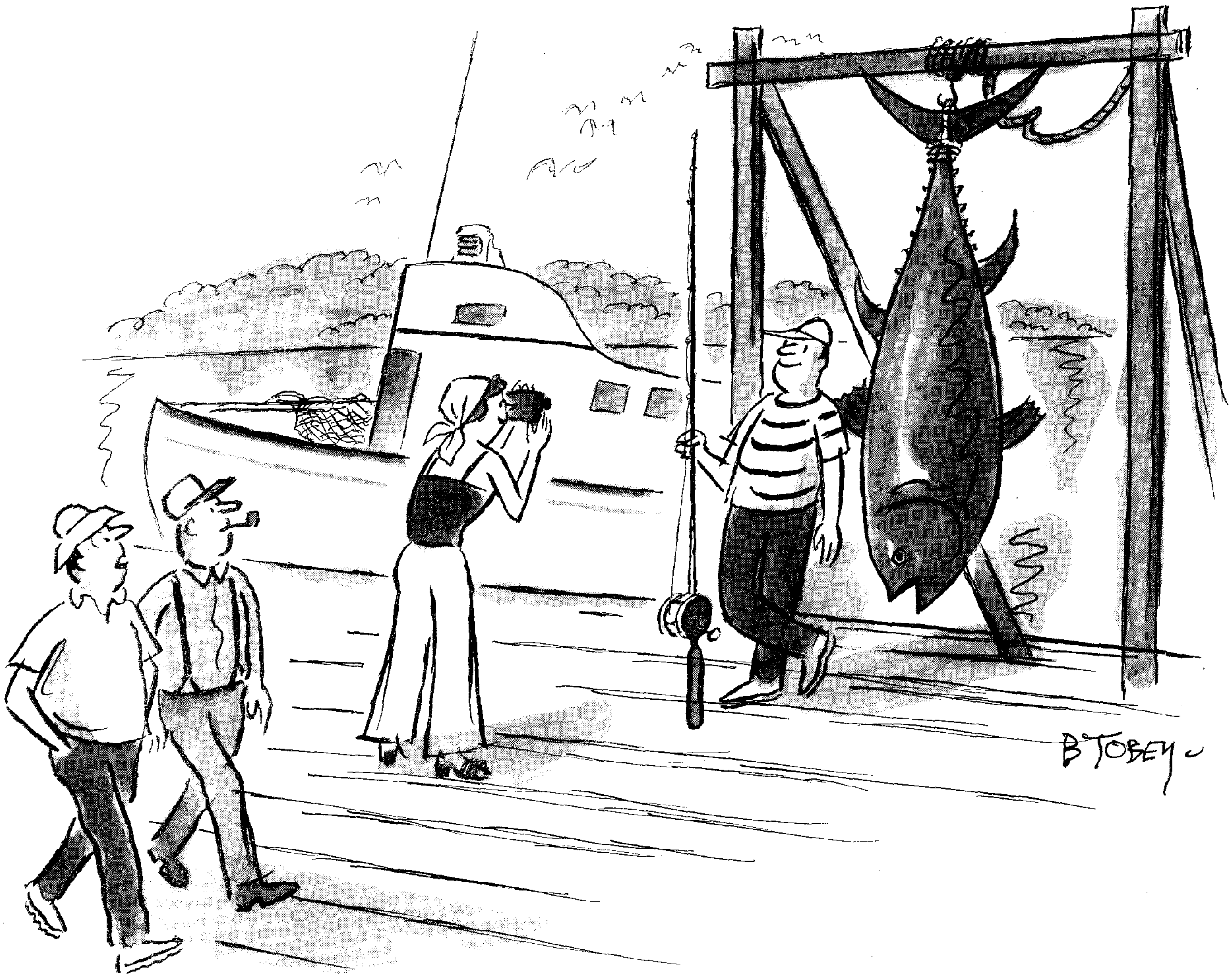


"I'm strictly a meat-and-potatoes man myself."

• •

tle Harry, who never laid a finger on any of those girls, who never would.

LATER that morning Joe-John's friend shopped in Saint-Jean, with Joe-John's terrier on a lead. When he had finished, he sat down at the café by the bus stop to have *jus d'abricot*. He watched the tourists and the young people from the yachts. The terrier, elderly now, crept beneath his chair in search of shade.

"Ah, Mrs. Bloch!" Joe-John's friend called out after a little while, for the lean South African lady was shopping also. He persuaded her to join him—rather against her will, since Mrs. Bloch does not at all care for Joe-John's friend. He then related what Joe-John had earlier related to him: that Mrs. Vansittart now paid money for the intimate services she received from men. He described in detail, with some natural exaggeration, the transaction by the lighthouse. Repelled by the account, Mrs. Bloch tightened her lips.

On the way back to the Villa Hadrian she called in at the Villa Japhico with two mousetraps, which she had promised the night before to purchase for Mrs. Cecil. The Cecils, with neither gardener nor cleaning women, do not easily find the time for daily shopping, and the chandler's store in Saint-Jean will not deliver mousetraps. Mrs. Bloch waited to be thanked and then began.

"To think that man came last night for money! With Harry there and everyone else!"

Mrs. Cecil shook her head in horror. Joe-John was a troublemaker and so was his rather unpleasant friend, yet neither would surely tell an outright lie. It was appalling to think of Mrs. Vansittart conducting such business with a waiter. The satisfying of lust in a woman was most unpleasant. "I really can't think why he doesn't leave her," she said.

"Oh, he never would. That simply isn't Harry's style."

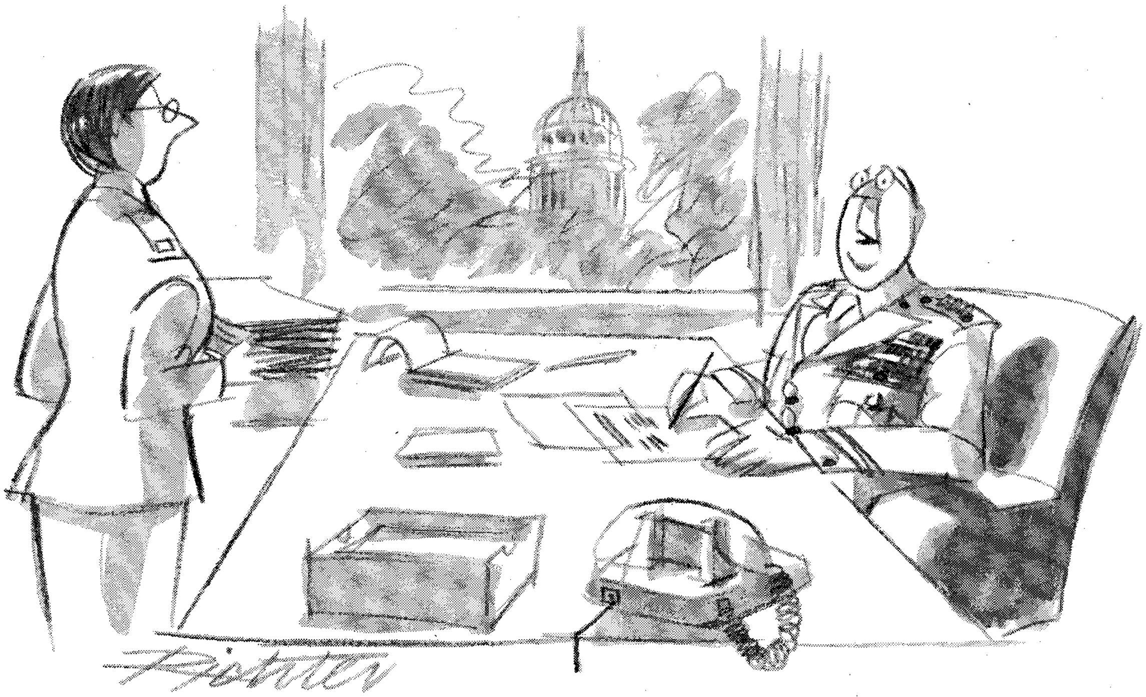
"Yes, Harry's loyal."

That morning the Cecils had discussed the dropping of the Vansittarts, but had in the end agreed that the result of such a course of action would be that Harry would suffer. So they had decided against it, a decision which Mrs. Cecil now passed on to her friend.

Mrs. Bloch gloomily agreed.

MRS. VANSITTART plays an ace and wins the trick. It is autumn, the season is over, the swarthy waiter has gone.

Harry enters the salon with his tray



"What comes after trillion?"

of tea and the pâtisseries he has made that morning. He is so quiet in the shadows of the room that Mrs. Bloch recalls how strangers to the villa have occasionally taken him for a servant. Mrs. Cecil throws a smile in his direction.

Mr. Bloch and Mr. Cecil and Signor Borromeo, all of whom know about the transaction that took place near the lighthouse, prefer not to think about it. Joe-John hopes that Mrs. Vansittart will commit some further enormity shortly, so that the gossip it trails may while away the winter. It would be awfully dull, he often remarks to his friend, if Mrs. Vansittart was like Mrs. Bloch and Mrs. Cecil and Signora Borromeo.

"Oh, my dear, don't pour it yet!" she cries across the room, and then with some asperity, "We really aren't quite ready, old thing."

Harry apologizes, enjoying the wave of sympathy her protest engenders. He waits until the hand is played, knowing that then her voice will again command him. He can feel the stifled irritation in the room, and then the sympathy.

He pours the tea and hands the cups around. She lights a cigarette. Once, at the beginning of their time in the Villa Teresa, she had a way of getting up and helping him with the teacups, but then she sensed that that was wrong. She senses things in a clumsy kind of way. She is not clever.

"Oh, look, you've made marzipan ones again! You *know* no one likes marzipan, dear."

But Mrs. Cecil and Mrs. Bloch both select the marzipan ones, and Harry is apologetic. He is not aware that people have ever said that his wife had three affairs and sundry casual conjunctions when they lived in England; nor does he know it is categorically stated that a peasant woman once spat in her face. It would not upset him to hear all this, because it is only gossip and its falsity doesn't matter. It is a long time now since she sensed his modest wish and in answer to it developed the rhythmic swing of her hips and the look in her eyes. Unconsciously, of course, she developed them, not quite in the way she allows the English intonations to creep into her voice. When he looks at her in the company of these people, it's enjoyable to imagine the swarthy waiter undressing her among the rocks, even Signor Borromeo trying something on beneath the bridge table.

Harry smiles. He goes around with the teapot, refilling the cups. He wishes she would say again that an avenue on Cap Ferrat might be called after him. It's enjoyable, the feeling in the room then, the people thinking she shouldn't have said it. It's enjoyable when they think she shouldn't swing her hips so, and when they come to conclusions about her made-up English voice. It's enjoyable when she listens to his saga of Soaring Cloud the child-wife, and when her face is worried because yet another song has a theme of self-inflicted death. Harry enjoys that most of all.

Mrs. Vansittart loses, for her attention briefly wandered, as it sometimes does just after he has brought the tea around. She tried not to love him when her father was so upset. She tried to forget him, but he was always there, wordlessly pleading from a distance, so passionately demanding the love she passionately felt. She'd felt it long before the day she took her clothes off for him, and she remembers perfectly how it was.

For a moment at the bridge table the thoughts that have slipped beneath her guard make her so light-headed that she wants to jump up and run after him to the kitchen. She sees herself, gazing at him from the doorway, enticing him with her eyes, as first of all she did in Holland Falls. He puts his arms around her and she feels on hers the lips she never has felt.

"Diamonds," someone says, for she has asked what trumps are. Her virginal longing still warms her as the daydream dissipates. From its fragments Harry thanks her for the companion she has been, and her love is calm again at the bridge table.

—William Trevor

•

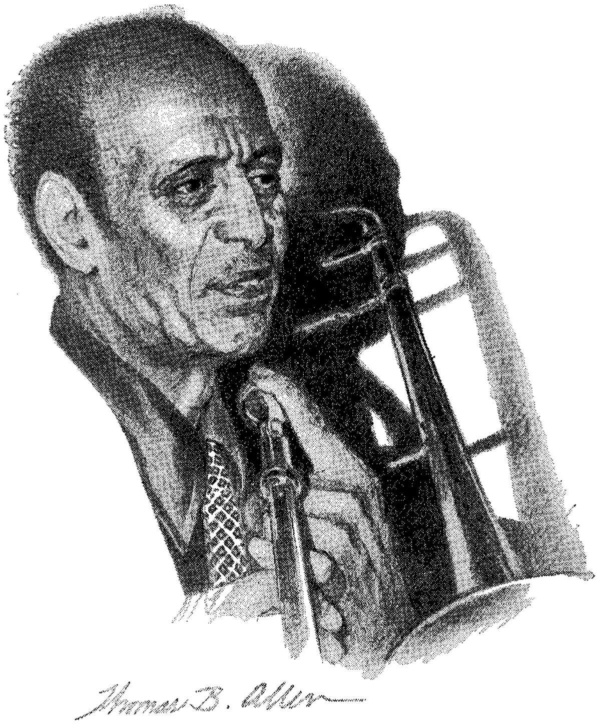
"You have to make clothes for people," he went on. "Big people. Little people. All the figure problems. We don't want asymmetrical closures on coats. That's sloppy. We don't want Oriental. And we don't want those new peasant clothes. I don't like peasant clothes"—his eyebrows relaxed into a smile—"except on peasants."—*The Times.*

Especially the ones with the trick eyebrows.

PROFILES

THREE TONES

EARLY one morning in the summer of 1967, when Duke Ellington had finished work at the Rainbow Grill and was having a steak at Jilly's with a group of friends, he was asked why he had never hired the great trombonist Vic Dickenson. It was evidently not a question he wished to answer directly, so he repeated the trombonist's name twice and added his own question: "Does he still have his three tones?" Ellington rarely put down exceptional musicians who hadn't passed through his academy, and what he probably meant was: Does Vic Dickenson still play as simply and beautifully as ever? The answer then was yes, and the answer now, with Dickenson having passed into his seventy-sixth year, is still yes.



Thomas B. Allen

Vic Dickenson

In the forty years since Dickenson quit travelling with big bands, he has been almost constantly on view in New York, and he has invariably worked and recorded with the champions, among them Sidney Bechet, Frankie Newton, Ben Webster, Sid Catlett, Buck Clayton, Edmond Hall, Red Allen, James P. Johnson, Pee Wee Russell, Coleman Hawkins, Ruby Braff, and Bobby Hackett. Dickenson's presence brightens every band he plays with. He is tall and thin, and he has a long, wry, Lincoln face. His eyes are generously lidded. He has a medium-sized, middle-register voice of a kind that winds between other voices in a gathering. He is a slow, laconic talker, and his laugh is concentrated and nasal. He is a calm, cool, funny man who wishes no offense to life and hopes life will return his sentiments. In recent years, he has preferred to sit down with his legs crossed when he plays; he leans slightly to his left and balances himself by pointing his trombone to the right. When he heads his own group, he pauses a long time between numbers and shuffles through a pile of plastic-covered three-by-five cards on which are typed the names of some three hundred songs. Then, the next number decided upon, he puts the cards back in a pocket, picks up his trombone, and bangs off the time on the piano. He plays with his eyes open, but sometimes after he has offered an epigrammatic reading of the melody and is about to improvise he will close his eyes and disappear. He has the air of an Edwardian bachelor, but he was married in 1932 to Otealia Foye, whom he first met in Cincinnati in 1928. They live in Parkchester, in the East Bronx, and they have never had children.

Dickenson talked not long ago about his life:

"I was born in Xenia, Ohio, on August 6, 1906. It's about fifteen miles from Dayton, and it had a population of about nine thousand. My father, Robert Clarke Dickenson, had his own plastering business. He was tall, and if anybody thinks I'm handsome—well, I look like him. He used to play little ditties on the violin. He died in 1929. My mother was thin and beautiful, like an angel. They tell me she played the organ, but I don't remember it. I used to think when I was little that I wanted to die if my mother died, even though my father used to let her do the strictness. I believe she came from Ironton, Ohio, and I believe my father came from Virginia or West Virginia. There were nine of us children, and I was the seventh. Arthur, Ernest, Anna, Edward, Carlos, Walter, Nettie, Edith, and me, Victor. I'm the only one left. Carlos was a good saxophone player who ended in the mail service. He was also a thirty-third-degree Mason. I was proud of that. Another brother fought in the First World War and worked for International Harvester, although he was always ailing after the war. One sister died when she was just about to graduate from college, and another was a schoolteacher. Edith, Ernest, and Walter didn't survive childhood. We lived in a house on the outskirts of town, and we had about twelve acres. We tried to raise corn and such, but the ground was poor. Across the street from our house was a wood, and the Ku Klux Klan used to meet there. They'd stand in a circle in their robes in that wood and burn their crosses, and that upset me all during my childhood. I was sickly, too. I had pleurisy, and at one time they thought I was on the verge of t.b., and they had me go to the t.b. hospital, which put me behind in my schooling. When I went back to school, they didn't back-teach me, so I didn't get a chance to learn the things I could have.

"When I was sixteen or seventeen, I had an accident that changed my life. I was trying to learn my father's business. I was carrying a hod full of mortar up a ladder, pulling myself up the rungs with one hand and balancing the hod, which weighed maybe seventy pounds, with the other. A rung broke and, with all that weight, I pitched backward, and gave my back a terrible wrench. I couldn't pick anything up. In fact, I still can't pick much up beyond my trombone. That accident caused me to decide to become a musician full time. I had already started playing trombone in the school band. I tried to play it like a saxophone or trumpet. I pretended I

"I'll be at the Blue Pelican Lounge, storing up nuts for the winter."

could read, but what I did was read the notes the way you read them when you're singing—just getting the drift of the melody. I played my first job when I was fifteen, with the Elite Serenaders at an Elks' dance in Lebanon, Ohio. After that, a bunch of us tried to put a band together. The center of it was my brother Carlos and a cousin, Herb Waide, who played piano—but only in the key of F-sharp. We also had a trumpet player and an alto saxophonist and a drummer. We had moved to Columbus, and Carlos and I roomed together. We were on starvation row. We'd get a gig playing the Saturday matinée in the movie house and a dance at the Elks' that night, and that might be it for the week, at three or four dollars a throw. That wasn't enough to fill a tooth with. We also played occasional gigs with Watkins' Syncopators. Watkins was a cousin of the bandleader Lloyd Scott and his brother Cecil Scott. In between jobs with Watkins, I'd work with Tom Howard, who had the distinction of having his whole band beaten up by whites in Florida after a dance. I played with Earl Hood, and travelled around the state, and in 1926 Don Phillips hired me and I joined him at the Broadway Gardens, in Madison, Wisconsin. His bass player sold me a trombone, which I needed, for sixty dollars. I was getting thirty-five a week, and I had to give him fifteen, so that left me twenty for room and board and everything. At the end of a month, when I'd finished paying off the bassist, I was fired, and I didn't have enough money to get back to Columbus. A local drummer I'd met asked me if I knew a piano player he could use that night, and I said I could play piano in the key of C, so I made enough to get home. I'd been fired because I couldn't read music, so I vowed after that to learn to read and write music, and I did. Self-taught—which I am on the trombone, too. I worked with Bill Broadhus in Lexington, Kentucky. Then Helvey's Troubadors motored down from Cincinnati. J. C. Higginbotham was in the band, and when he left to go to Buffalo I took his place. Around this time in Columbus, Lloyd Scott came through, and he had Dickie Wells, who made a big impression. I also heard Coleman Hawkins and Buster Bailey and Joe Smith and Louis Armstrong. Jimmy Harrison played a lot like Louis, and I liked Benny Morton, who played like Harrison. Of course, when we were kids we listened to Bessie Smith and Mamie Smith and Ma Rainey and Jelly Roll Morton—all on records. When the spring broke in the Victrola, we'd push the turntable around with our fingers and the music sounded like a sick cow.

"In 1929, I went with Speed Webb, and that was a daggone good band. Roy Eldridge and Teddy Wilson were in it, and Reunald Jones, who was later with Duke Ellington. We got as far east as Boston. My aunt was living in Brooklyn, and my mother happened to be staying with her, so I ducked down to New York. New York fascinated me. I joined Zack Whyte after Webb, and then went with Thamon Hayes and his Kansas City Rockets. Harlan Leonard took over that band after I left. When we were in Memphis in 1933, I got a telegram from Blanche Calloway, and I was with her three years, before going with Claude Hopkins. I was with Hopkins until 1939. Jabbo Smith was in Hopkins' band for a while, and he was something special. He still played sensationally. I was with Benny Carter's big band after that. Benny let just about everybody solo, but that didn't happen in a lot of big bands. You'd sit there week in and week out, playing those notes, and never get a

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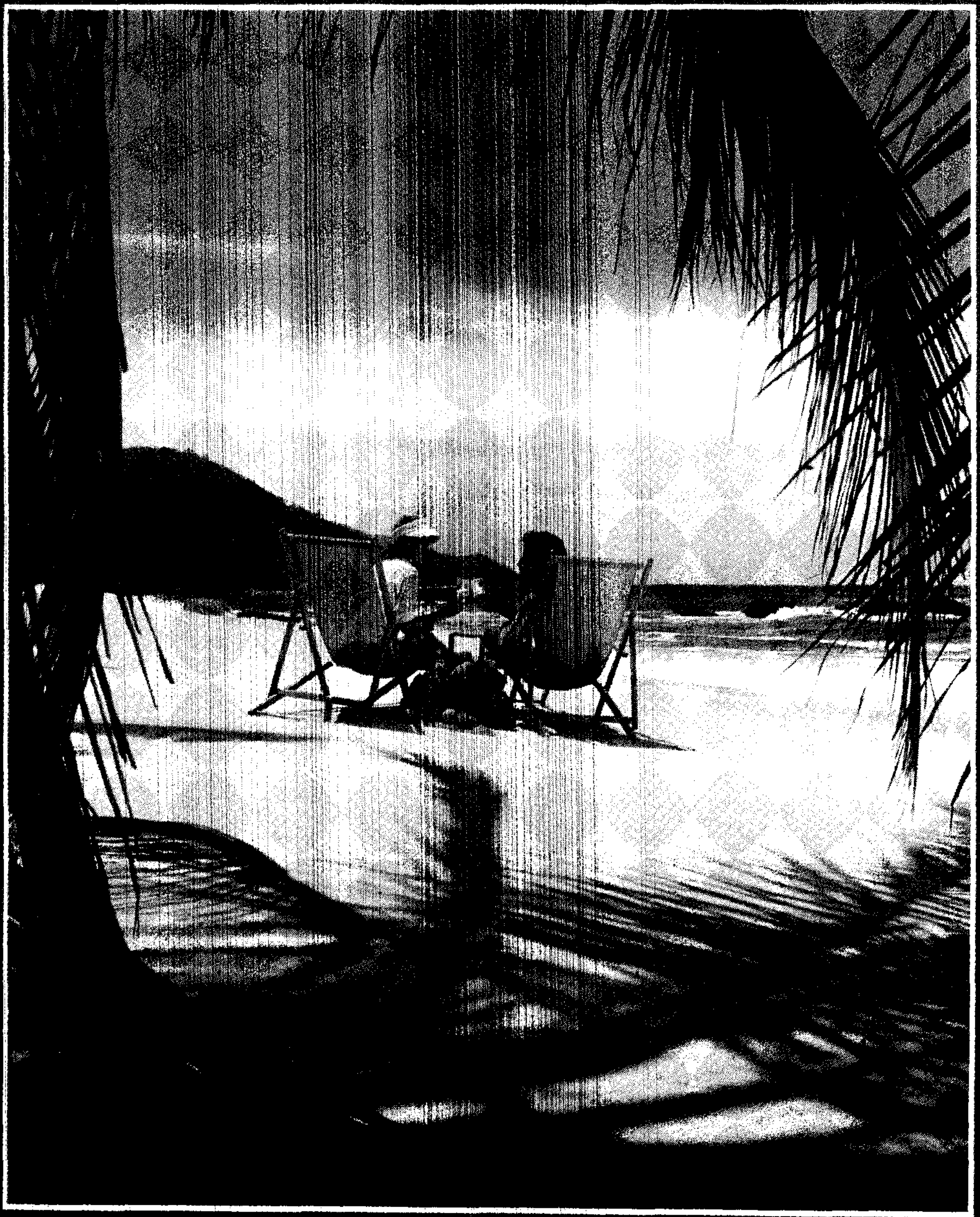

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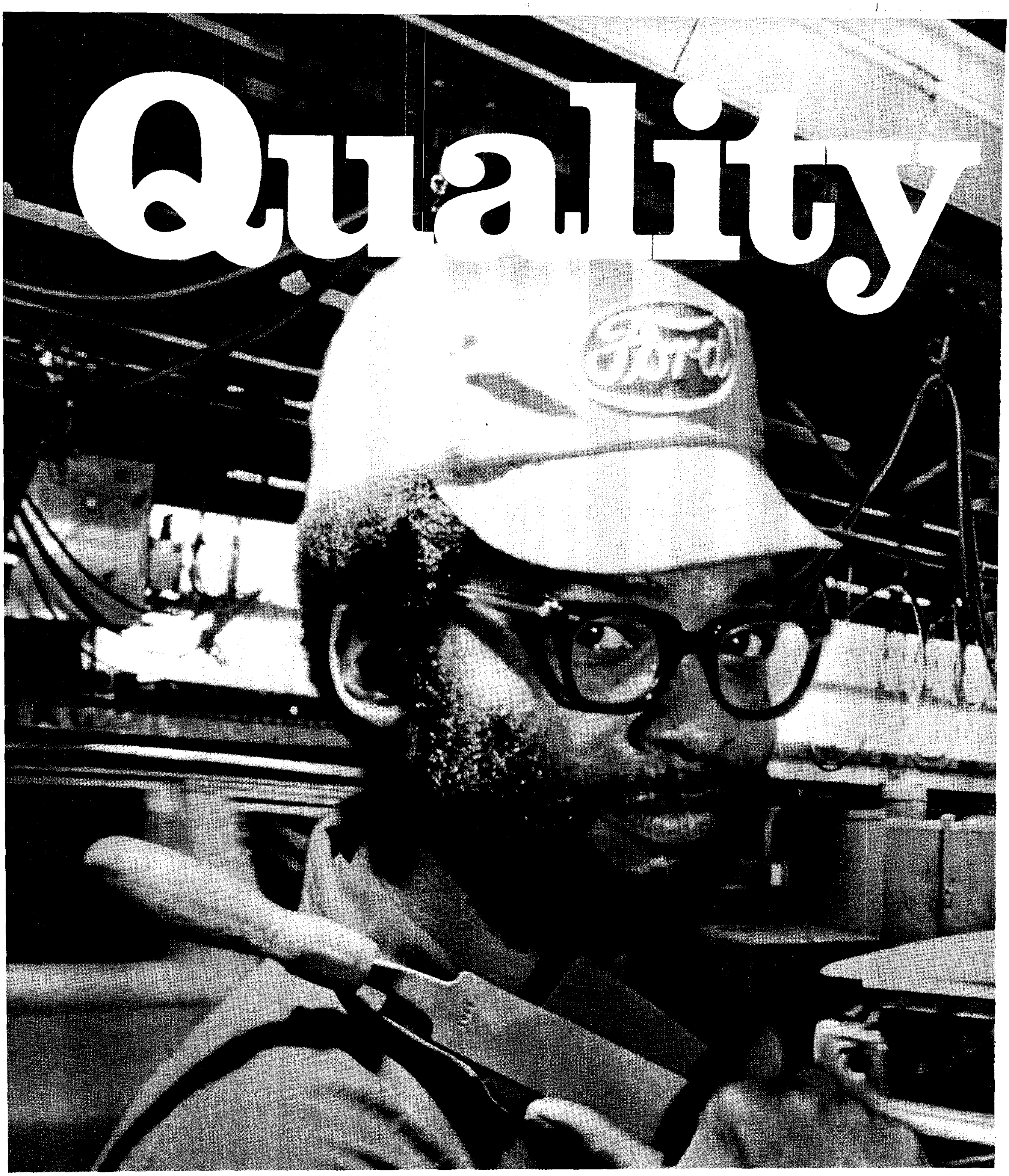

There's a new spirit at Ford Motor Company. And everybody is part of it – from the people on the line to the man in the corner office.

An engineer demonstrates the importance of a suspension component to the men who will install it on the assembly line.

A metal finisher lays aside his power tool and applies the final strokes with a hand file.

A 15-year veteran of the line says, "Cooperation. That's the difference today. It's not my job or his job…it's our job."

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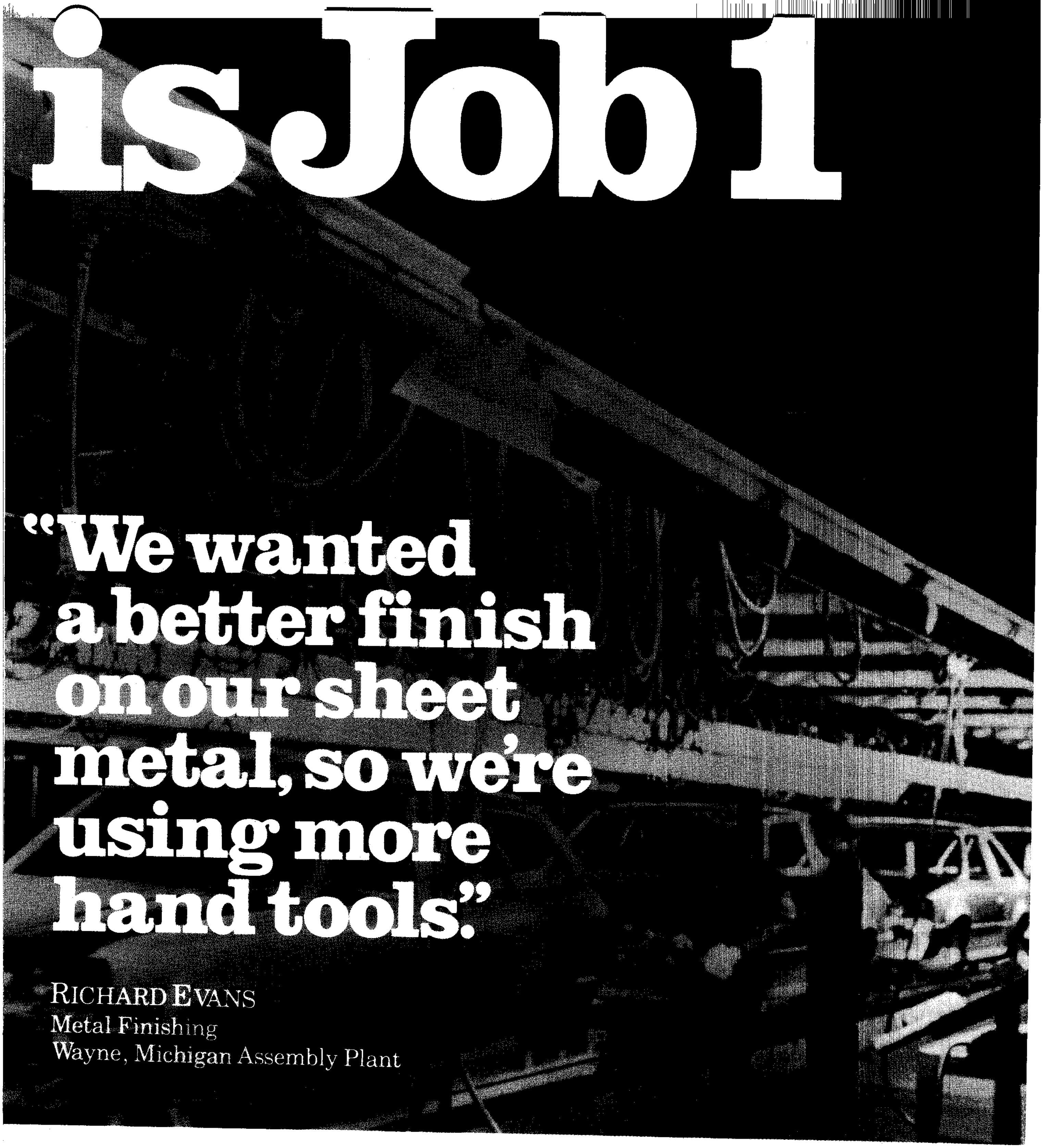
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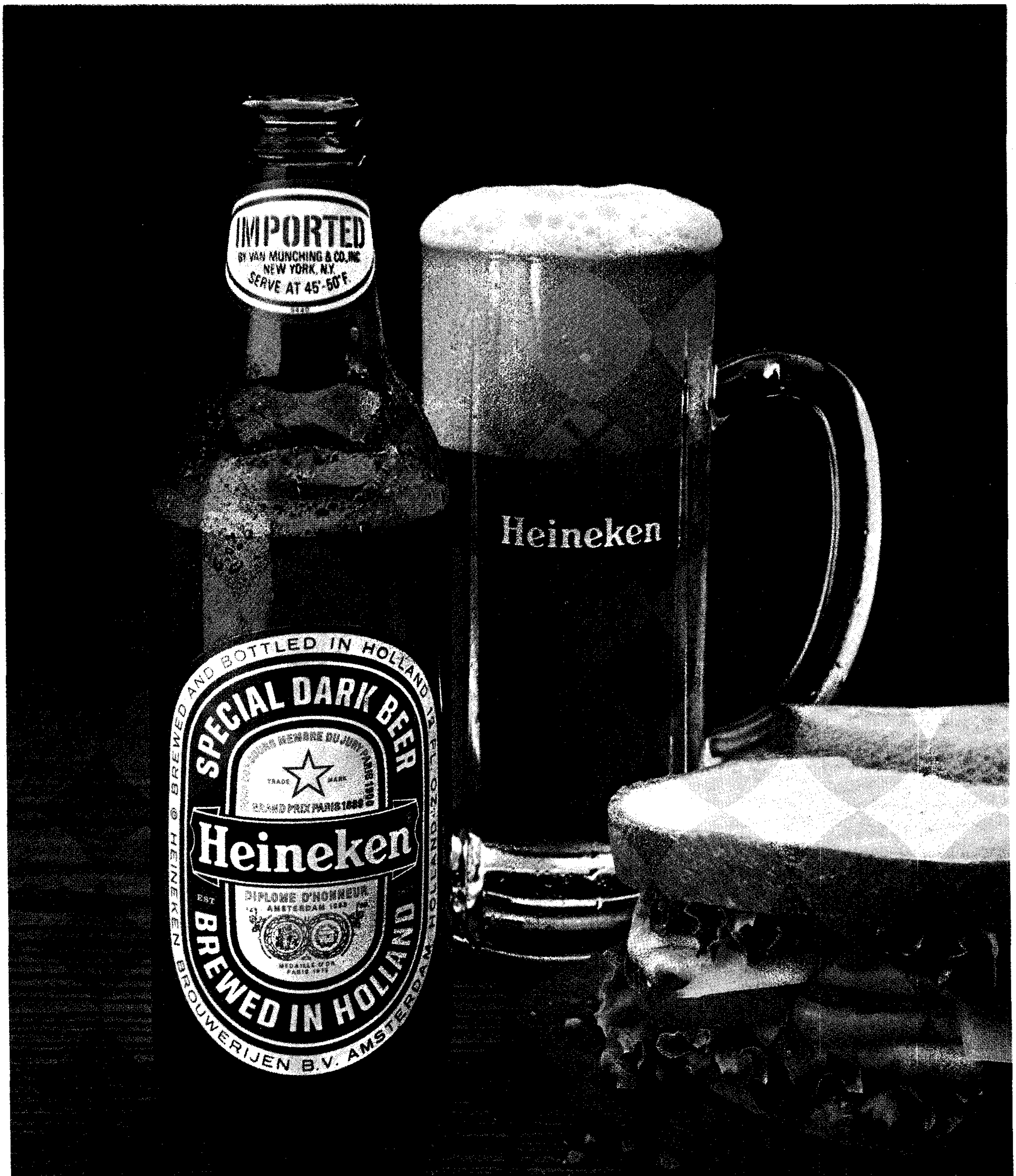
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solo, or maybe get just eight bars on a bridge, and silence for another couple of weeks. I was with Count Basie for a year after Carter, and sometimes Basie only gave me one solo a week, and that was disappointing. Everybody liked each other in the Basie band. It was like brothers. We were on the road *all* the time, and in those days you stayed in people's houses, because the hotels wouldn't let you in, so Lester Young and I always tried to find a place together. He spoke his own language. If he agreed with you, it was 'You rang the bell—ding ding.' I still say 'Ding ding' before I take a drink."

"Look, I told you all along it was going to be a working vacation."

• •

Dickenson's style is wasteless and lyrical and funny. He listened to Louis Armstrong in the twenties, as every jazz musician did, and he was much taken by Dickie Wells, whose work he distantly echoes. High jinks are always around the corner in his playing. He growls a lot, particularly in ensembles, and the growls add a lazy, bibulous texture to the counterpoint. He likes to poke fun at fulsome ballads, and in 1946 he made a classic recording of "You Made Me Love You," with faultless smears and growls and whispered asides. Even when he plays the melody of a good song straight, he seems to be laughing up his sleeve. He decorates it with bunched triplets and questioning vibratoless bursts, and he lets the melody run on in the silences in between, like a movie with the soundtrack off. Dickenson doesn't sound like a trombonist. His tone is gentle and downy, and his playing is a direct extension of the way he talks and sings. It has none of the nasal, brassbound sound that affects most trombonists. But when his musical environment gets heated, he plays with great passion. Then he uses staccato phrases, adroit repetitions, emery growls, Dickie Wells shouts, and tumbling curving runs, and he will end his solo with a resounding hammerlike note. He invariably swings, and it makes no difference whether he is neighing at a poor ballad or going at top speed. Like all great lyrical workers, he sometimes slides into a slough in which he depends on patterns—his triplets and growls and smears—that he has long since perfected. But even these predigested solos are graceful and funny. Dickenson's playing has diminished little. He may rely on his patterns more than he once did—they started out, after all, as his inventions—but he also manages to surprise you in almost every solo with an oblique cry, a slyly placed silence, a short humming blue note. He likes mutes and he often puts his left hand inside the bell of his horn, making it sound as if he were playing on the other side of the hill. He also hangs a beret over his bell, which gives him a soft, ruffling sound—a bird landing. His dynamics are superb. Every solo is a mixture of muted sounds, growls, warning roars, and soft, sliding connective phrases. Many jazz soloists are disconcertingly egocentric. They exude self-pity (Miles Davis), or querulousness (Stan Getz), or disdain (Benny Goodman), but Dickenson appears bent on lifting his listeners with humor and warmth and beauty, all the while making it clear that he won't hold us up any longer than is absolutely necessary.

"I play in an unorthodox way," Dickenson said. "I don't lip correctly. You're supposed to put the mouthpiece over your face skin, but I put it on my lip skin, over the inside part of my lip. That's the way I learned, and because of it my chops sometimes wear out, and I can't play the high notes Dickie Wells and Trummy Young do. I do a growl two different ways: I make a strong humming sound in my throat or I do it with special tonguing. There are two sets of positions on the slide that you can get the same notes with—the outer position and the inner position. I get a better sound with the inner position, and I don't have all that weight you have when you use the outer position and the slide pulls the mouthpiece loose. I think about improvising as if I'm singing. It's what I'd do if I were humming. When you improvise, you see your feelings in your mind, and you form certain feelings for numbers that you play over and over. You keep the melody in your mind, too. If you lose it, you can get into an outer-space situation. Sometimes you think a bar ahead, sometimes four bars. If I hit a wrong chord or a wrong note, I try and have a follow-up bar in reserve in my mind to take care of it. Most of that thinking ahead is in rhythmic patterns. A lot of times, you have a framework set up in your head of what you're going to start a solo with and the guy soloing before you doesn't stop when he's supposed to, he dribbles over into your first measure, and that fouls you up and you tell him mentally, Oh, well, hell, go ahead and play another chorus, only stop when you're supposed to. I think maybe I know ten thousand songs. I keep about two or three hundred typed on index cards, which I carry to almost every job as reminders of what to play. They're my repertory cards. If I typed up all the tunes I know, I couldn't

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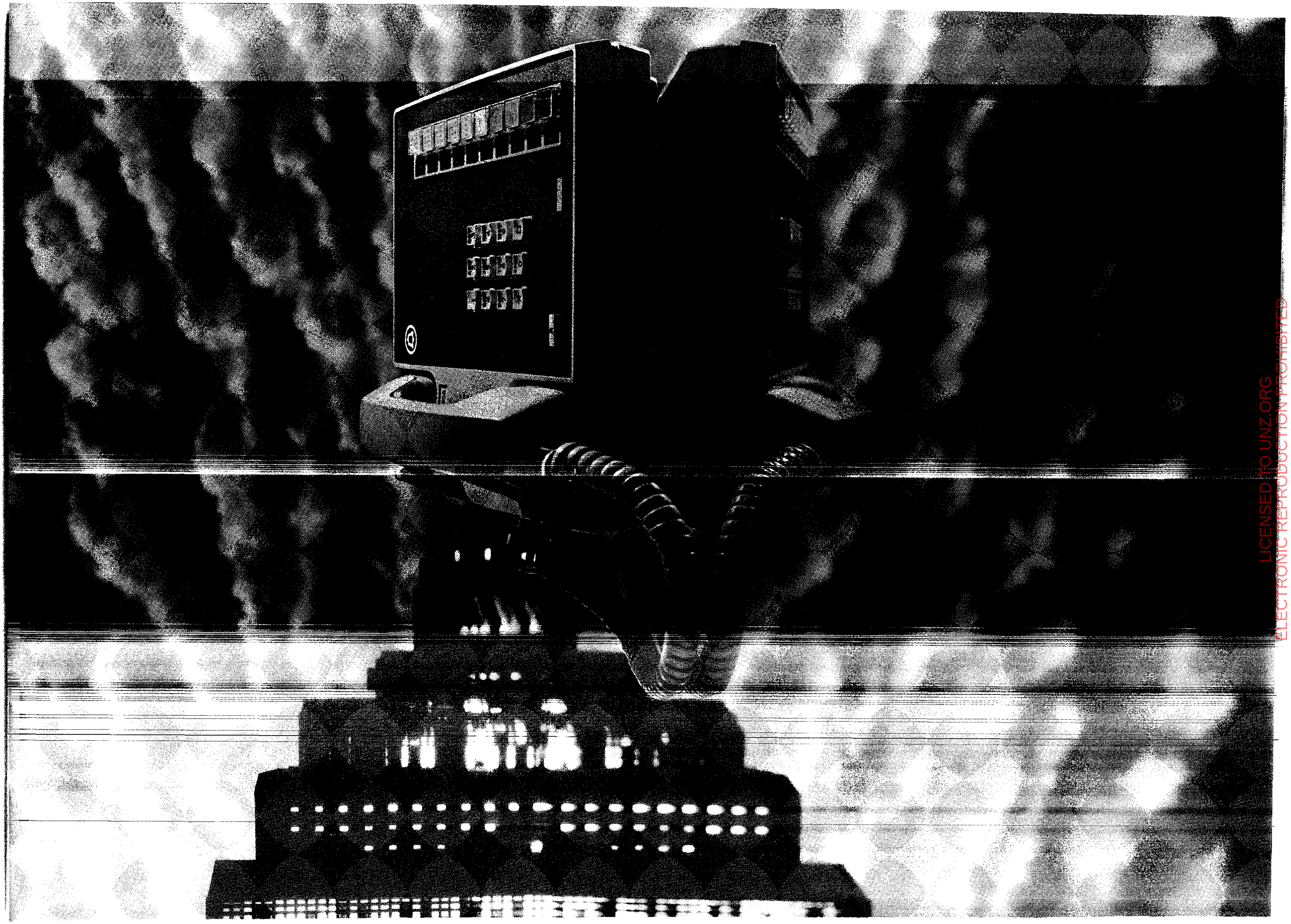

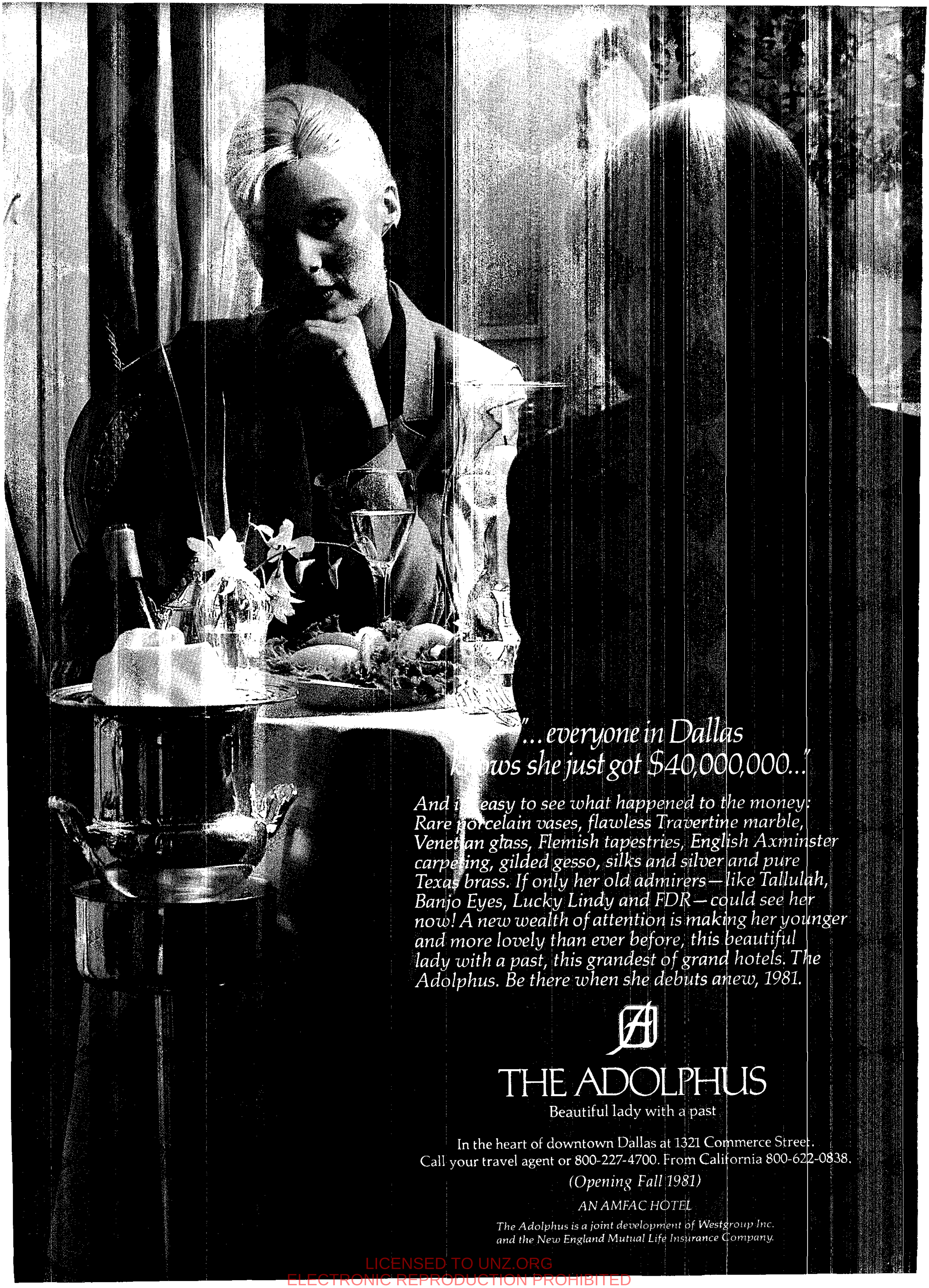

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carry them with me; they'd be too heavy. I write my own tunes, too, and not one of them has been a hit or has brought in any residuals. Here are some titles: 'Constantly,' 'I'll Try,' 'Mistletoe,' 'What Have You Done with the Key to Your Heart?' Some I have written down but haven't exposed yet.

"Of all the wonderful musicians I've worked with, my happiest days of playing were with Bobby Hackett. We first worked together at the old Child's Paramount in the fifties. We worked together in the fifties and sixties and seventies. Bobby could never manage business things right. He put too much dependence on people, and they took him for what they could. He always trusted the wrong people. He loved to give you things. He'd give you an expensive gift, just like that. I miss him all the time—him and his beautiful, perfect playing.

"If I had it to do over, I'd have a good manager. I'm like Bobby in that respect: I'm a poor businessman. But I know I wouldn't have been a good doctor, and I wouldn't have been a good cook. I know I wouldn't have been a good janitor, and I don't have the patience to be a good teacher. I'd slap them on the finger all the time, and the last thing I ever want to do is mess up my cool. Sometimes I feel like retiring. My ankles swell up after an evening of playing, and my teeth aren't as strong as they used to be. My health is crumbling a little, and I don't like to travel much anymore. I wish I could play when I feel like it and not play when I don't feel like it. In other words, be semi-retired. I would like to have played with Duke Ellington at one time, but he already had such a good trombone player—Lawrence Brown—that I wouldn't have been an addition. I first heard Lawrence Brown play over the air, and he dedicated a number to his mother. I liked that."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

*

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN: The Making of a Radical Feminist, by Mary A. Hill. (Temple University Press, $8.95.) This first of a projected two-volume biography of the feminist and social theorist Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935) carries her story to 1869, a period during which she was concerned with finding a surrogate mother, with her unhappy first marriage and her role as a parent, and with work that yielded both satisfaction and depression.—*Times Book Review.*

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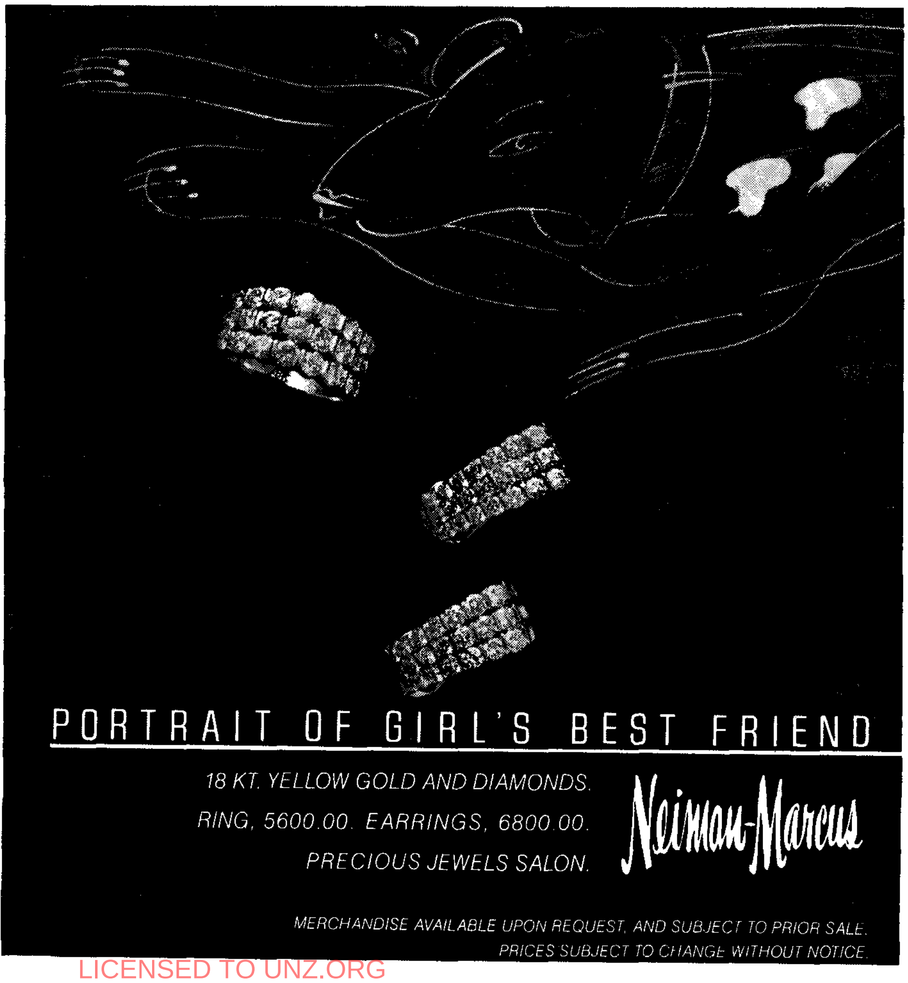

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

UNIONIST IN REAGANLAND

EXCESSIVE modesty about aims or accomplishments has never been an affliction of American unions. When the modern labor movement was born, with the formation of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions, in Pittsburgh, a hundred years ago, its start-up treasury contained fifty-three dollars and sixty cents, raised by passing the hat among delegates to the founding congress. A union printer serving as secretary swelled that total by chipping in his entire fee of two dollars and a half. But the meagreness of these resources and the fragility of the bonds holding the infant federation together gave Samuel Gompers, a London-born cigarmaker, and his fellow-founders no concern that they might appear a trifle vainglorious in designating as the organization's official seal a replica of the globe with the hands of two workers clasped in brotherhood across it and the battle cry "Labor Omnia Vincit." That overarching sentiment, alternately flaunted and forgotten as the puny federation of 1881 evolved, through split and struggle, into today's fifteen-million-member American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, has been little in evidence in this centennial year. On the contrary, the observance of the anniversary by the nation's unions partakes almost as much of wake as of celebration.

The paramountcy in Washington of a government dedicated to repealing much that labor considers most admirable in government caps a decade of setbacks and frustrations for a movement sunk in despond. Politically, union influence is at its lowest since the pre-New Deal era of unfettered corporate dominance. Economically, unions that struggled on countless picket lines to make United States wages and benefits the envy of the world find it necessary to negotiate for less, not more, to prevent their industries and jobs from vanishing. Capital investment aimed at improving industry's ability to compete adds to the erosion at least as much as it checks it: It is bringing a rapid spread in the installation of robots, which never go on strike, take no coffee breaks, pay no union dues, and ultimately eliminate many of the jobs that unions are making contract sacrifices to preserve. Inflation has been cutting a dime each year out of the wage dollar; unions continue to lose more employee-representation elections than they win; and business concentrates its expansion in the right-to-work states of the Sun Belt, where hostility to unionism remains high, despite breakthroughs by labor in such bastions of the open shop as the J. P. Stevens textile empire and the giant Newport News shipyard, on Virginia's tidewater. Internally, a cancer gnaws at labor. Racketeer influence is growing in several key unions, but the federation—disheartened by the ineffectuality of the expulsion weapon it used twenty-four years ago against the scandal-stained International Brotherhood of Teamsters—has dismantled its self-policing machinery and is leaving the cleanup task to the police and the F.B.I. The unregenerate Teamsters, campaign backers of Ronald Reagan, bask in friendly attention from the White House despite their election as president in June of Roy L. Williams, who is under federal indictment on charges of conspiring to bribe Senator Howard Cannon of Nevada. The most jolting blow of all for the rest of labor came last month when President Reagan personally ordered the dismissal from their federal jobs of twelve thousand striking air-traffic controllers and moved to destroy their union by stripping it of its bargaining rights. In the view of labor's appalled high command, the Reagan thrust represented the most naked exercise of Presidential power to crush a union since Grover Cleveland broke a railroad strike led by Eugene V. Debs in 1894 by ordering out federal troops to move the mails.

So widespread is the dismay among unionists over this avalanche of misfortune that the top leadership of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has set aside its traditional abhorrence of mass protest marches outside the citadels of governmental authority. It has called on union members and their allies from all parts of the country to take to the streets of Washington on September 19th in a demonstration which the federation hopes will match or exceed in size the memorable civil-rights mobilization at which the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., made his "I Have a Dream" speech in 1963. Even before they decided on this giant rally to prevent consolidation of what they call the Reagan "counter-revolution,"

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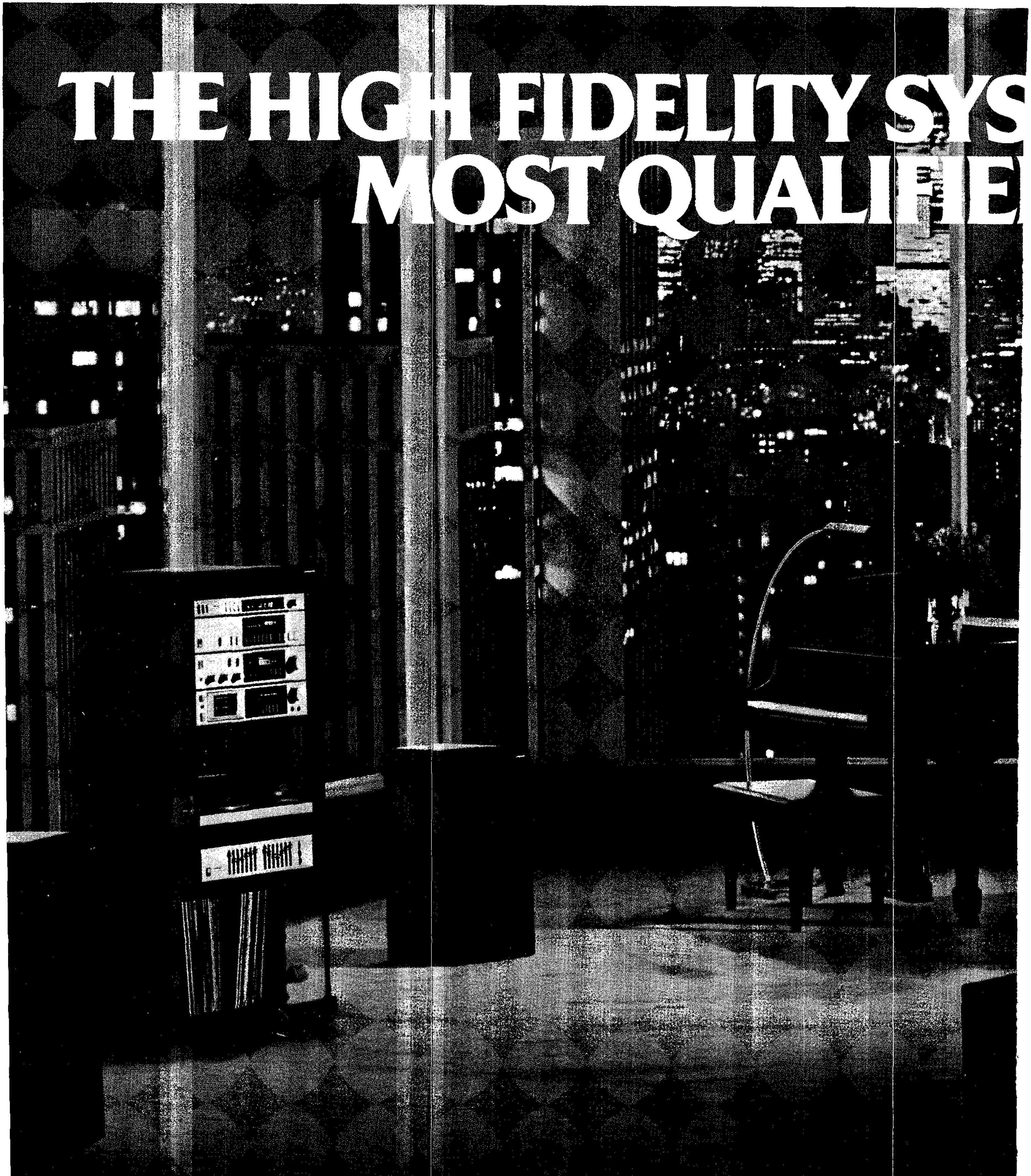

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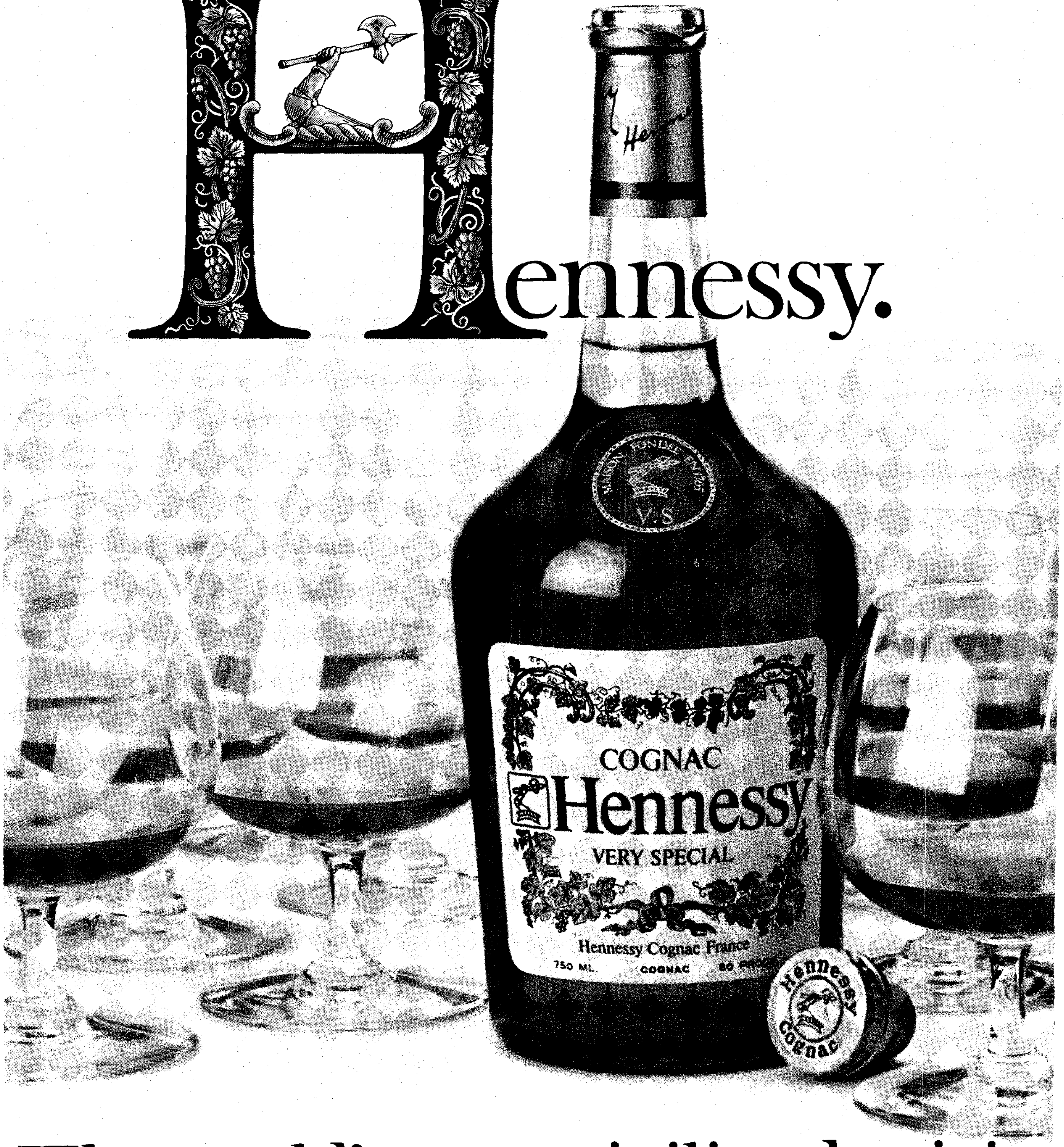

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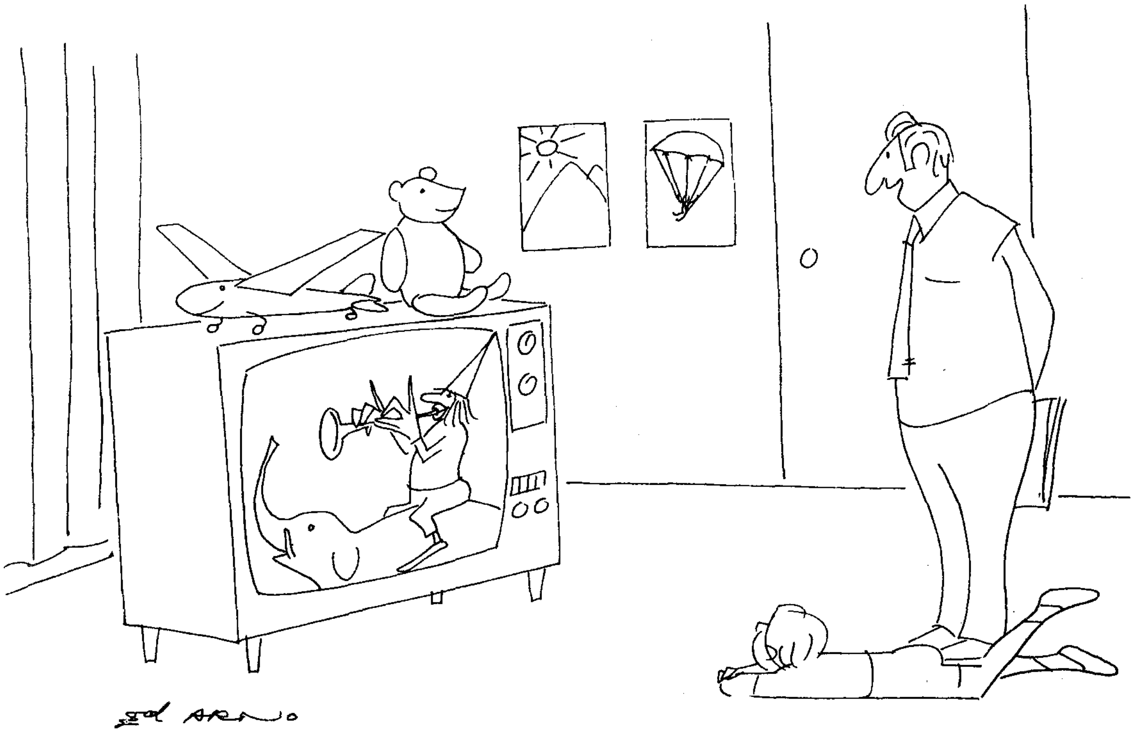
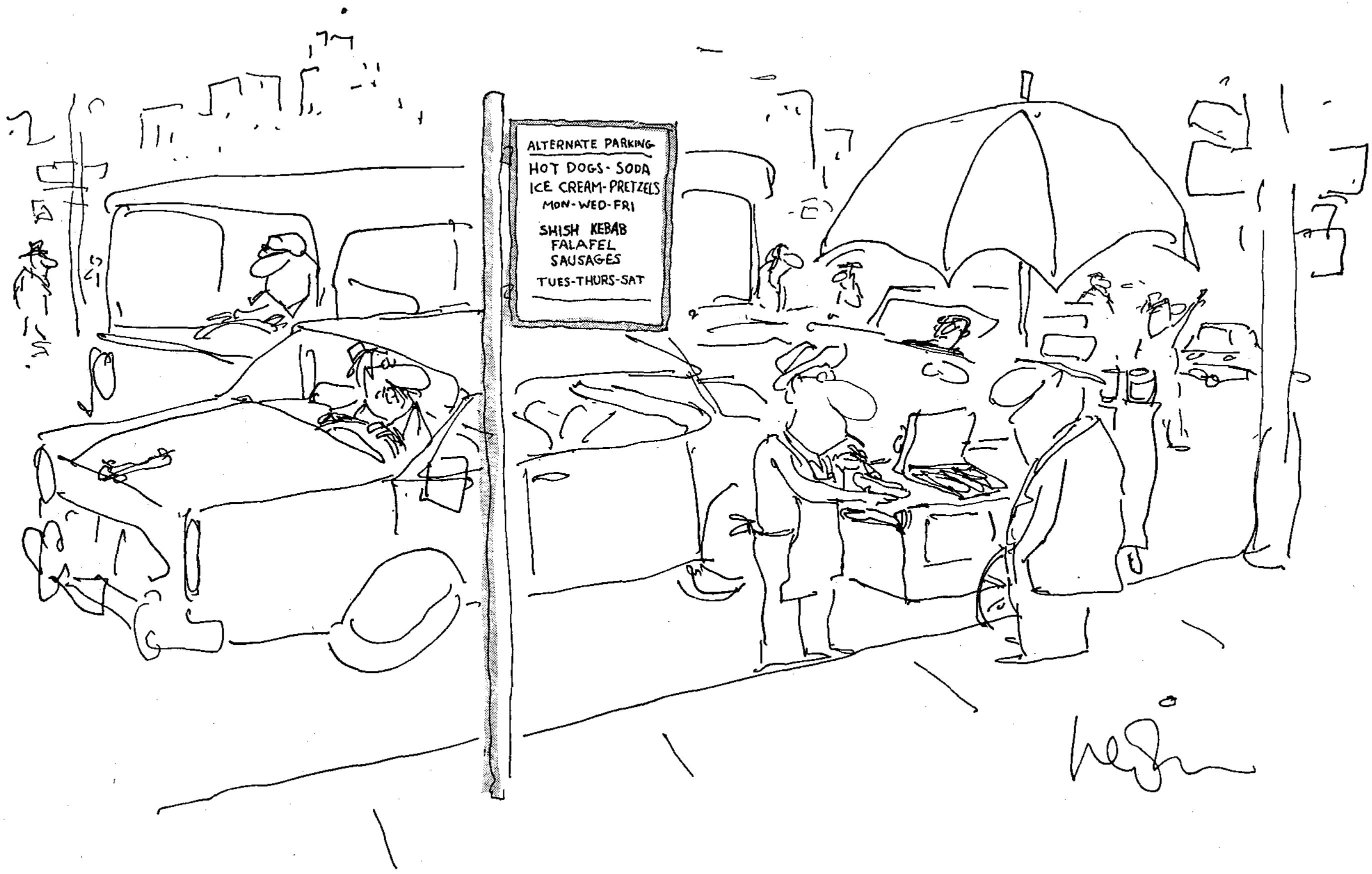
the A.F.L.-C.I.O. chiefs had exhibited their concern over the gathering storm by spending a good part of the year's first six months communing with the rank and file in a series of Harun al-Rashid visits. Lane Kirkland, the federation's ultra-cerebral president, whose awesome intellect and caustic wit often find bafflingly recondite modes of expression, was unaccustomedly straightforward in getting these encounter sessions off to an upbeat start: "We are alive, we are well, we are strong, and we are here to stay; the health and durability of our labor movement does not hang on the results of one election" was the standard curtain-raiser for Kirkland's message of defiance to those pallbearers who share with President Reagan a sense that the movement has lost touch with the wants of the mass of the country's workers. But the vibrancy of the Kirkland reassurance could not blot out awareness of the disquiet that spurred the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s undemonstrative leader to pluck himself and the heads of all its key operating departments out of their insulated offices two blocks from the White House and ride circuit in a manner that would have been deemed unthinkable in the quarter-century of magisterial rule exercised over the movement by George Meany, before his retirement, in 1979 (which was followed by his death, at eighty-five, two months later). The mission of the Kirkland caravan was not to provide fresh forums for sermonizing or exhortation by the high command. Rather, it was to assure top-level attention to grievances and suggestions put forward by both local unions and central bodies in head-to-head discussions. Nothing was off limits at these sessions, from why four wage earners out of every five are still outside unions to why—as Thomas R. Donahue, the federation's exuberant secretary-treasurer, noted in wry summation of the initial sound-off meeting, in Philadelphia—the people in the field regularly find themselves perplexed about what ought to come first after receiving from headquarters "ten different requests to do eight things in a differing range of priorities."



"Instead, I ran away and joined Kidder, Peabody & Company."

THE encompassing character of the challenges being faced and the befuddlement within the upper echelons of labor over how to respond on both the economic and political fronts were painfully visible when the thirty-five members of the federation's Executive Council met at Bal Harbour, Florida, in February, to chart the organization's strategy for the year. As one who had begun coming to these midwinter planning meetings long before any of the present Council members, I could not remember a time—whether under Republican or Democratic Presidents, in war or peace, in prosperity or recession—when gloom hung so heavily over the union chiefs. The mood was downbeat to the point of glumness, though Kirkland was careful to shun any public expression of defeatism. The watchword he commended to his colleagues as solace for the spirit through the Reagan years was coined years ago by Victor Feather, a former general secretary of the British Trades Union Congress. On being asked what British unions would do after an election in which the Labour Party had been swept out of power and a Tory government installed, the T.U.C. leader had had a simple answer: "Well, we'll just tend our trade-union garden." This bucolic recommendation did not jibe well, however, with the attitude that Kirkland had suggested as appropriate in a Washington talk a month after Election Day. Accepting an Israeli award at a dinner in memory of Golda Meir, he had been anything but pacific. "Labor, like Israel, is a stiff-necked people," he declared. "We share the perception of encirclement by hostile forces as our normal lot in life—breeding, at once, a high regard for internal solidarity and self-reliance, and a deep suspicion of those who urge that security can be purchased through accommodation with those who seek our destruction."

Within a fortnight of his switch to pastoral counsel in Florida, Kirkland was back on the wavelength of these combative early remarks. Garden hose and trowel forgotten, he carried a picket sign outside the White House and joined officials of the United Mine Workers in denouncing a Reagan proposal to slash federal funds for black-lung benefits to coal miners. "Your brothers and sisters in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. are with you on this issue all the way. Those who would deprive miners of these benefits would stop at nothing," Kirkland told five thousand angry coal diggers, whose union had called them out of the pits and bused them to the capital in the hope of



forcing a reversal in Administration policy. His participation in a mass demonstration initiated by an organization that has been in self-exile from the federation since John L. Lewis led it out in peevish discontent in 1947 was an act of historical as well as political moment. It represented the most radical departure that Kirkland had yet made from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. tradition consecrated by Meany, his imperious mentor. Meany detested marches on Washington or anything else that smacked of political activism. In 1959, when Walter P. Reuther, then the restless president of the United Automobile Workers, proposed that the federation dramatize its anxiety over rising unemployment by mobilizing tens of thousands of the jobless outside the Eisenhower White House, Meany vetoed the idea. His reaction was no less negative four years later, when A. Philip Randolph, of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, an associate whom Meany held in high regard, teamed up with King, Reuther, and many other activists in urging co-sponsorship by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. of the historic rally they were arranging on the Mall in front of the Lincoln Memorial to build momentum for passage of the omnibus Civil Rights Act.

Kirkland himself had recoiled from direct federation involvement in mass demonstrations when the idea was broached last year in connection with Big Business Day, a mobilization sparked by Ralph Nader and other critics of the abuses of corporate power. At Kirkland's instance, the Executive Council had confined itself to a vaporous declaration of sympathy for the project which avoided both outright endorsement and financial support. When Kirkland shattered this long line of precedents by marching with the United Mine Workers, he hinted that such resorts to lobbying by weight of irate numbers might become frequent as a labor counter to the espousal by the Administration's supply-siders of budget and tax reductions that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. considers weighted to benefit the rich at the expense of workers and the poor. "This is an important fight, and it is only the first of many fights trade-union members will be in to defend the rights of working people," Kirkland told the black-lung demonstrators.

In the melancholy months that followed, he aligned himself with thousands of railroad workers picketing the White House to fight budget cuts for Conrail and Amtrak and with textile unionists locked out of the Labor Department in a protest against projected Administration retreats on standards to shield cotton-mill workers against brown-lung disease. Now, in the wake of the President's rout of the demoralized congressional Democrats on the budget and taxes and of the overpowering initial success of his blitz of the unionized air controllers, Kirkland is taking the longest step of all away from the Meany precept of shunning mass action to induce government to change course. It is no coincidence that the rallying call Kirkland chose for the September 19th mobilization in the capital—"Solidarity Day"—employs the name under which Poland's independent unionists are waging their fight for labor and political freedom. "It is time to draw upon our ultimate source of strength, and to call upon those in whose name we speak to come forth in a display of solidarity for a humane and fair America," the federation president told the heads of a hundred affiliated unions when they gathered in Chicago last month to pledge support for the Washington rally.

It would be wrong to conclude from such bellicose pronouncements that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. president is banking on a reversion to the militancy of labor's cloth-cap days as the way out of its woes in the era of automation and space travel. The mind that pro-

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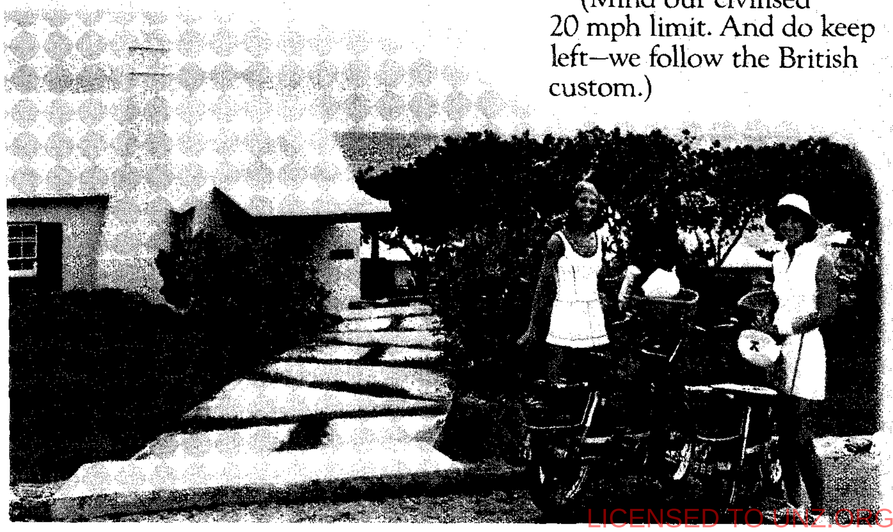

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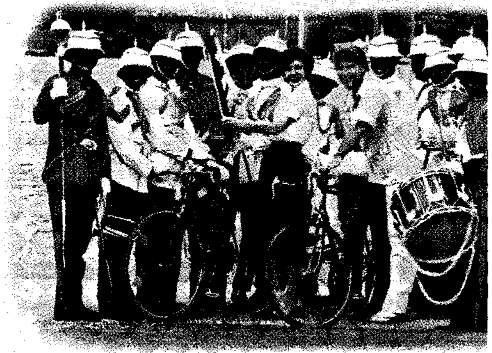

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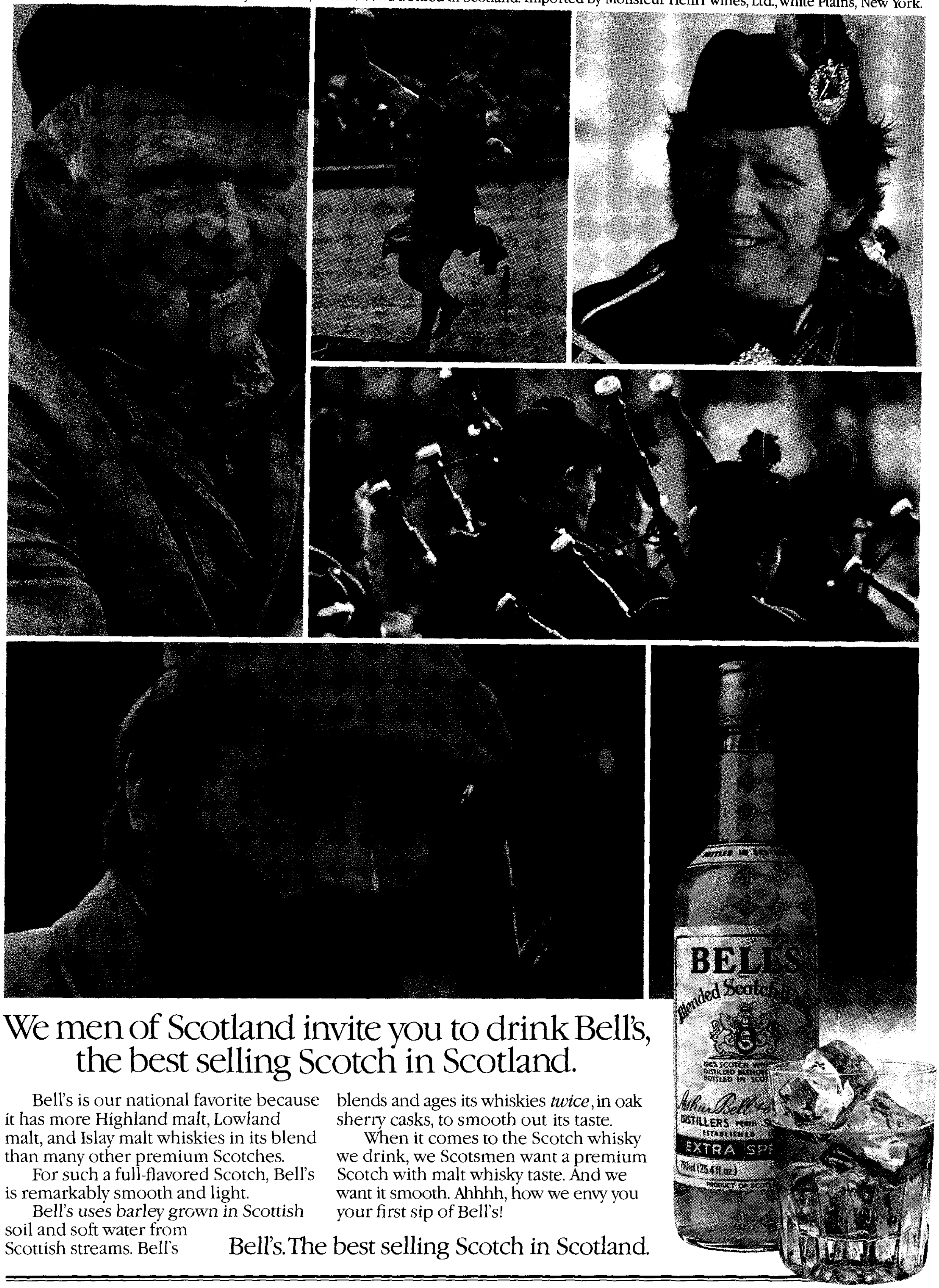

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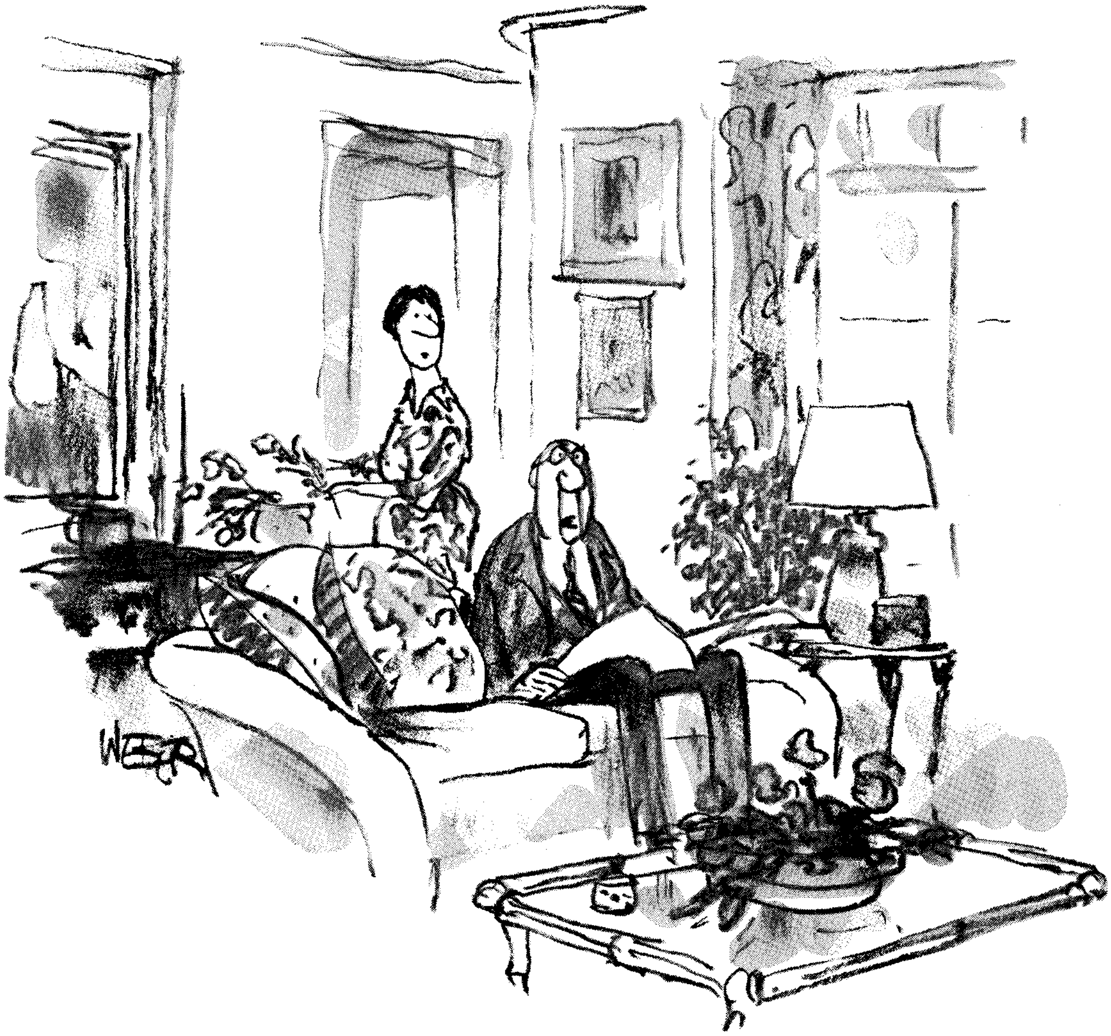
pelled Kirkland, a courtly, college-trained scholar whose family origins are in the antebellum South, from a federation researcher's desk to the summit of a movement still given to viewing intellectuals with suspicion is too resourceful and too subtle to put much faith in so primitive a course. That was made plain at the Florida meeting by the deftness with which Kirkland utilized his capacities for exposition and adjustment to produce surface unanimity on every major issue among the willful, often perverse members of the Executive Council. Assembling a united force behind his leadership represented, on several counts, a more exacting test for Kirkland than his first meeting with the federation nabobs had, three months after Meany put him in command. The patriarch's blessing, so freshly bestowed just before Meany's death, effectively discouraged any excursions into factionalism or any individual power grab that might have embarrassed his protégé. This year, the executives of major unions who make up the Council could be expected to feel free from any similar inhibitions. Moreover, in a results-oriented organization like the federation, Kirkland had to contemplate being judged by the yardstick Ronald Reagan had suggested that the country's voters use to measure the Presidential adequacy of Jimmy Carter: "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" By that standard, the answer in Kirkland's case would have to be no—labor's plight is notably worse, both politically and economically—but it quickly became clear that his colleagues in the Council did not blame him. Quite the opposite. They took their cue from Kirkland on every controversial topic, and with much less disposition to question than they had shown a year earlier. The heightening of faith in his leadership was reflected in the almost total absence of references to how Meany might have handled an issue—a constant area of comparison last year. Another index of the growth in esteem for Kirkland was the frequency with which his appraisals and interpretations were parroted by Council members when I sought their views. Repeatedly, their renditions would be so faithful to the Kirkland original, as I had heard it earlier, that I paused in my note taking to make certain I was not listening to a tape recording.

This enhanced prestige in the face of adversity was doubly surprising, because Kirkland remains as unassuming in manner and appearance as he was when, as secretary-treasurer, he was all but obliterated by Meany's monumental shadow. He is short on charisma—a significant lack in a movement that has become obsessed by the urgency of the need to transform its public image. Kirkland is a disappointment on television and on the speaking platform, for all the precision of his words and the elegance of his prose style. There are long pauses between words, no gestures, no flashes of oratorical fire. The coruscating barbs with which Meany demolished his enemies are not part of Kirkland's arsenal. Nor does he endeavor to cow dissenters by sheer force of personality, as Meany did.

Kirkland's strength is in the suppleness of his mind and in the talent he has demonstrated for building consensus through the introduction of a collegial atmosphere, which was signally absent under his granitelike predecessor. "Lane is my style, my kind of guy—he is very careful to bring everyone into the decision-making process," says Glenn E. Watts, president of the Communications Workers of America. His view is endorsed by Sol C. Chaikin, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union: "It's no contest. Lane is the indispensable man to lead this federation." Kirkland's qualities as conciliator prevented a split in the Council on a resolution criticizing the Reagan economic package as a "high-risk gamble" in which wealthy corporations and individuals would be the

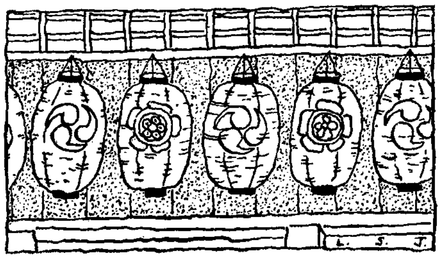


"What the hell was that? Something just swept over me—like contentment or something."

only sure winners and the burden of sacrifice would fall on those who had least to give. It was no secret that a less negative response—one looking toward some form of accommodation—would have been welcomed by at least a quarter and perhaps as many as a third of the Council members, mainly those representing the building and maritime trades and the two unions whose members enjoy the country's highest contract pay scales: the airline pilots and the oil-refinery workers. At the opposite pole, Kirkland had to contend with the forceful champions of two approaches that were intended to reflect hostility to the Reagan formula but were at sharp variance both with one another and with the course that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. chief felt was right for the federation. Jerry Wurf, the contentious head of the million-member American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, who had publicly condemned the President's proposals for slashing taxes and services as "the most basic challenge to the labor movement in decades," wanted the federation to call for a no-holds-barred counter-offensive. An alternative that seemed to take its inspiration from the passive-resistance tactics of M. K. Gandhi was advocated—to the surprise of almost everyone—by William W. Winpisinger, of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, who is normally the Council's most rambunctious member. His recommendation was that the federation assume no activist role in trying to block the Reagan program, partly because it was folly to pretend that labor had enough clout left on Capitol Hill to prevail but more especially because it would be desirable, in Winpisinger's estimation, to let the rank and file learn through bitter experience the disastrous consequences of the policies that many of them had voted for in November.

Kirkland rejected as "revolutionary defeatism" any such retreat into dovishness with a calculated view to inviting economic disintegration. He had never subscribed, he said, to the notion that "you have to destroy the city before you can build a new Jerusalem." His formula for unifying the Council behind a common program of opposition to the Administration's plan had two principal features, and it succeeded in winning unanimous acceptance. One involved an alternative set of proposals for combatting unemployment and inflation—most of them a stitching together of familiar federation calls for reinforcing income-support and other social programs, rebating increases in the Social Security tax, and pinpointing business-tax reductions in ways tied directly to investments that would mean job revival in distressed industries and communities. The other mainstay of the Kirkland plan was a detailed analysis, assembled overnight by the federation's economists, that estimated at a minimum of a million the number of people who would be put out of work if the budget that the White House was touting as an elixir for job generation went through. "Whether our number was right or not, it was too big for any of us to look at without feeling we had to put up some kind of fight" was the subsequent comment of one Council member, who confessed that his initial reaction to the President's televised message to Congress had been positive.

Winpisinger carried no grudge over Kirkland's dismissal of his let-the-worst-happen approach. "I worry about labor having put the first rifle over the parapet and thus leaving itself open to be blamed as the obstructive group that made it impossible for the President to carry through his 'mandate,' " he said. "But I have to admit that if the Reagan program went through unchanged it might inexorably set in motion a chain reaction that would culminate in violence in the streets of this country. I do believe Congress can fine-tune it in such a way that people won't feel they have to start shooting one another. That puts us on the horns of a dilemma, and I'm not going to be critical of the course the federation has chosen." Wurf contented himself with a declaration that he wished there were more iron in Kirkland's leadership. In the end, Reagan mowed down Democratic opposition to his program so devastatingly that, by the yardstick of legislative impact, the federation could have saved itself several hundred thousand words of unheeded testimony before key congressional committees had it followed Winpisinger's do-nothing prescription in the first instance.



The second principal test of Kirkland's skill at defusing potential conflict came on an initiative of his own to involve the federation in the life stream of the Democratic Party once again. When the New Politics elements primarily responsible for the 1972 Presidential nomination of George McGovern started taking over the Party machinery in the wake of Hubert Humphrey's 1968 defeat, Meany was furious at the capture of control by people he regarded as crypto-Communists and kooks, and he kept the federation "neutral" in the 1972 Presidential election—a posture that gave the construction and maritime unions all the excuse they needed to endorse Richard M. Nixon for a second term.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was back in overwhelming—if somewhat less than wholehearted—institutional support of the Democratic national ticket in the Carter campaigns of 1976 and 1980. In both elections, however, the federation kept its national political apparatus in storage and its pocketbook zippered until after the major-party Conventions, leaving its affiliates free to scatter all over the political spectrum in the primaries. Last year, Senator Edward M. Kennedy had at least as many international unions in his camp at the start as President Carter had. After the Democratic Convention, the big A.F.L.-C.I.O. units all lined up behind Carter except Winpisinger's machinists, who stayed on the sidelines in protest against the President's renomination.

The rude awakening that labor got on Election Day convinced Kirkland that in future election years it could not afford to take a back seat until the selection process was over and the federation found itself saddled with Presidential and congressional candidates its members would spurn. His telephone rang incessantly with calls from international and local union heads who felt the same way. "Let's get in hard and fast" was the common thread in the calls. That was all the encouragement Kirkland needed to arrange a meeting, even before President Reagan entered the White House, with retiring Vice-President Walter Mondale, Senator Kennedy, and House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., on plans for revitalizing the Democratic Party. Kirkland was at pains to preface his plunge into the turbulence of intra-Democratic partisanship with a sonorous reassertion of the federation's age-old insistence that it would never

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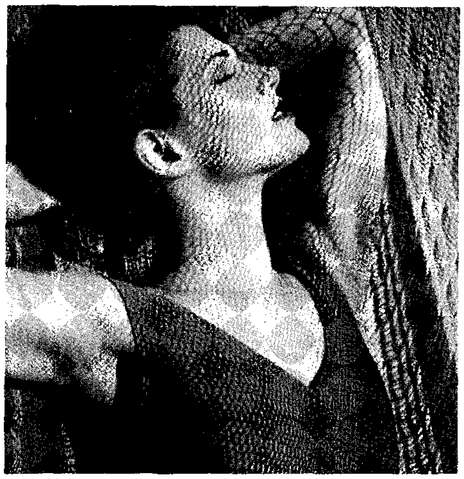

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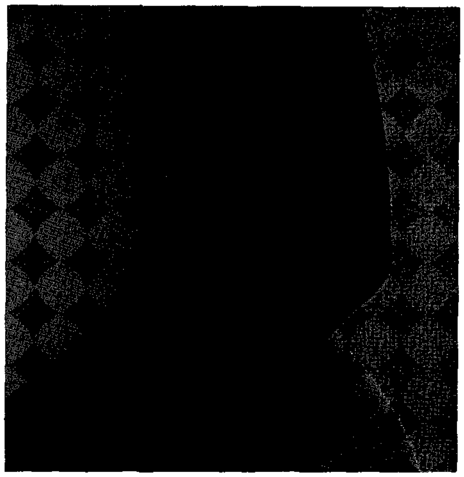

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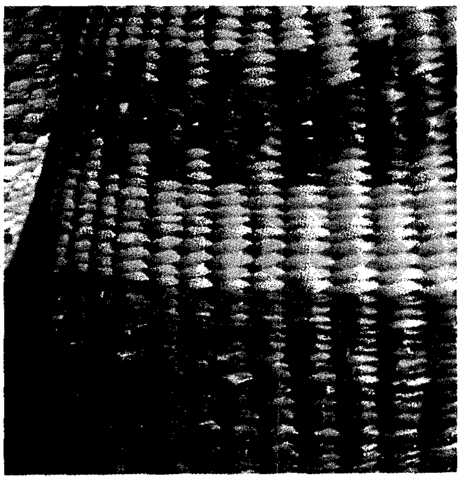

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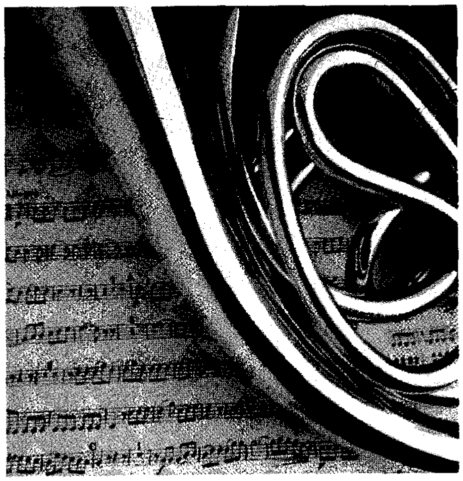

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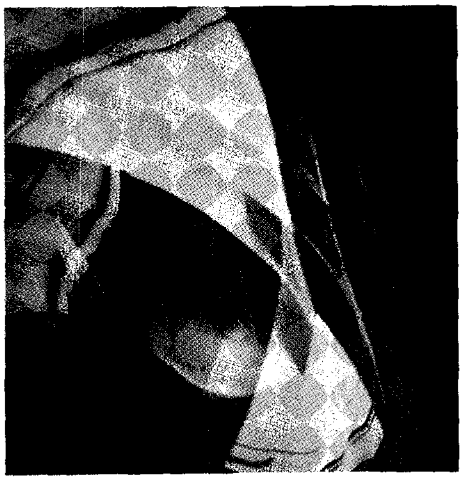
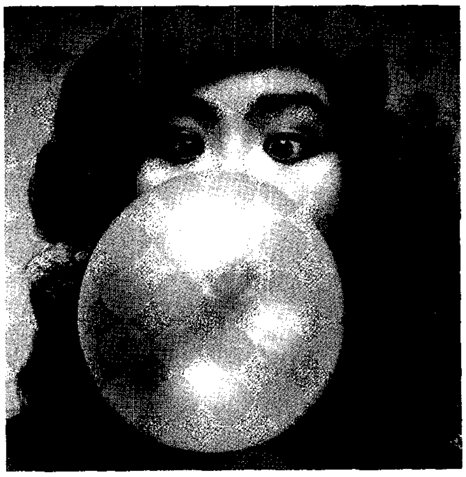


or time expose the play of light.



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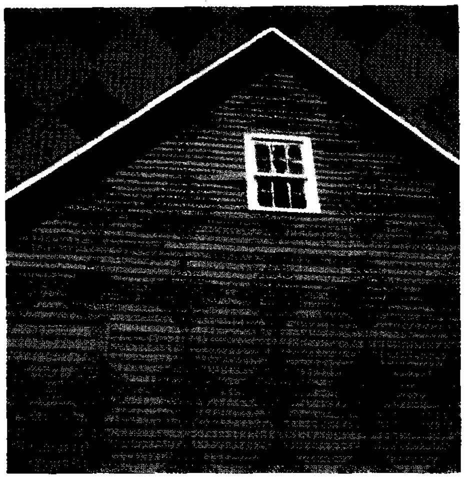
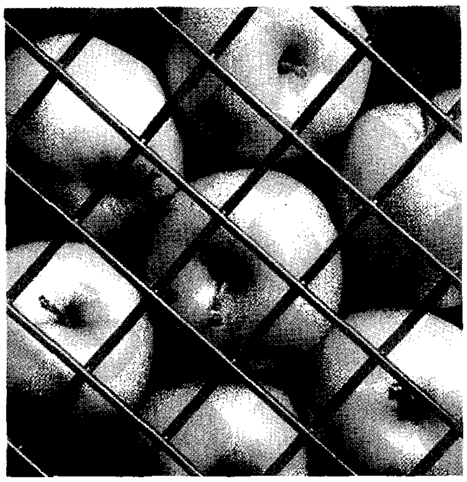
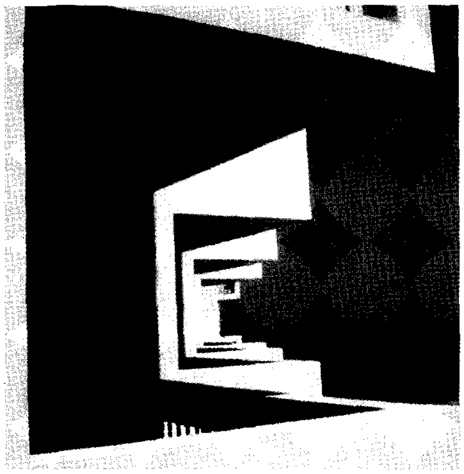


One with through-the-lens viewing

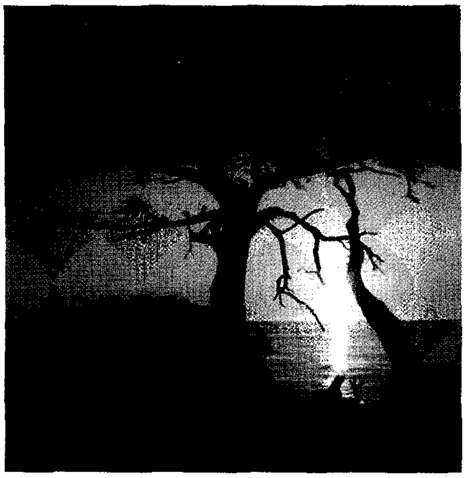


to let you frame precisely.



the hard edge of shadows in the sun.

One that lets you focus on a smile



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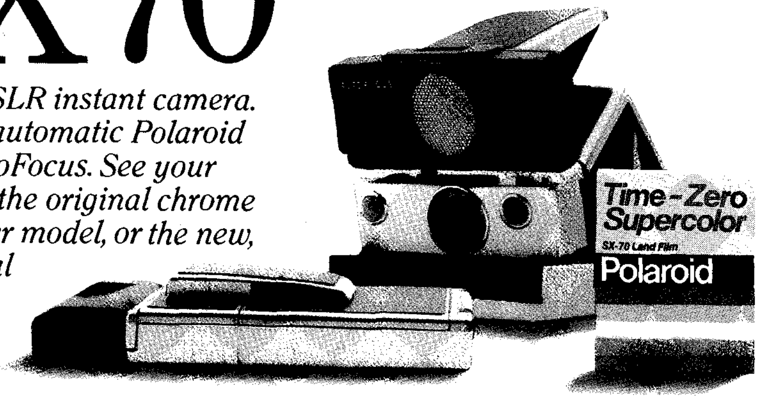

n the world that can do all of this?

let itself become a tail to any party's kite, and a reminder of its stated eagerness to be involved in the decision-making processes of the Republican Party anytime that party showed any real interest in putting out a welcome mat. Those niceties out of the way, Kirkland became a prime mover in the wheeling and dealing that resulted in the election, a few days after the Executive Council meeting, of Charles T. Manatt, a wealthy Los Angeles lawyer, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee and in the inclusion of fifteen union leaders among the committee's twenty-five members-at-large. Five unionists were named to the executive committee.

The big question for the federation in Florida was whether it should alter its historic practice and develop devices for taking positions on favored candidates in advance of the primaries. Kirkland's preliminary soundings had established that it would be easy to muster a comfortable—even a top-heavy—majority in support of such a policy, but he decided that that would be an empty victory. In his view, the important thing was to assure that any pre-primary designations the federation might make would have sufficiently widespread support to rule out the danger of consequential splits in the institutional front. This meant that before a final policy determination was made the maximum degree of conviction and commitment had to be obtained from two categories of potential skeptics: mavericks like Winpisinger, who describes himself as a "seat of the pants" socialist and constantly chides his colleagues for being too far to the right, and a group—substantially larger—made up of Council members who have basic reservations about tying the movement too closely to the hapless Democrats. Kirkland's method of dealing with that problem was to get concurrence on the desirability of exploring a change in policy and also on leaving specific recommendations for a unified approach to an open-ended committee whose makeup will touch every political base in the Council and leave room for any others who may want to come in. The committee will have no chairman, but Kirkland intends to be at all the meetings, and—as he has underscored with unwonted firmness—"wherever the MacGregor sits is the head of the table."

Any doubt about the wisdom of his decision to make the search for political unity a collective endeavor was

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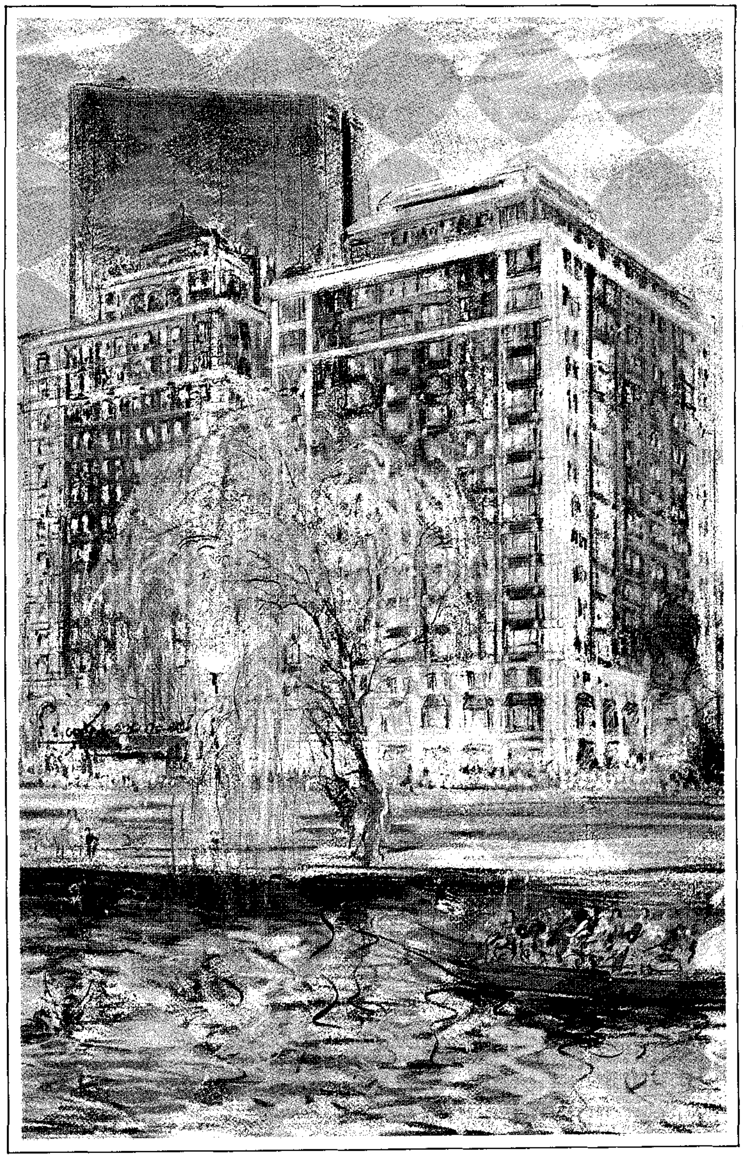

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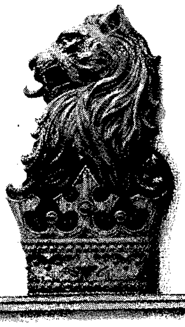

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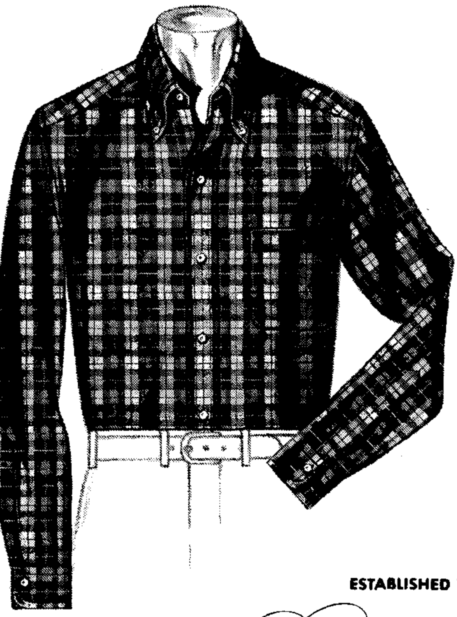
removed when the Council meeting that was devoted to reviewing the activities of the Committee on Political Education (COPE), the federation's political arm, opened with a wrangle. Chaikin, of the garment workers, and Lloyd McBride, of the United Steelworkers of America, rebuked the machinists' union for maintaining independent control over the money raised through its own political-action committee instead of meeting its quota of payments to COPE's central fund. Their censure evoked from Winpisinger a heated defense of his union's political zeal, which wound up with a terse demand addressed to Kirkland: "If you'd rather have us out, drum us out." The response was soothing. "I'm not drumming anybody in or out," the A.F.L.-C.I.O. chief said. More balm was supplied by Kirkland's disclosure that Wimp (the name by which Winpisinger is almost always addressed) would be on the committee exploring the new political approach. He has also been designated as one of the fifteen union members-at-large of the Democratic National Committee.

The machinists' head, freshly elected to a new four-year term as leader of his nine-hundred-and-seventy-thousand-member organization, told me after the meeting that he is all for getting in early on the nominating process but feels that labor must go much further. Winpisinger's belief is that labor can be "the inspiring engine" in bringing the stay-at-homes, who now make up "the biggest party in this country," back into active involvement in politics. In his estimation, the main obstacle to getting them back is the federation's finickiness in deciding whom it will welcome as allies in its political coalitions. "We have a unique opportunity to lead something in this country, but I get weary of seeing groups that want to aid in the fight, then are excluded because they are anti-nuclear or something else the A.F.L.-C.I.O. doesn't like," Winpisinger says. "We can't do the job alone. We have to make accommodations, not cavalierly proclaim, 'Do it our way or else.' " If he should be able to persuade the Executive Council to adopt a less exclusionary position, the next step in his plan would be to weld a grass-roots organization under some such name as the New Democratic Coalition. "You don't have bargaining power unless the party pros recognize who you are," he told me, leaping blithely across the hundred and one ravines between there



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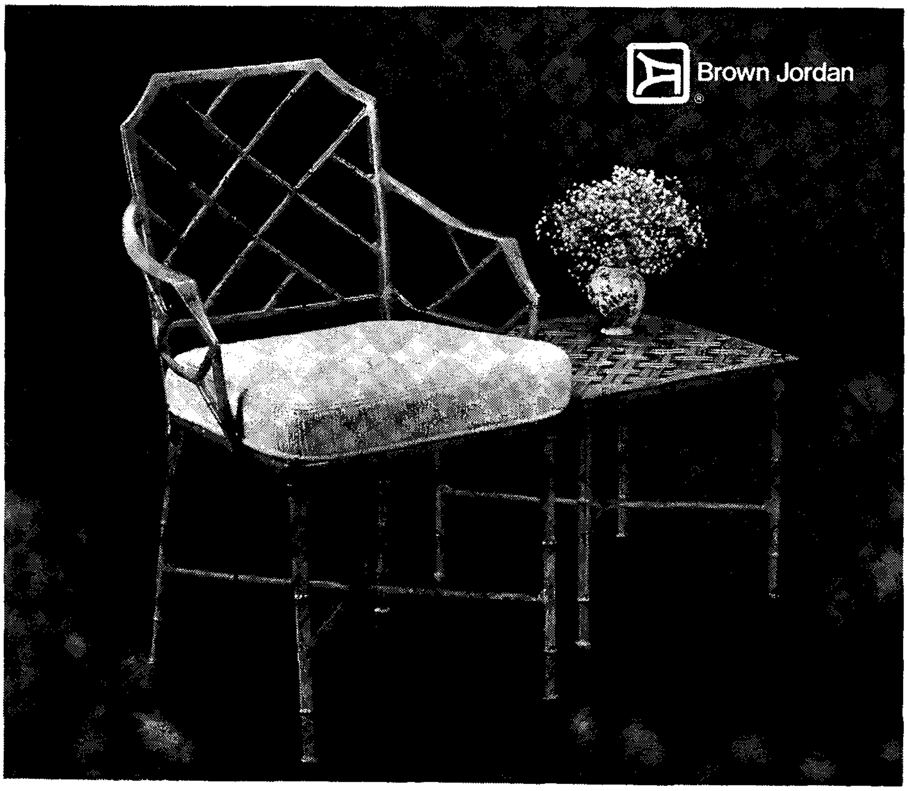

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and here. "Those bastards get myopia if you are a nebulous entity without an identifiable name." Then came the longest leap of all. "If you're rebuffed, you should not close the last resort of forming a labor party, with whatever allies you can find."

For Kirkland, a labor party represents no part of the answer. He can recall no close congressional vote on a pro-labor bill in which the unions did not have to depend on members of both parties to push it through. The Democratic debacle in the House this year demonstrated for the thousandth time that party discipline is far from ironclad in legislative halls; party allegiance is slack and getting slacker among rank-and-file voters, as the federation learned to its sorrow last year. One exit poll on Election Day indicated that only forty-six per cent of the blue-collar vote went to Carter. Kirkland, however, emphasizes another set of figures: that the federation's own survey of key precincts shows that the union share of support for Carter was fifty-eight per cent. If the rest of the population had voted as the unionists did, he declares, the outcome would have been a landslide for Carter. Whatever the accuracy of that calculation, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. chief sees only futility in experimenting with a third party under the conditions that prevail in this country. "Such a program would simply be a formula for wandering in the wilderness for the rest of my natural life, and I wouldn't look forward to that," he says.

His belief that labor's best interests will be served by the activist role it seeks within the Democratic Party has not been shaken by the fact that, when the definitive votes on taxes were taken in Congress six weeks ago, Kirkland found the alternative bill put forward by the Democratic leadership in the House so distasteful that he felt obliged to denounce it along with the Reagan package as "a double dose of bad news for the great majority of the American people." He said both were designed to bring huge benefits to the corporations and ultra-wealthy at the expense of children, pensioners, the unemployed, the disabled, and the disadvantaged.

When asked how he reconciles his continued advocacy of working for reform within the Party with such castigation of the Democrats' stance on Capitol Hill, Kirkland replies: "We make a fundamental distinction between the party structure and the conduct of its members in Congress. The congressional Democrats have gone through a *crise de coeur*. In their inability to decide whether they wanted to be a principled opposition or to show that they could maintain control of the House, they sold their soul, only to find there were no takers. After their disasters on the budget and taxes, where even had they won the President would have won, I hope they have learned the folly and futility of that course."

The degree to which the movement as a whole subscribes to Kirkland's rejection of an independent labor party as an answer to its frustrations was reflected in the defeat three weeks ago of a militant third-party advocate in his second bid for the presidency of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union. Anthony Mazzocchi, the union's health and safety director, had based his campaign on charges that much of labor's upper echelon behaved "more like corporation executives than representatives of working people" and that it was time to begin exploring, with blacks, the poor, and other challengers of the status quo, the formation of a labor party. Delegates to the oil workers' Denver convention voted down the Mazzocchi candidacy and reëlected Robert F. Goss, a practitioner of the tried and true in unionism whose rare instances of boat rocking have been in a conservative direction.

IF Mazzocchi's defeat leaves Winpisinger all but alone in contemplating a turn toward a labor party now, the machinists' leader has much more company in his concern about what he considers inordinate rigidity in the test that the federation applies in choosing political allies, and even more company in deploring the ambivalence it repeatedly shows on whether to turn left or right in its search for comrades-in-arms for the battles ahead. Differences on both these points arose in Kirkland's first year, and they have not been resolved by the anxieties that grew within labor following the election triumph of forces that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. denounced during the campaign as anti-union, anti-worker, and anti-poor. If anything, the differences on where the most helpful allies are to be found have been sharpened by the national shift toward conservatism and by a drumfire of Administration suggestions that the federation is out of step with its rank and file in resisting that trend.

The cross-pull on whether to go left

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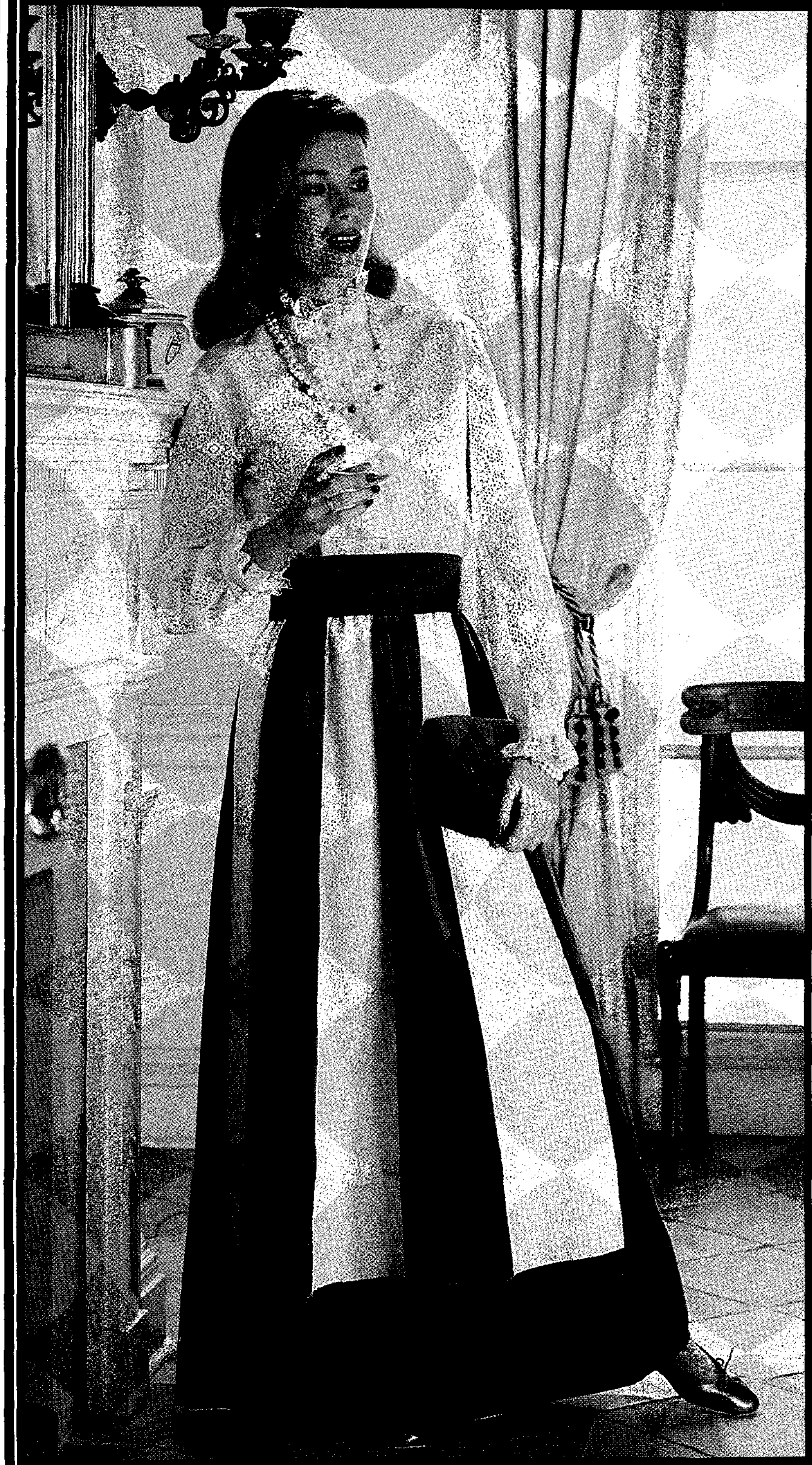

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or right derives almost inevitably from the conflicts inherent in a movement that has always had two faces. One is that of nonideological upholder of establishment values within the capitalist system—a role in which American labor stands alone among the union movements of the Western industrial democracies—and the other is that of social-reformer crusading against the moneyed interests for a better life for all the exploited and downtrodden as well as for its own members. The difficulties that labor is currently undergoing in its attempt to balance these sometimes contradictory missions have been with it from the start, and have been aggravated by the tendency toward doublespeak which has made it hard to tell, throughout the century since the birth of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions, what is reality and what is mythology in the practice of unionism.

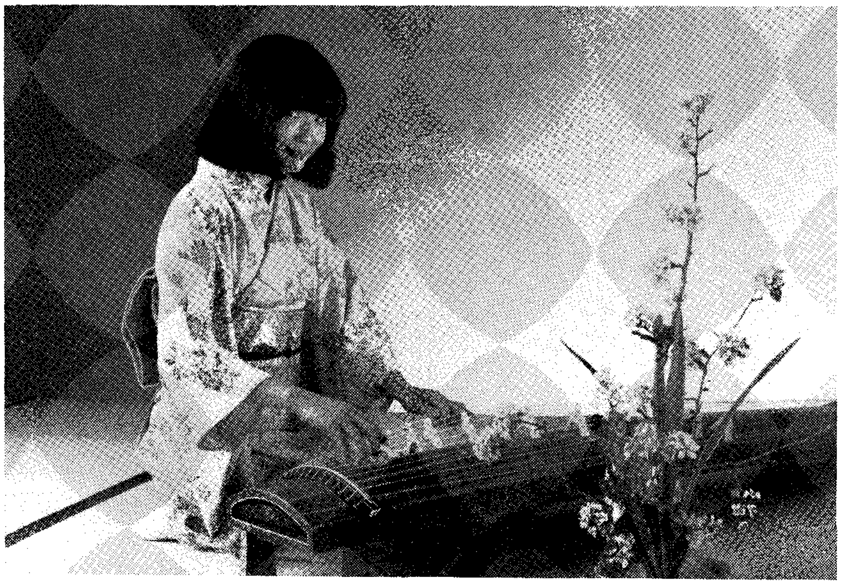
The preamble to the federation charter opened with a clangorous declaration that "a struggle is going on in the nations of the civilized world between the oppressors and the oppressed of all countries, a struggle between capital and labor, which must grow in intensity from year to year and work disastrous results to the toiling millions of all nations if not combined for mutual protection and benefit."

Standing alone, that sentence might sound like a paraphrase of the Communist Manifesto—written just thirty-four years before by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. But its seeming stridence masked the fact that the purpose of those who had pushed hardest to bring the federation into being was basically conservative. The assemblage in Pittsburgh represented the culmination of an attempt by pragmatists from the craft unions, Gompers prominent among them, to move toward "pure and simple" trade unionism, and away from the utopianism of the then dominant Knights of Labor. The Noble Order of the Knights aspired to establish an industrial commonwealth of hazy design, built on coöperatives of consumers and producers as a substitute for wage slavery. The strategy on which the Knights counted for this social transformation was the forging of a pervasive unity of all working people—the unskilled along with the skilled—in a single labor organization, built on the precept "An injury to one is the concern of all." Membership in the Knights was open to persons in "all branches of honorable toil"—an admission card that was, by the organization's own proviso, sufficiently inclusive to let in everyone but lawyers, doctors, bankers, liquor sellers, and, as an afterthought, stockbrokers and professional gamblers.

To such craft unionists as the printers, the carpenters, the locomotive engineers, the iron molders, and the cigarmakers, the fusing into one ragtag organization of all workers, and their employers along with them, threatened the destruction of special protection for the skilled tradesmen whom their groups had been created to represent. The call for the 1881 federation meeting set "less hours and better pay" as the pivotal goal of the new organization and called on the delegates, in their actions, to be "cool, deliberate, and not too over-reformatory." The Knights of Labor, recognizing the projected federation as a potential rival, sent almost as many delegates to the Pittsburgh congress as the craft unions did. The effort to live in one house worked poorly, and in 1886 the crafts opted for a divorce. They rechristened their group the American Federation of Labor, and made one of its bedrock principles the right of each craft to run its own organization, free from interference by the parent federation. Another, equally property-minded function of the new group was to define jurisdictional lines, in order to guard against incursions on a union's turf by would-be poachers.

None of this meant that Gompers and the other architects of "the new unionism"—quickly rechristened "business unionism"—were devoid of social concern. Legislation for compulsory free public education, for a ban on child labor, and for the establishment of a national eight-hour day was pushed as hard from the start as the quest for "more" in collective bargaining. Indeed, Kirkland, in searching back through Gompersiana in preparation for the anniversary observance, has chosen to fasten on this 1893 statement by the founder as the quintessential definition of what labor means even today when it says it wants more: "We want more schoolhouses and less jails; more books and less arsenals; more learning and less vice; more constant work and less crime; more leisure and less greed; more justice and less revenge."

Through its first fifty years, downs exceeded ups in the federation's record. Unions fought historic battles at Homestead and Pullman, at Lawrence and Ludlow, with the courts, the Na-



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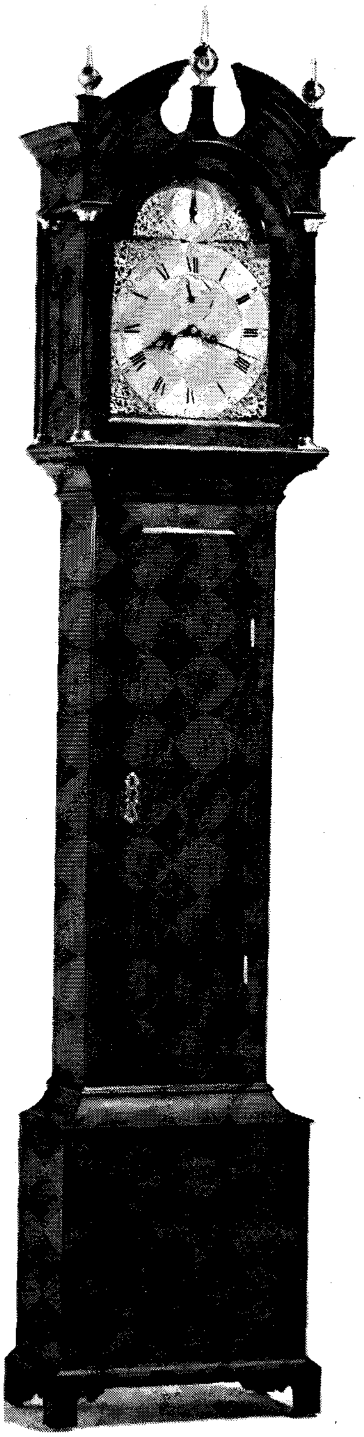

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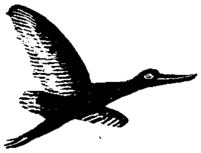
tional Guard, and the agencies of government often allied with the bosses against them. The attitude of big business found its crudest expression in the statement of George F. Baer, the chief spokesman for the coal operators in the 1902 anthracite strike: "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for not by the labor agitators but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of this country." Much of labor's own rhetoric still reflects the animosities aroused during those years of bloody struggle and during the turnaround that came in the sitdown era of mass militancy, after the New Deal put a foundation of law under the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively through unions of their own choice.



But 1981 is not 1881 or any of the years in between. Since the end of the Second World War, the power of unions has crested and started back down. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, an expanding economy provided the underpinning of abundance that permitted labor and industry to count on higher wages and profits without making American goods unsalable in world markets or stripping government of its ability to broaden social services to all citizens, and particularly to those in greatest need. A live-and-let-live mood pervaded industrial relations, with cordiality more common than animosity between unions and many of the biggest corporations. Now all that has changed, and in ways that give unions more hard choices to make than most other institutions are faced with. The economic pie is shrinking, productivity has been falling, imports are cutting ever deeper into jobs, many once friendly employers have embarked on sophisticated union-busting campaigns (a tendency unions expect to worsen markedly through emulation by many public and private executives of the annihilation tactics the President invoked against air-traffic controllers), union strongholds are crumbling, and what is left of employment growth is predominantly in professional, white-collar, and service fields resistant to unionization. For many unions that flourished on the basis of the cornucopia of good things they could deliver to their members with every new contract, adjustment to belt tightening is made more difficult by the awareness that a reversion to economic warfare on the nineteen-thirties model is not a realistic option.

It certainly is not for unions like the United Automobile Workers and the United Rubber Workers, which have had to call on tens of thousands of their members to give up negotiated pay increases or to agree to changes in work rules as the price of keeping their jobs. The alternative was possible bankruptcy for Chrysler, and difficult times for such companies as Uniroyal and Firestone. In Chrysler's case, the auto union had to use all its credit cards with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and with the Democrats then in full sway at the White House and on Capitol Hill to generate the lobbying momentum that gained the company a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar loan guarantee. Even with that largesse from Uncle Sam and the surrender by Chrysler unionists of more than a billion dollars in promised wages and benefits, the company's employment has declined to little more than half of the hundred-and-fifty-two-thousand peak it reached in 1973.

For the socially activist auto union, which has always prided itself on going forward with the community rather than at the expense of the community, other choices it has been compelled to make have been as galling as the necessity for telling its members that they must swim backward economically, urge delay in government orders that cars be safer and belch less poison into the air, and demand import restrictions that will push up auto prices for all Americans. Particularly painful has been the need that the U.A.W. felt to align itself with General Motors and with Coleman A. Young, Detroit's black mayor, whose own roots are in the labor movement, in backing construction of a huge new Cadillac plant that is uprooting several thousand residents, most of them elderly, from a section of the city known as Poletown. The project, fiercely resisted by the families and shopkeepers being evicted, will be aided by upward of three hundred million dollars in handouts from the public treasury in the form of grants and tax abatements. The union's stake is the expectation of as many as six thousand jobs in a facility that will be efficient enough to start reversing the tide now running so strongly in favor of foreign-car manufacturers. Unfortunately for the union, the robots that will be a critical factor in bringing the needed leap in productivity may grab a third or more of the anticipated jobs before the first paycheck is drawn.

In other communities and other industries, unions are finding themselves co-opted into making the same sort of reluctant sacrifices. Public employees are undergoing a similar squeeze, with every likelihood that the pinch on them will get worse as the Reagan program of penury in federal allocations to states and localities takes hold. And even where employers are prosperous and product demand strong the traditional strike weapon can boomerang. This will be the probable long-run impact on the United Mine Workers of the ten-week coal strike that began in late March even before rank-and-file rejection, by a two-to-one margin, of an agreement that the union's leaders had recommended. The issue in the mines was not one of taking less money. Pay scales were to go up by more than a third in the course of the next three years, under a contract that was in large measure an investment in union stability by the coal operators. Their aim was to reinforce the grip on power of Samuel M. Church, Jr., the union's president, and so prevent the U.M.W. from slipping back into the anarchy that prevailed in the mid-nineteen-seventies, after an angry membership deposed the chosen heir of John L. Lewis, the majestic despot who had ruled the union for four decades. What caused the rank-and-file insurrection this time was the operators' insistence that, in return for the concessions they were dangling before the miners, the union free them from the need to pay royalties to its health-and-retirement fund for coal bought from non-union mines. In Appalachia, the U.M.W. heartland, the miners saw this as accelerating the already breakneck pace of substitution of non-union for union coal, and eventually wiping out the U.M.W. In the years when Lewis had the miners popping in and out of the pits as if they were mounted on yo-yos, the union's control over the coal supply was close to absolute: each national strike produced an economic emergency of such severity that the President would feel compelled to seize the mines or obtain a no-strike injunction under the Taft-Hartley Act, for it was a matter of ending brownouts in the nation's cities and reopening shut steel mills and other coal-dependent industries. Now only forty-four per cent of all coal comes from union mines, and the chief

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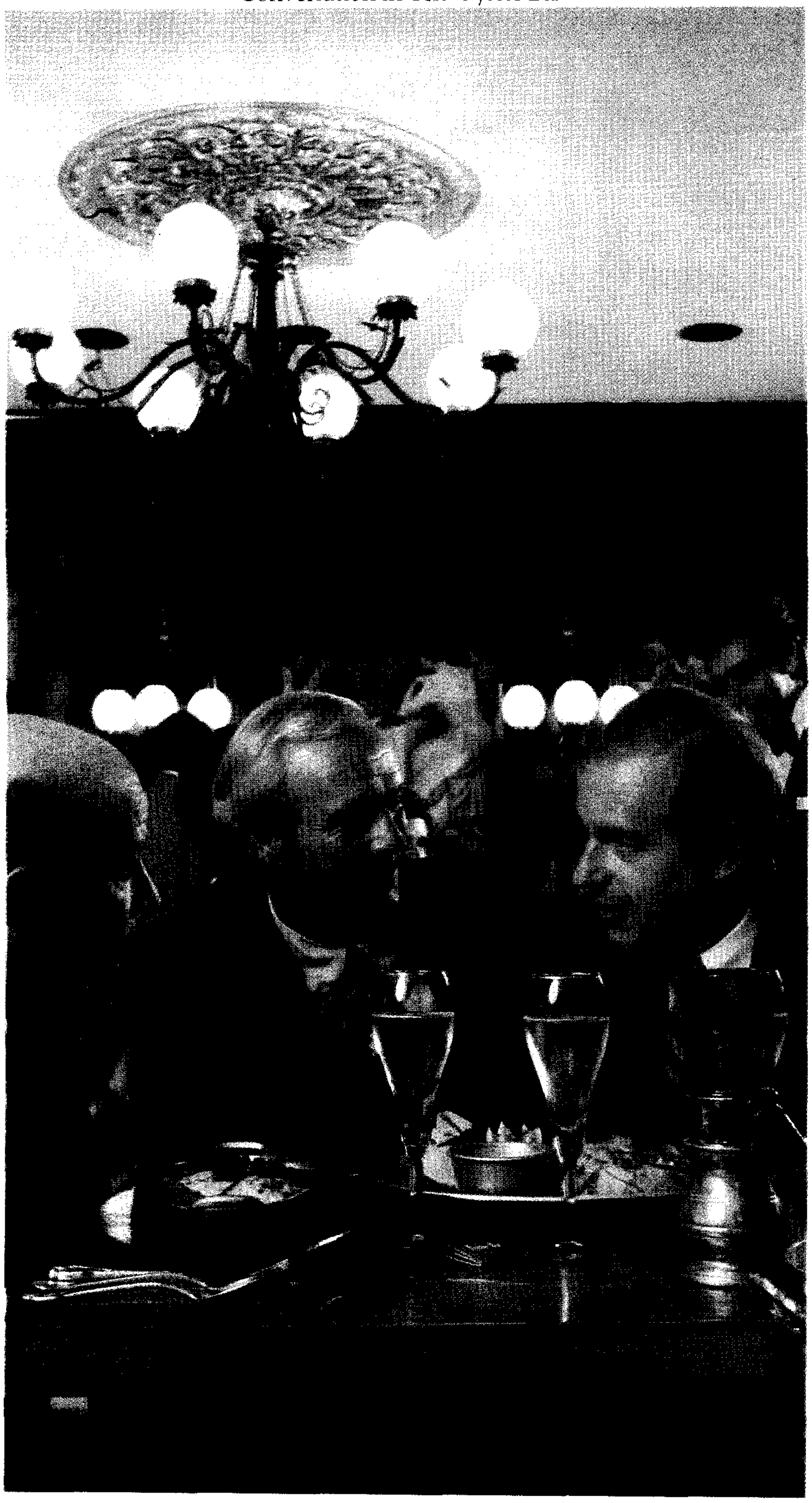

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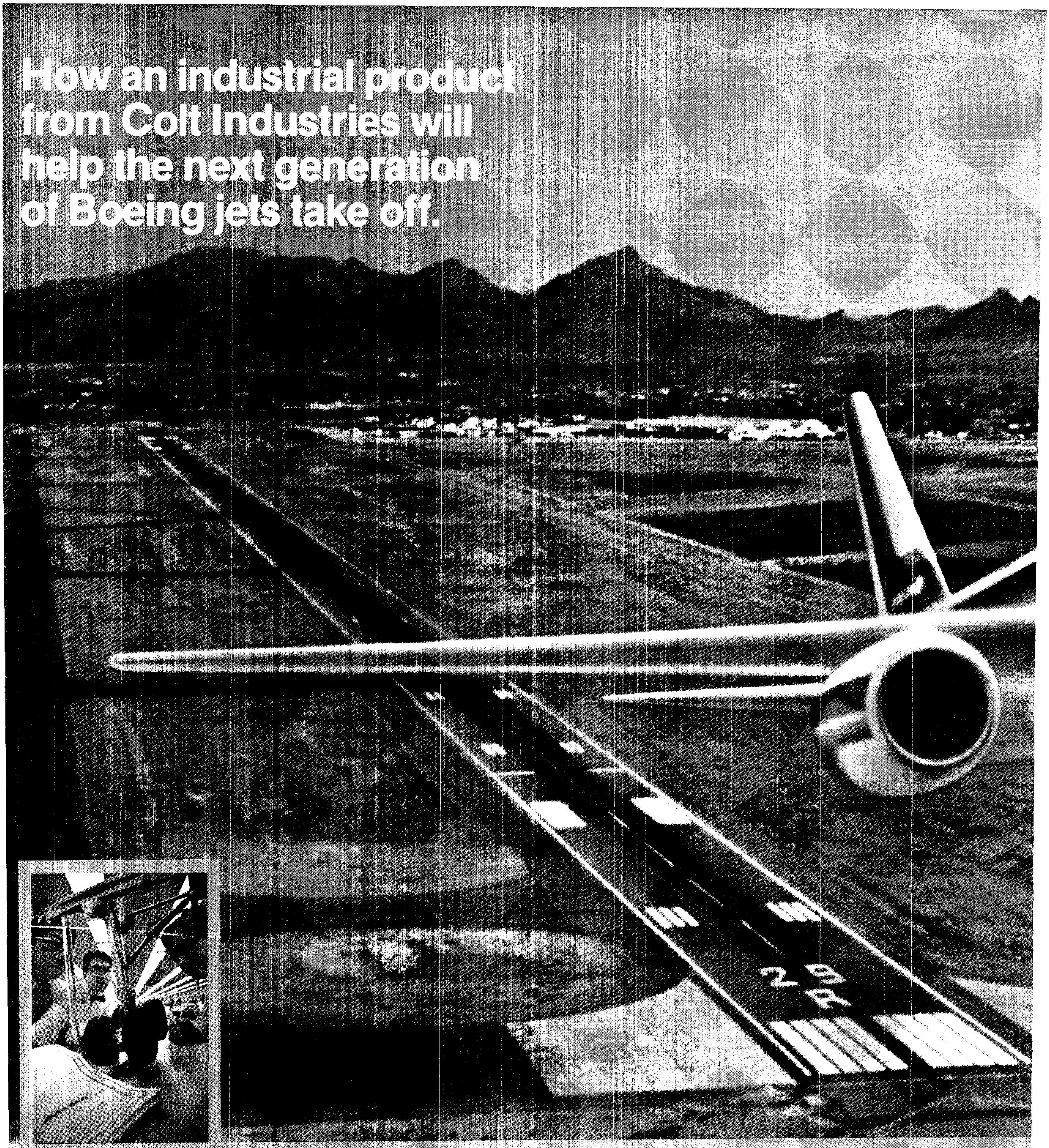

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sufferers from a strike are the strikers. Ownership of the industry is passing into the hands of supercorporations with financial resources so gargantuan that even the richest of the old coal baronies can be swallowed up almost routinely as additions to the consolidated balance sheets of these multinational giants—a trend that reached its apex (or nadir) when governmental clearance for the largest merger in industrial history permitted the folding of Conoco, holder of fourteen billion tons of coal reserves and of a traditional position of dominance at the bituminous bargaining table, into the resolutely anti-union embrace of the vast E. I. du Pont de Nemours chemical complex. The interaction of such realignments on the management side and the manifest irrepressibility among Appalachia's miners of the kind of mistrust, even hatred, for the operators that underlay this year's extended walkout may well culminate in a collapse of the integrated bargaining structure that has been a principal line of defense for the U.M.W. against slippage in the union's control of the national coal pile. If the miners lose their bargaining power, the organization that provided the shock troops and much of the bankroll for unionizing steel and other mass-production industries under the banner of the C.I.O. forty-five years ago will shrivel into almost total impotence.

EVEN before November's reversal of the political balance further altered the power equation for unions in both the public and the private sector, the topsy-turvy state of the economy had provided them with an abundance of reminders that many aspects of the adversary relationships traditional between labor and management needed reassessment in the interest of common survival. One consequence of the reassessment that ensued is the regularity with which unions and employers in the fields hardest hit by import competition have joined hands to campaign for quotas, trigger prices, and outright subsidies to shore up jobs and profits by curbing the inflow of foreign goods. Another instance of this odd-couple trend was provided in August of last year when Kirkland briefly became co-chairman with Irving S. Shapiro, who was then chairman of Du Pont and leader of its fight against unionization, of an Economic Revitalization Board appointed by President Carter to survey basic industrial policy and to help mobilize public and private resources to salvage economically distressed enterprises and regions. (This venture evaporated with Carter's exit.)

There is considerable eagerness in the federation's high command to see such collaboration for mutual benefit extend beyond bread-and-butter concerns to the whole range of public policy. Even when the Democrats controlled both Congress and the White House, business interests often demonstrated more legislative clout in Washington than labor did. The most dramatic demonstration was the throttling, in 1978, of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s most prized congressional objective in the Carter years—a bill to reform the labor laws in a manner that would make it easier for unions to win elections and to obtain contracts after they won. Now the exponents of "business unionism" argue that the chief hope for preventing the New Right from becoming dominant lies in enlisting moderate elements in the upper echelons of industry as labor's allies in preserving as much as possible of the welfare state that the unions helped to fashion. One result has been a conspicuous toning down in the nastiness of the attacks on oil companies and other multinational corporations that have been the whipping boys for labor whenever symbols of corporate greed were required. Another has been the kind of tug-of-war within labor that disturbs Winpisinger—over which way to turn for political and legislative reinforcement.

True, Kirkland's first public act after he returned from Florida was to reach out toward the federation's traditional marching companions in the old F.D.R. coalition—the civil-rights organizations, the elderly, the churches, the consumer groups, and a broad cross-section of others committed to gradualist change in the status quo. On February 27th, he presided over a meeting at A.F.L.-C.I.O. headquarters of the steering committee of a hastily mobilized Budget Coalition dedicated to fighting the Reagan budget-cutting proposals as a menace to a half century of social and economic advances. The coalition was made up of more than a hundred and fifty organizations, from the American Agricultural Movement to the United States Conference of Mayors—all professing strong support for the Administration's desire to bring inflation and unemployment under control but all convinced that its economic plan would simply work to the further dis-

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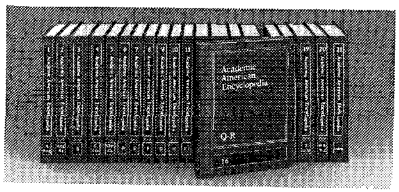

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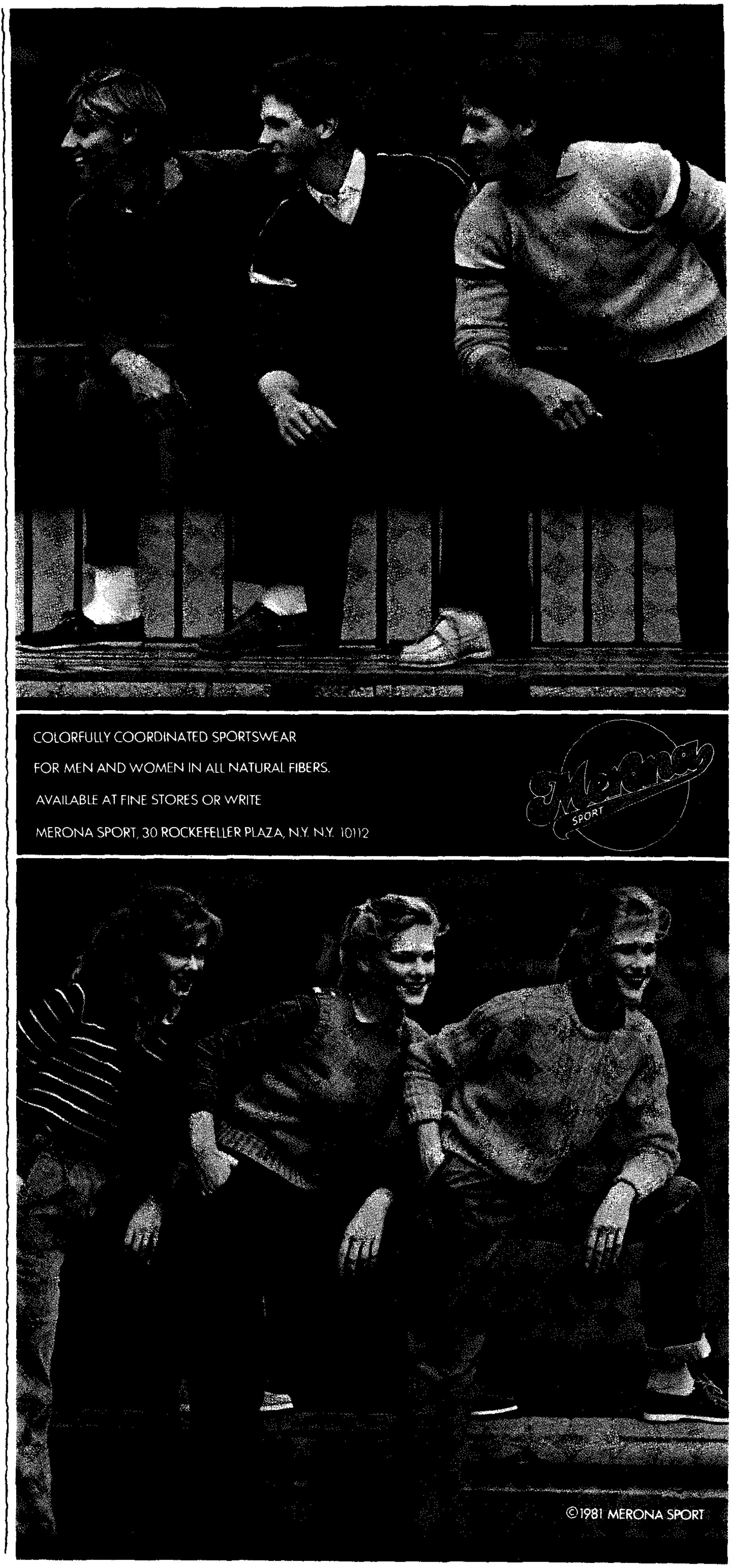
advantage of the poor and near-poor without resuscitating the economy. The makeup of the coalition, which eventually embraced more than two hundred groups, was essentially the same as one that the federation assembled a year ago in a vain effort to combat the austerity budget being proposed by Jimmy Carter; in fact, its major components were the groups that since the nineteen-thirties have been the principal lobbying force behind the New Deal-Great Society programs that President Reagan seeks to attenuate or kill. One impediment to cohesiveness in this year's coalition was that, unlike many who joined labor in believing that the Reagan budget was lopsided in its slashes of social programs, the federation did not suggest, while the congressional jockeying over the budget was going on, that an easy way to achieve better balance would be to trim back some of the projected expansion in appropriations for the military. Kirkland and most of the Executive Council remain cold warriors, categorically distrustful of the Soviet Union and supportive of stronger national defense. Kirkland, in his role as chief spokesman for the amalgamated champions of social justice, stays away from their intramural differences over guns and butter. His central argument is that government still shortchanges those at the bottom of the economic ladder, and that the flaw in the Reagan plan is overgenerosity to the wealthy and the powerful. Kirkland's words are invariably decorous, but the thrust is clear: if the Administration's supply-siders have their way, corporate America will be getting the gravy, middle-income workers and the poor the slops.

Yet the front page of the March 7th issue of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. *News*—the one that announced the formation of the Budget Coalition—also gave prominence to the reconstitution of the Labor-Management Group, a partnership in which the privileged replace F.D.R.'s "forgotten man" as unionism's teammates. The group brings back to life an identically named committee, moribund since 1978, that was unquestionably the most ambitious mechanism ever created in this country to harmonize the ideas of big business and big labor on approaches to just the kind of public-policy questions that are at the heart of the current political debate: how best to deal with inflation, energy problems, taxes, and trade; how to gain full employment; and how to bring about industrial revitalization. The seekers after consensus in the new Labor-Management Group include the heads of eight companies, several of which stand at or near the top of the *Fortune* 500 list of industrial powers: Exxon, General Motors, General Electric, Citicorp, Bechtel, Union Pacific, TRW, and Carter Hawley Hale Stores. Kirkland heads the labor contingent, along with Thomas Donahue, his second-in-command, and the presidents of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions representing steelworkers, ironworkers, plumbers, and supermarket clerks. Kirkland's co-chairman on the management side is Clifton C. Garvin, Jr., the chairman of the largest and richest of the oil giants—Exxon.

The panel succeeds a group that came into being eight years ago under the pilotage of John T. Dunlop, a professor of economics at Harvard, while he was serving as the director of the Cost of Living Council in the Nixon Administration, and continued after he became Secretary of Labor in the Ford Cabinet two years later. George Meany and Reginald Jones, then chairman of General Electric, served as co-chairmen of that panel, and the improbable partners arrived at a meeting of minds on what government ought to do on such ordinarily contentious issues as taxes and nuclear energy. (The group was all for making atomic power a mainstay of the nation's energy supply, as an alternative to dependence on OPEC oil.) The Meany-Jones panel continued to meet outside the White House, with Dunlop still functioning as power broker, after he quit government early in 1976, in protest against a Ford veto—prompted by pressure from Reagan and other right-wing Republicans—of a bill that Ford had promised the building trades he would sign, permitting multi-union picketing of construction sites and establishing a national machinery for settling local disputes over collective-bargaining agreements. The group did not, however, survive the bitter 1978 fight over labor-law reform. Meany, Kirkland, and its other labor members were so outraged over the refusal of their fellow-panelists from industry to break ranks with the old-line union-busters fighting the labor-sponsored bill that they let the group die—but not before Kirkland voiced a good many uncharacteristically vituperative reproaches to business leaders, charging them with using such collaborative devices as the Labor-Management Group to conceal, behind a veneer of civility, their secret itch to restore the servant-master relationship in dealings with their work force.

Despite this acrimonious fadeout, several of the panel's management members came away convinced that Kirkland's originality of mind and his capacity for rising above dogma made it desirable to undertake another experiment in amity. As the economy drifted downward in the summer of 1980, four of them—Jones, of General Electric; Shapiro, of Du Pont; Thomas A. Murphy, then the chairman of General Motors; and Walter B. Wriston, the chairman of Citicorp—met with Kirkland to set such an effort in motion. As insurance that a reconstituted panel would not also dissolve in bitterness, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. president set a precondition: the group would have to have as its underpinning a formal charter subscribed to by both groups, in which each recognized the legitimacy of the other's right to exist. Such an affirmation that "a free labor movement and a free-enterprise economy are essential to the achievement of social and political stability and economic prosperity for all" might seem axiomatic in the framework of United States capitalism, but for a Labor-Management Group that embraced some companies with well-entrenched unions and some in which many or most of the employees are unorganized (to management's undisguised satisfaction) the negotiation of the charter became an exercise in diplomatic craftsmanship as intricate as the drafting of a treaty between superpowers. Dunlop, who has long believed that salvation for the free-enterprise system lies in solving problems through agreements between the élites of business and labor, with minimal dependence on government, provided indispensable assistance in the drafting process.

The end product, which was approved by both sides at meetings over the winter, weaves together almost every virtuous concept one would look for in an economic counterpart of the Declaration of Independence. It opens with a ringing assertion that "the United States faces a period in its history when noninflationary economic growth and full employment are essential to the maintenance of a free and healthy society." These now absent conditions are embraced as shared goals that must be attained if the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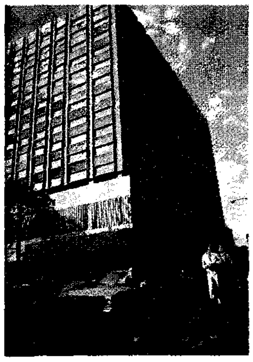

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country is to have "new and expanded job opportunities, increased living standards, international competitiveness in an interdependent world, and the capacity to meet social commitments." The charter binds business and labor to search for solutions that can be translated into public policy, then detours in an attempt to reassure those who might fear that any yoking of these traditional antagonists portends a cartelist gouge of the public. The conferees disavow any pretensions to a monopoly on wisdom which entitles their views to precedence over all others. With a humility rarely exhibited by either group, they jointly acknowledge that their new think tank is only one of many fonts of ideas which may prove useful, and they accept an obligation to shape their recommendations with concern for "the aspirations of all Americans, including the just demands for equity by minorities, women, and those for whom social justice is still a dream." From then on, the statement brims over with declarations of the importance to the national interest of a new spirit of mutual trust and coöperation on the part of management and labor, though they remain adversaries on many points. The uniqueness of America, both sides agree, lies in the vitality of its free institutions—notably, free unions, free enterprise, and free collective bargaining. The sentence that occasioned the most difficulty for the drafters did not sound, in the plenitude of exchanges of mutual esteem that surrounded it, like much to fight and bleed over. But the scars left by the conflict over labor-law reform made it necessary to invoke Dunlop's talents as smoother-over before the two sides concurred in a formulation that said, "We believe that both the democratic right of employees to determine the issue of representation and the process of collective bargaining must not be threatened by occasions of excessive behavior by employers or unions." Out of a series of comparably amorphous commitments to good will, the traditional warriors hope, will come a heightened ability to gain consensus on matters ranging from the rebuilding of basic industries to the achievement of energy self-sufficiency for the United States.

UNLIKE the collaborative instrumentalities that sprang into existence in steel, auto, and other endangered industries in the final phases of the Carter Administration, the new Labor-Management Group is totally nongovernmental. Not least among the reasons is that neither side wants to operate under the sunshine laws that require official advisory committees to carry on all their deliberations in public. The explanation that members give for insisting that the new group's meetings be held behind closed doors is that open sessions would foster grandstanding and inhibit the frankness required for the abandonment of shibboleths carried over from the years of turmoil. Yet, valid as some of this concern may be, the intensity of the insistence on secrecy reinforces, among many critics of the influence that vested interests already wield in government, a worry that the whole exercise will do more to promote protectionism and cartelization than to safeguard the public interest in a sounder economy. An eloquent statement of this worry comes from Alfred E. Kahn, who, as President Carter's chief adviser on inflation, had the dispiriting experience of trying to administer a program of wage-price restraint whose almost imperceptible effectiveness was dependent on the extent of voluntary coöperation given by unions and business, through a Presidentially appointed committee akin to the Labor-Management Group. "I often feel that my function is to preside over the ratification of the power structure," Kahn told me while he was struggling with that thankless monitorial task last year. Now back in his old chair as a professor of economics at Cornell, Kahn has put forward, in an article in *The Economist*, his anxieties about the prospect of more such ventures into management-union coöperation in the name of economic stability and industrial revitalization. He does not question the proposition that the country could benefit, along with both parties, if the two groups worked together to improve productivity, quality, and international competitiveness. But he envisages bureaucratization of the entire economy and the entrenchment of exploitation and mediocrity if the instruments for collaboration take on a syndicalist character. "The danger," Kahn says, "is that they will provide a vehicle for business and labor to exert their concerted influence to enlist the government as a great protector, subsidizer, and cartelizer; to suppress competition domestically; to limit imports; to obtain government loan guarantees and other bailouts; to ward off the competitive retributions—unemployment and bankruptcies—that used

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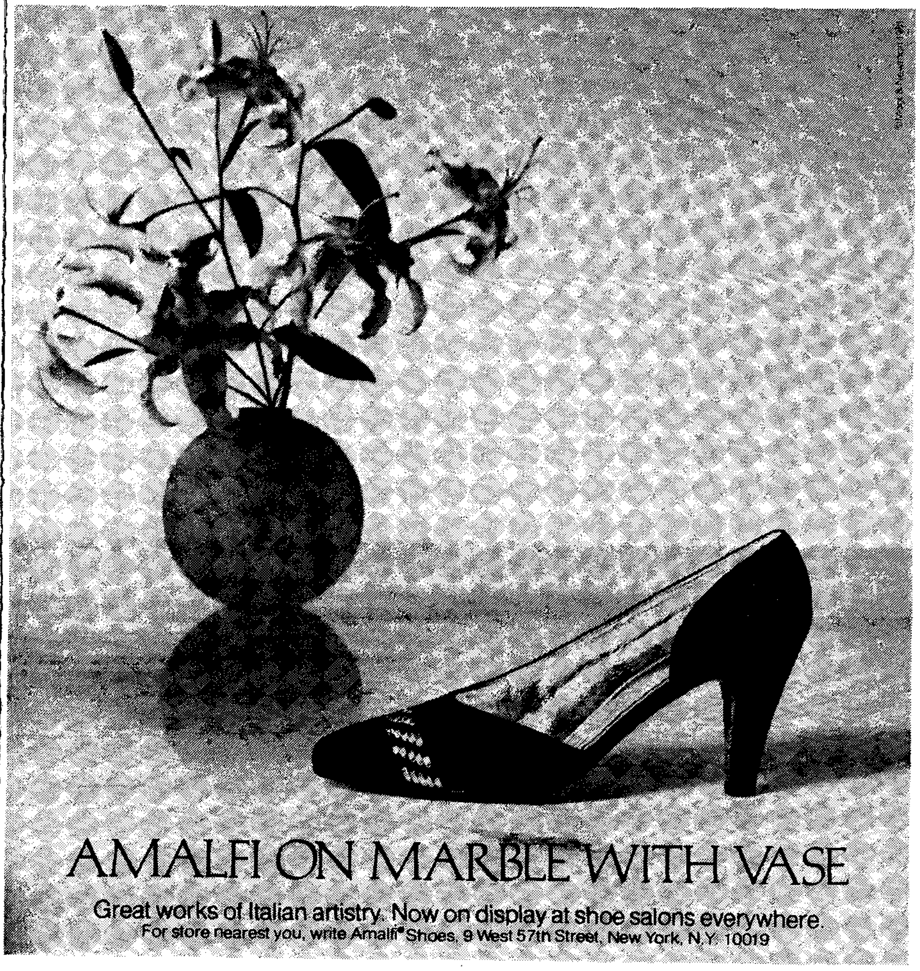
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to follow excessive wage and price increases and managerial ineptitude."

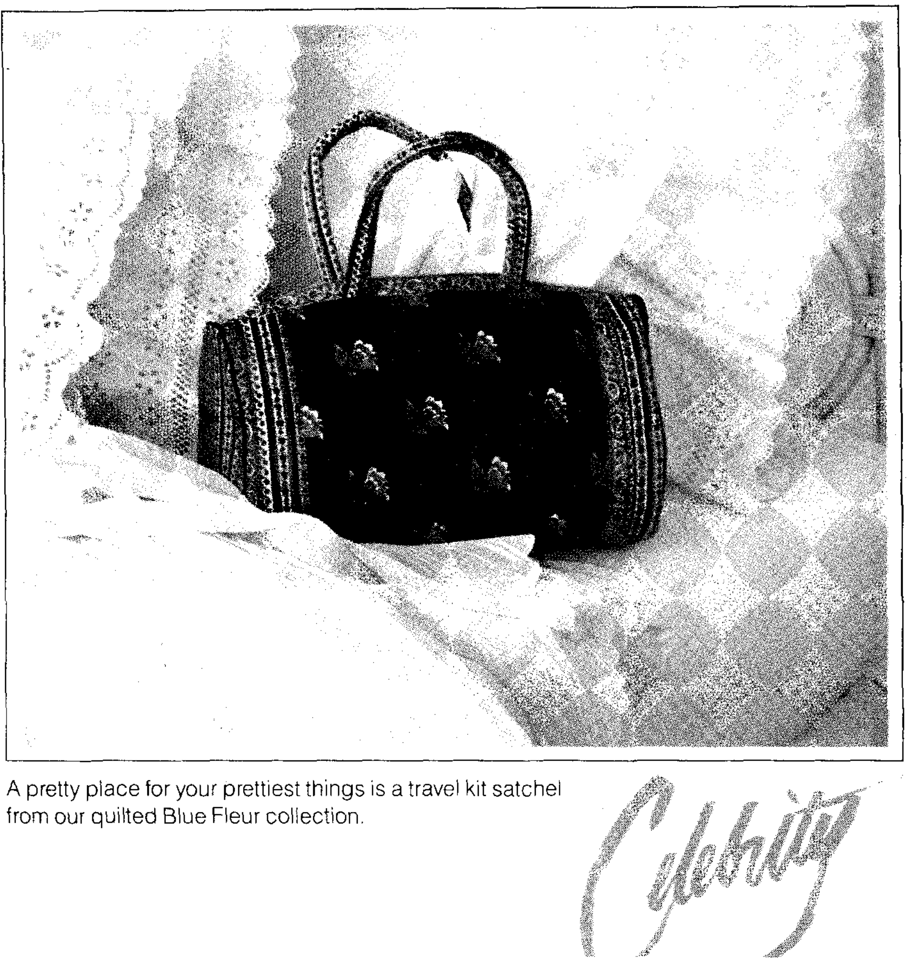
In the eyes of organized labor's left wing, exemplified by Winpisinger, fraternization with big business to preserve jobs by pepping up industry can mean suicide for unions. "We are always being told, 'You can't bite the hand that feeds you,' " he asserted in one of our Florida talks. "Are we going to be blackmailed every day of our life by threats that our people will have no jobs if we don't line up with companies that stab us in the back every time they get the chance, as they did on labor-law reform? That death warrant has to be rejected." He cited the contrast between the high degree of unionization in Western Europe, where between fifty and eighty per cent of the work force is organized, and the figure here, of less than twenty-five per cent, as proof that American employers remain unreconciled to unionism, whatever their protestations to the contrary. "They don't want to live with us. They want us gone," he said. "That goes for Shapiro, Jones, and all the rest of them. They could turn it around in ten seconds if they wanted to. It gets you called a radical to point these things out, but I refuse to back off just because it's unpopular." Warming to the attack, Winpisinger accused the huge multinational companies of conducting a ceaseless "socialist raid on the United States Treasury" to engorge their profits under tax laws shielding their overseas profits. "I am sick and tired of being part of that swindle," he told me. "These corporations run all over the globe to spend the money they take out of the Treasury in tax breaks. The bottom line we have to face up to is the absolute, instantaneous mobility of capital anywhere in the world, via computer and satellite, as against the immobility of labor." He sees that combination of mobile money and frozen workers, when coupled with the speedup in the introduction of robots, creating joblessness of such dimensions that "way down the street" those on industry's slag heap will be taking up clubs, rocks, and guns. "People are not going to give up the right to eat," he warned.

Despite his propensity for seeing a *Götterdämmerung* just over the horizon, Winpisinger is basically an optimist—one reason he has been able to rise from a job as an auto mechanic in Cleveland to the top of a union that was once among the most conservative in the federation. What cheers him most these days is his belief that Reagan will re-teach the nation that almost everyone winds up a loser when government operates on the theory that the least fortunate must suffer to protect those who have most. "Reagan is the best ally we have in righting the political swing in America—or lefting it," says labor's most vocal dissident.

WITHIN the federation, the sharpest cleavages over alliances so far have not involved the fundamental issues of inflation and economic revival. Rather, they have developed over policy on nuclear-power expansion—an area in which union concern over jobs has often led critics to charge labor with indifference to community hazards. The construction unions, in particular, have always been forceful advocates of greater reliance on atomic electric-generating plants, because of the large number of building-trades men employed whenever a major nuclear project is undertaken. By contrast, the United Mine Workers, with an employment stake in broadening the market for coal as the most workable fuel for electric plants, has been fighting against atomic power just as vehemently. In March, to mark the second anniversary of the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant, in Pennsylvania, the miners, through a coalition called the Labor Committee for Safe Energy and Full Employment, initiated a march on Harrisburg. Eleven international unions, including the United Auto Workers, the United Food and Commercial Workers, the West Coast longshoremen, and the machinists joined the U.M.W. as official sponsors of the march, along with regional and local units of several other unions. However, most of the speakers were not unionists but activists from the environmental, women's, and civil-rights movements, including some, like Bella Abzug and Barry Commoner, who rank low on the A.F.L.-C.I.O. popularity chart. The federation's Building and Construction Trades Department, through its president, Robert A. Georgine, took full-page ads in the local newspapers to denounce the demonstration and deny that the groups behind it spoke for the majority of labor. Afterward, Georgine cited the heavy predominance among the marchers of flower children with knapsacks and headbands as evidence that the rally had more to do with "some well-orchestrated ideological thing" than it did with unionism.

The vigor of the building-trades attack on the anti-nuclear groups was only one of several recent indications that the Reagan victory is bringing the construction unions, at least temporarily, back closer to their historic position at the right of the federation's political spectrum. Last year, Georgine rivalled Winpisinger in the extravagance of his oratorical attacks on corporate abuses. He has not totally abandoned this line since Election Day, but when I saw him in Florida in February most of the flamboyance had been transferred from his speech to his attire—a knit shirt of canary yellow with slacks of the same hue and a handsome blue blazer. In our conversation, he seemed to be interested mainly in making deals with the new men of power in Washington. He paid momentary obeisance to the federation's objections to the Reagan economic program, by agreeing that "the way to cut inflation is not to put people out of work." But he moved to realpolitik right away, stressing the importance of recognizing that Reagan and his Administration were now running things. "They're there; they're going to be there for four years. We've got to work with them the best way we can to protect our constituents," Georgine said. He shrugged, then added, "To holler and scream in advance is pointless. I'm very cautious, but we've got four million men out there and we'll do what's in their best interests."

Ironically, it was the desire of the construction unions to demonstrate their friendliness and open-mindedness that prompted their leaders to invite the President to address the building trades' annual legislative conference in Washington at the end of March. This was the meeting that Reagan was leaving when he was struck by an assassin's bullet. Georgine's own keynote talk before the wounding of the President assured the Administration of the unions' coöperate wherever possible but noted also that this did not mean acquiescence in "right-wing dreams of dismantling all the progress of generations past." In the next five months, the building trades concentrated obsessively on preserving their most prized piece of federal legislation, the Davis-Bacon Act,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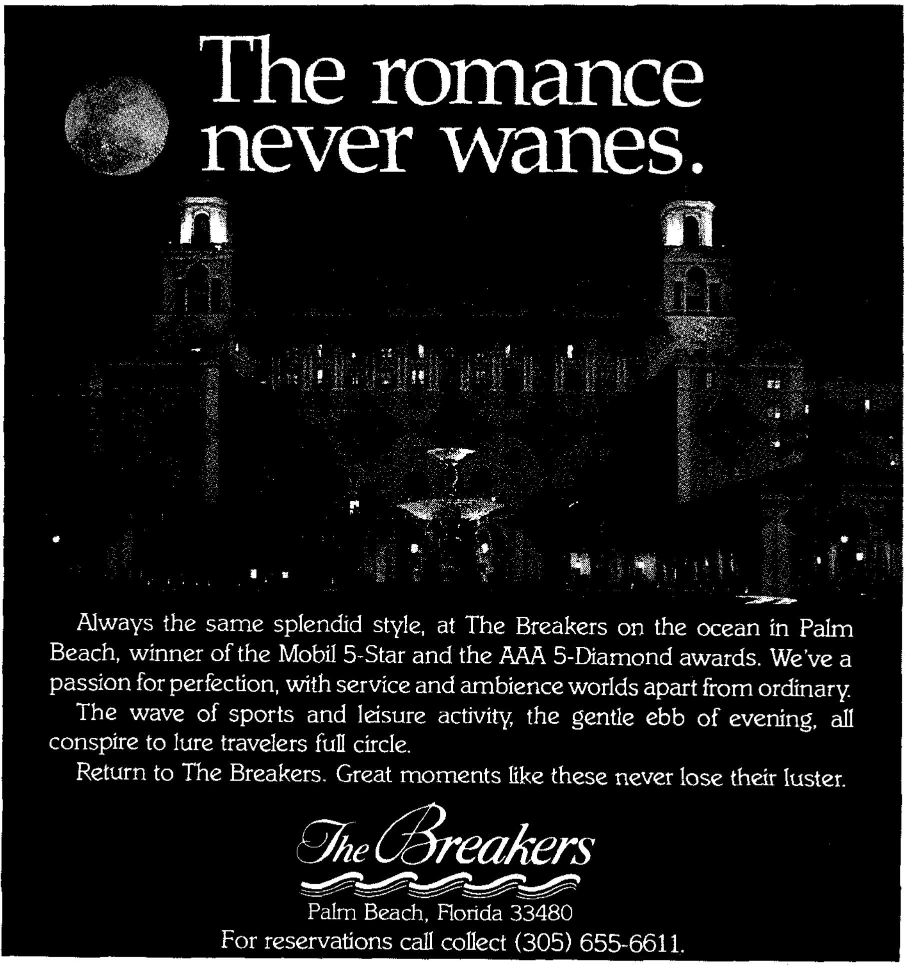
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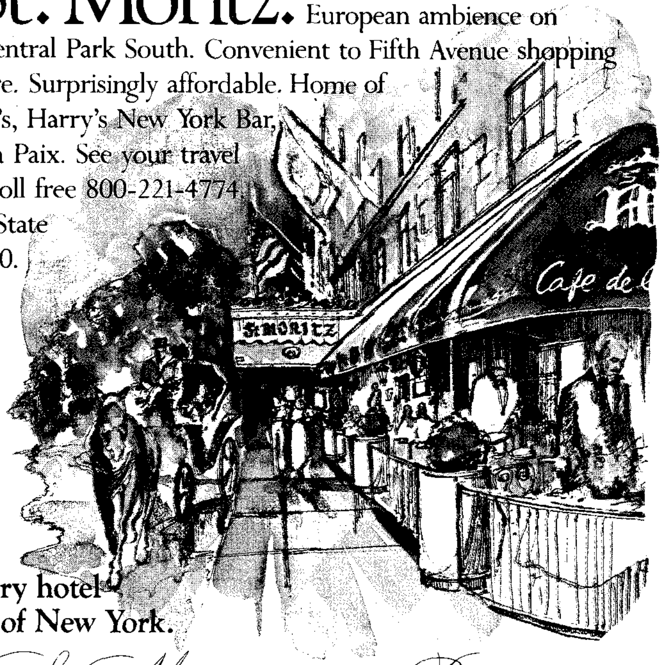

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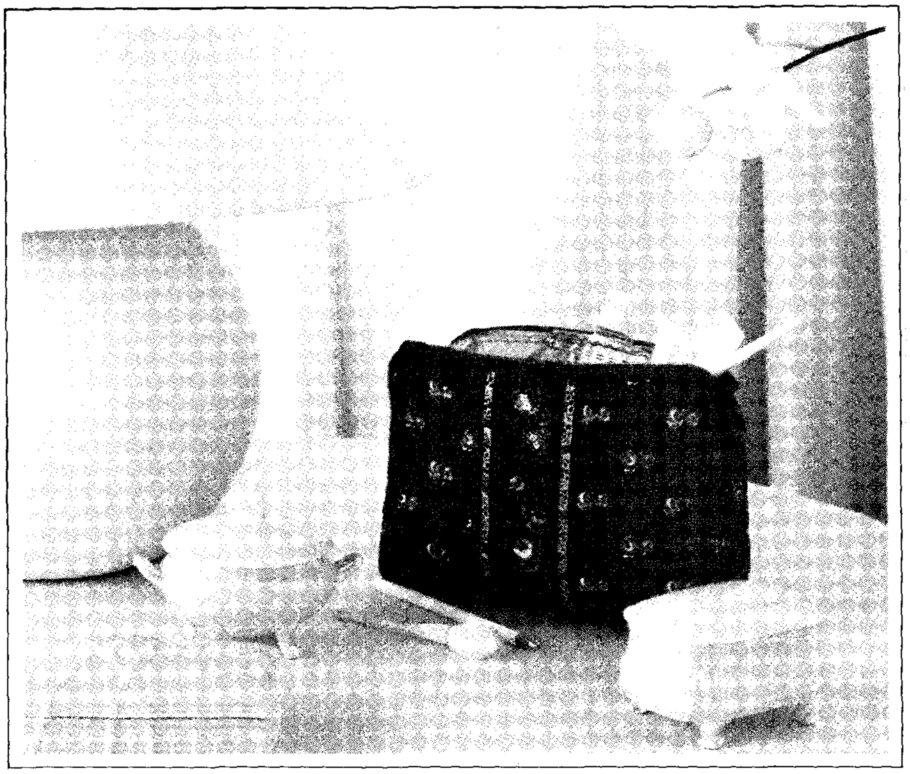
mandating the payment of the "prevailing wage" on government construction projects. In practice, this requirement has evolved into a major prop for the maintenance of union wage and benefit standards in many areas of sagging union strength. With some help from spokesmen for some of the country's largest industrial corporations, Georgine and his fellow-lobbyists obtained a White House pledge that no pressure would be put on Congress to repeal this incentive to unionization, but that assurance was coupled with a warning that the Labor Department would draft administrative changes aimed at lessening the inflationary impact of the wage guarantee. When the Administration's recommendations for such changes were announced in mid-August, they struck so hard at the safeguard for union scales that there was consternation among the building trades. "This action rolls back fifty years of worker protections," said Georgine. "It will mean a return to exploitative cutthroat competition that forces workers to work for substandard wages."

The wrath stirred by the proposed Davis-Bacon revisions is bringing some signs from the Administration of a desire to lure the hardhats back into a mood of accommodation. The President accepted the honorary chairmanship of the carpenters' union's centennial convention in Chicago last week. He is also planning to come to New York City on Labor Day bearing a check for eighty-five million dollars, the first federal payment toward construction of Manhattan's Westway, a highway project fervently supported by the building unions as a source of thousands of well-paid construction jobs. The city's ranking union leaders have been invited to participate in the presentation ceremonies, which will start just after a Labor Day march up Fifth Avenue called by the New York City Central Labor Council. A principal purpose of the march, the first in many years, is to register the city labor movement's resentment against the President's crackdown on the air-traffic controllers, an action that Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., the council's president and himself a veteran official in the building trades, has likened to the labor practices of Adolf Hitler.

For the maritime unions, with their huge stake in subsidies for shipbuilding and the merchant marine, pragmatism has been the critical political guidepost ever since the pro-Communist elements were banished from the old C.I.O. seagoing unions in the early nineteen-fifties. Now little time is wasted on rhetorical detours into realms of social uplift. Accordingly, it was no surprise to find the leaders of these unions even more eager than those of the building trades to seek deals with the new Administration. Thomas W. Gleason, the eighty-year-old head of the International Longshoremen's Association, told me that the outlook was bright. "For the first time, maritime is taken care of," he said. "With the tax-depreciation bill and other things going through, we'll be able to build American ships again to carry our food and coal to all parts of the world, and American ships will carry the cargo under the American flag." The seas did not prove all that smooth for the maritime unions in the succeeding months, however. The President kept delaying completion of the program he had promised to strengthen the merchant marine. The one thing he did do, in line with his general economy drive, was to reduce ship construction subsidies sharply, a move that brought no joy to the unions or the shipbuilding industry.

The greatest enthusiasm for the Reagan approach, however, came from the head of the union whose members are among the highest fliers in labor when it comes to earnings—John J. O'Donnell, of the Air Line Pilots Association. Many of his members are in the fifty- and sixty-per-cent tax brackets. His own salary last year was a hundred and twelve thousand dollars, and it will go up substantially this year, under a complex formula, bringing it to a level well above Kirkland's annual pay, of a hundred and ten thousand dollars. "There is no question in my mind that we must control the growth of government spending," O'Donnell commented after listening to the Reagan budget message. "I was concerned about some of the proposed cuts in social programs, but there has been too damned much government spending. Even with the proposed cuts, the budget will be forty billion more than in 1981. At some point, we must say 'No more government.' " For the pilots, too, things have not turned out to be altogether idyllic under Reagan. At the union's instance, the President appointed a special task force to study its contention—backed up by threats to strike all the airlines for one to three days—that passenger safety required three crew members in the cockpits of the new DC-9s and other medium-



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range jets, instead of the two the carriers insisted were enough. The panel's report in July endorsed the industry position. A month later, on the first day of the air controllers' strike, O'Donnell acted as emissary for Kirkland and the Executive Council in urging the White House to defer its crackdown on the strikers and their union by appointing a high-level mediator to seek a quick way out. The plea was ignored, closing out the last possible escape hatch from what has developed into a fateful test for all labor.

WHEN I sat down with Kirkland a while ago for a long talk over cold coffee cups, I found him little concerned that labor risked losing its soul by resuming communication with industry through the Labor-Management Group, much less that the attempt to arrive at a consensus there might defuse the drive that the federation was planning with its less establishment-rooted partners in the Budget Coalition to rescue social programs jeopardized by the Reagan budget axe. "It is self-defeating to break contact with industry," Kirkland said. "We need mechanisms for coöperation." He expressed high personal regard for Garvin, of Exxon, his opposite number in the Labor-Management Group, and also for the two industrialists he had got to know best in the old group—Jones, of General Electric, and Shapiro, of Du Pont. Both had come up the hard way, and neither had ever lost the human touch, he said. Kirkland is not equally admiring of all business moguls, however. "Most of them are so insufferably boring," he told me. "I thank the Lord that I blundered into the labor movement as a career rather than industry."

Whatever else the Labor-Management Group may accomplish, Kirkland's contact with Garvin in the private meetings that preceded it have given him an intense interest in a project whose potential magnitude came as something of a bombshell to me. It is the mammoth oil-extraction venture that Exxon and several other big oil companies—each operating with its own consortium at its own site—have begun in the Piceance Basin, a sixty-mile square of shale deposits on the western slope of the Rockies in Colorado. This is a rugged, sparsely populated area, its center about two hundred miles west of Denver, and many people are convinced that the effort to exploit its theoretical riches in shale

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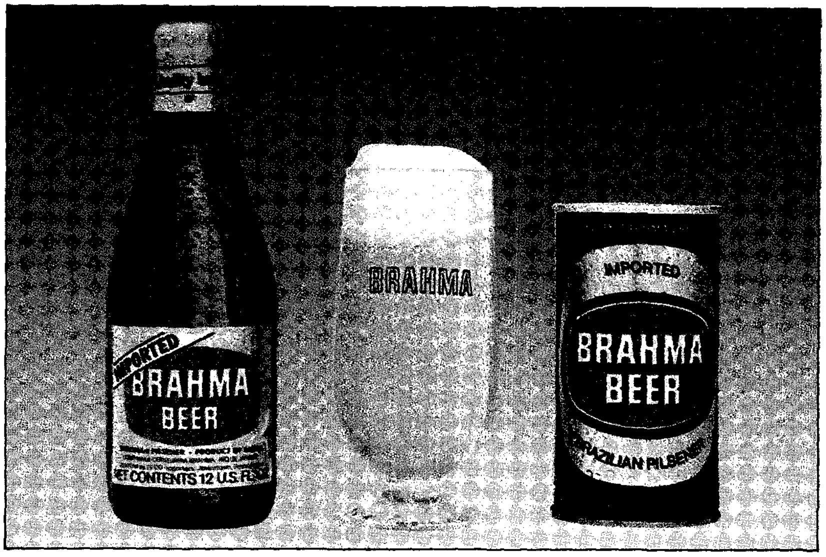

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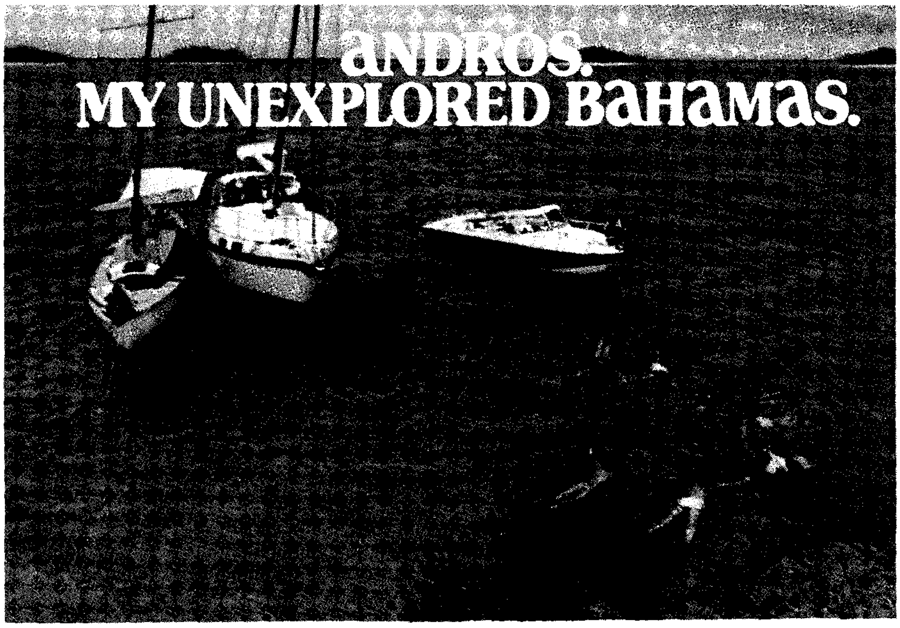

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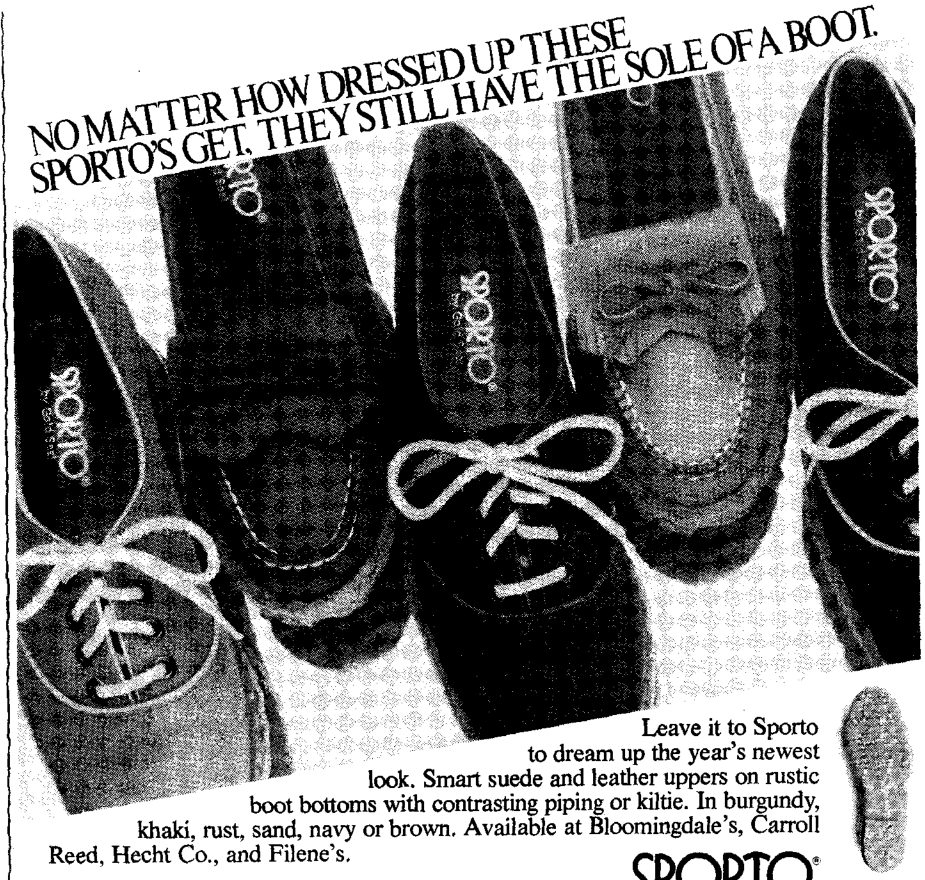
oil will never come to much—some because they have reservations about the cost efficiency of the complex technology involved, and others because they feel sure that the staggering ecological and environmental dislocations required for full development, including a possible rechannelling of the Missouri River to provide the enormous water supplies needed, make inevitable an eventual governmental veto. From the rapt way in which Kirkland discussed the undertaking, it was plain that he is not among the skeptics. I had rarely seen him betray more signs of excitement. It was almost as if the contemplation of a new El Dorado just west of the Great Divide gave the A.F.L.-C.I.O. chief blissful surcease from the problems of his storm-rocked movement.

He drew with a finger on the cluttered blue tablecloth the outlines of new urban centers that would accommodate four million people where only a few thousand now live. The ordinarily soporific pace of his words quickened as the operation's gigantic scope seized his imagination. On the basis of Garvin's projections, Kirkland envisaged an over-all investment by all the developers of as much as a trillion dollars between now and 2010, out of which would come—and here he paused to note again that he was relying on Exxon's computerized crystal ball—sufficient oil to assure the United States of energy independence until the middle of the twenty-first century. For labor, the stake of even more immediate interest was the expected generation of hundreds of thousands of jobs in a high-wage industry. "What they are talking about is the creation of a quarter-million construction jobs, and these would be the foundation for seven or eight hundred thousand more jobs in mining and processing and extracting oil from the shale," Kirkland said. "It dwarfs anything we have ever tackled in this country—even the Manhattan Project. For us in labor, this is our greatest challenge, even beyond the organization of women and white-collar workers, important though both of those are."

Unfortunately for labor, the prospect at this stage is that no large proportion of the new jobs will be unionized. Nor does Kirkland delude himself with the hope that his amicable relations with Garvin will induce Exxon or any of the other giants in the Basin to welcome unions into a state where they have always been weak. In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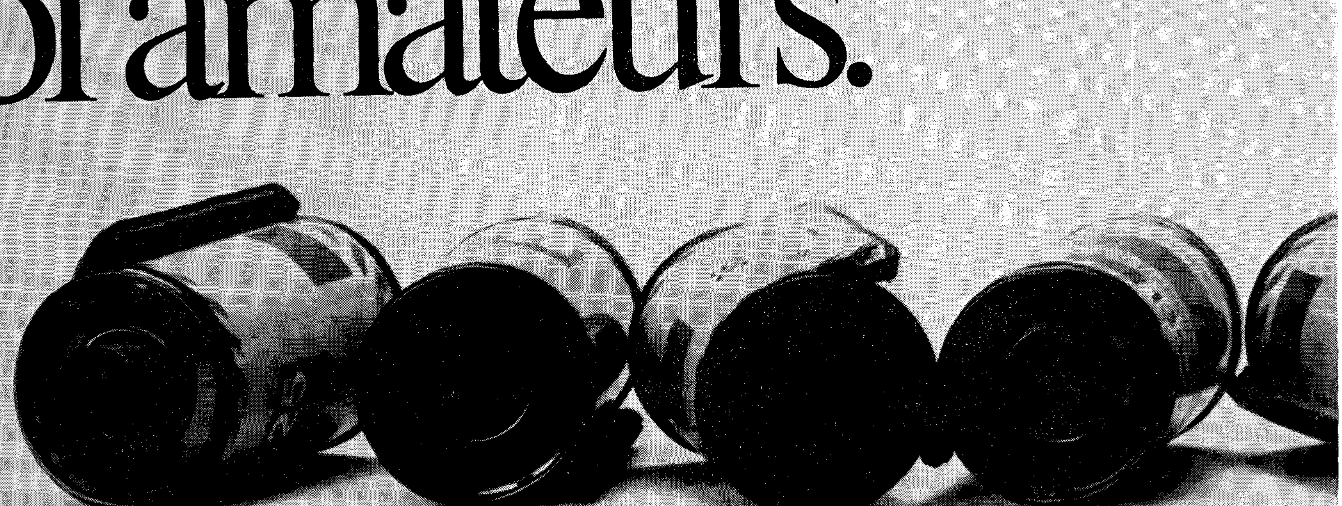

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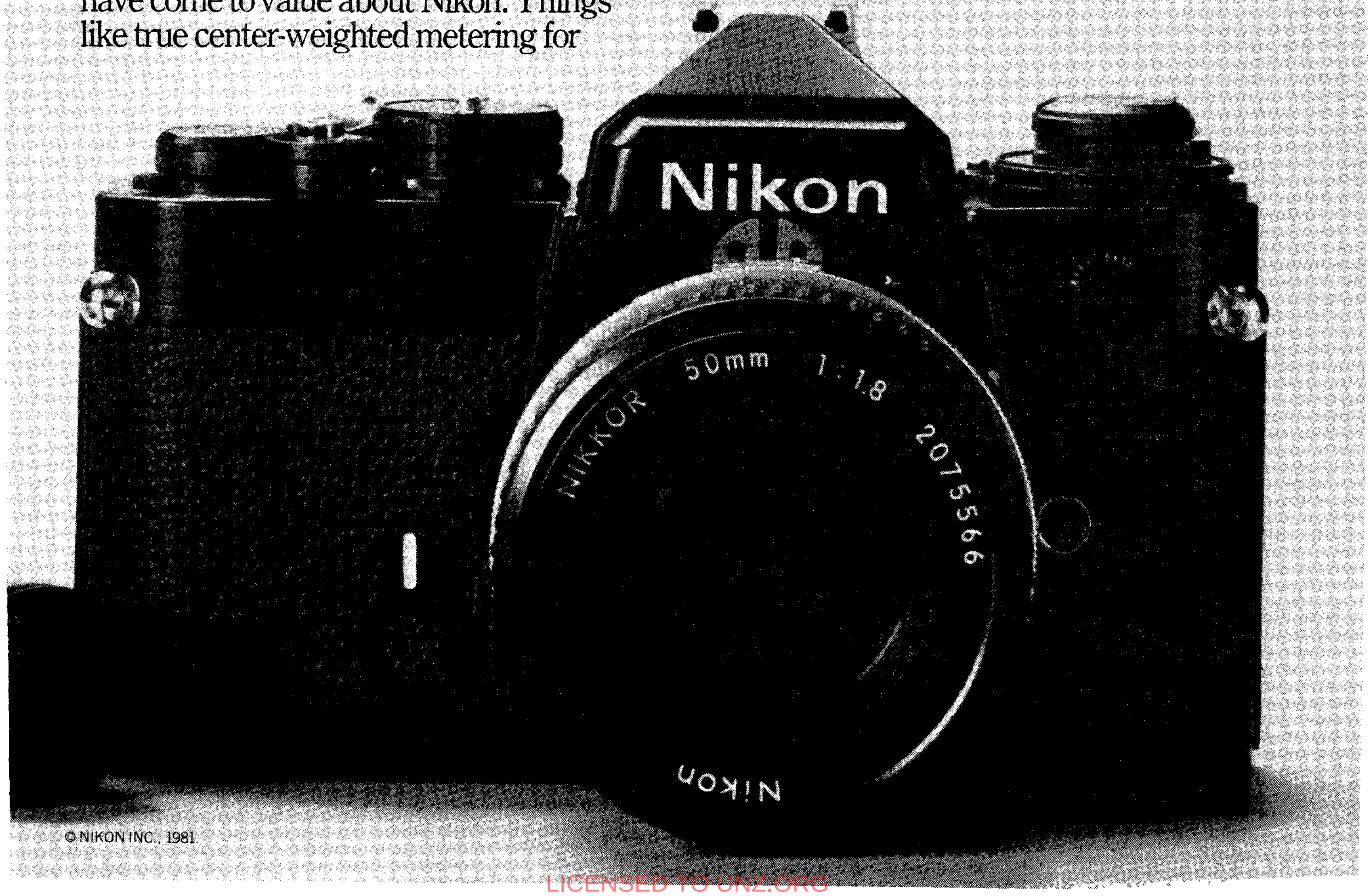

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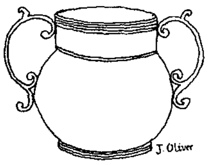
the labor federation's centennial year, unionists recall with renewed vividness the infamous "Ludlow massacre," of 1914, when Colorado state militiamen soaked with oil and set afire the tent city that housed the families of strikers at the Rockefeller-owned mines of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. Two women and eleven children perished in the flames. Afterward, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., told a House investigating committee that there could be no surrender to union sowers of discontent. "It was upon a similar principle that the War of the Revolution was carried on," he said. "It is a great national issue of the most vital kind." Such intransigence is not part of the enlightened capitalism espoused by the sons of that pillar of Standard Oil. They established warm personal relations with top union leaders many years ago. Nelson Rockefeller was George Meany's favorite Republican and regularly had A.F.L.-C.I.O. support in his campaigns for governor of New York. David Rockefeller counts five Executive Council members as associates in the Trilateral Commission. Nonetheless, Exxon and other companies that are direct descendants of the original Rockefeller oil trust remain lightly organized, and Kirkland frankly acknowledged to me that he senses, in these early stages of the shale-oil venture, what he considers an emerging design to lock out any form of union organization.



Of five developments actively under way in the Basin, the so-called Colony Project, jointly owned by Exxon and a subsidiary of the Tosco Corporation, a high-technology company, is the farthest along. Present plans call for beginning operations, by the fall of 1983, in an underground mine that is expected to be the largest of its kind in the United States—five times as large as the most extensive coal mine. A processing plant, with retorts to separate the oil from the shale and upgrading facilities to remove sulphur and ammonia and to turn this initial viscous product into something fluid enough to move through a pipeline, is scheduled to start operating two years later. Roads, sewer and water lines, and telephone and television cables are already in for a planned community of seventy-one hundred houses, apartments, and mobile homes to be built at Battlement Mesa, on the Colorado River, and it is planned that the eventual population will be between twenty and twenty-five thousand. Two hundred trailers provide temporary quarters for the local contractors and construction workers now on the job.

Four basic contracts have been let thus far by the Colony Project, three of them to engineering companies for design work. The fourth, and most important, covering the construction of mine and plant and the development of materials, went to Brown & Root, of Texas, as the lowest qualified bidder. To many building-trades unionists, no contractor outranks Brown & Root as a foe of unionism. Its having got in on the ground floor of the oil-shale development helps explain Kirkland's belief that labor will have an uphill fight in its attempt to put a union label on the Piceance Basin. He left me in no doubt, however, of the depth of his determination to try. "Every trade would be involved in this project," he said. "Over the next couple of years, we must develop a coördinated plan of action. We will have to look for every legal handle we can find. It is the major challenge. If we allow ourselves to be shut out . . ."

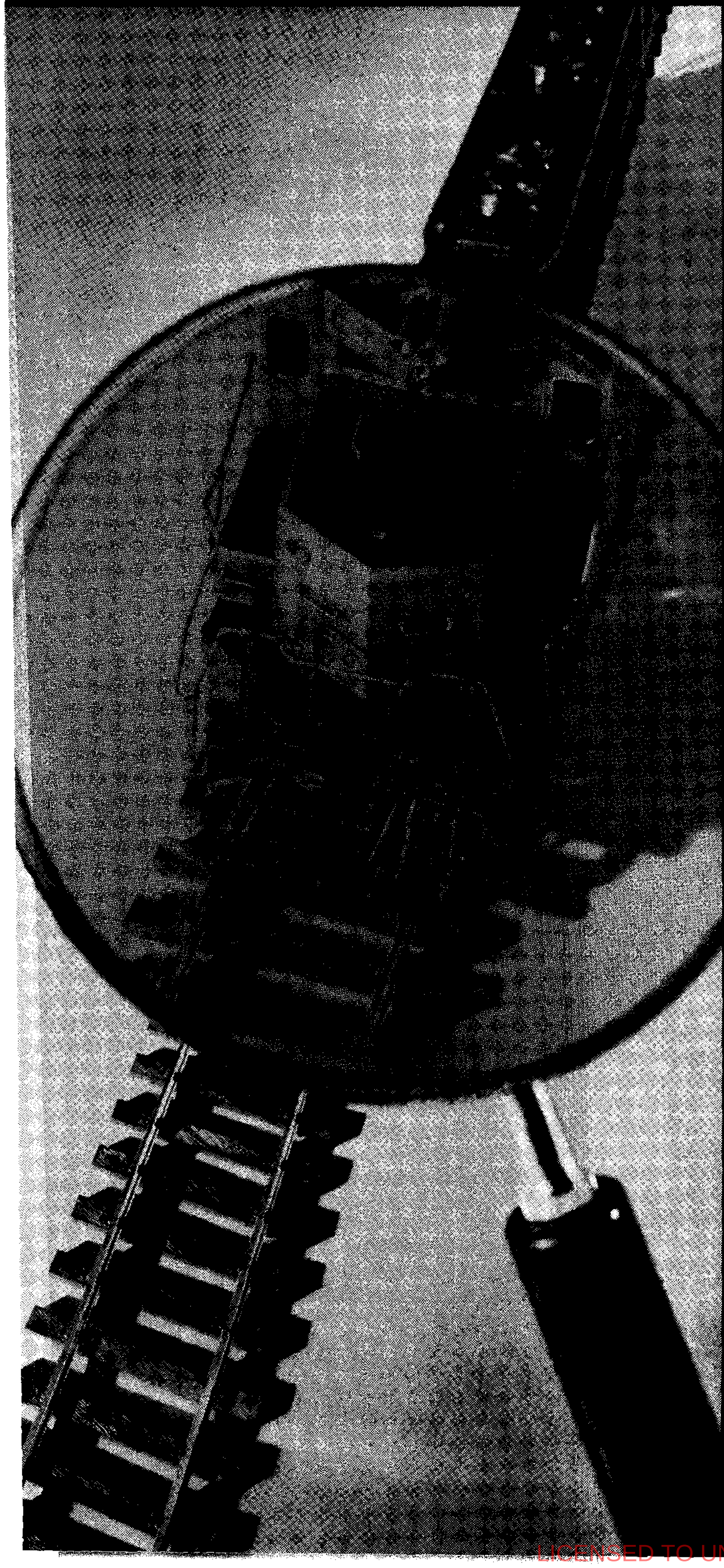
Kirkland left unstated any suggestion that the federation's decision on whether to lobby in favor of the multitude of governmental clearances, licenses, and permits that the project will require or to join environmentalists in fighting the whole thing would depend on whether or not the bulk of the work was unionized. There was no similar holdback when I asked Georgine what stand the construction unions would take. "We are preparing to be positive, we are preparing to be negative," he said. Whether the jobs go union or non-union will clearly be the determinant.

The decision on that issue will not come out of the Labor-Management Group. An important factor in its blueprint for survival is that it stay away from specific questions of labor relations affecting particular companies or industries. However, Professor Dunlop, the group's coördinator, is already quietly at work outside its framework to try to bring the unions and the oil companies into accord on overcoming the possible roadblocks to shale development and also on giving the unions a better chance of being in on the jobs involved.

Incontestable as the need for consensus may be, the worry about whether agreement on shale oil or anything else will give priority to the

Myth:

Railroads don't pay enough attention to safety.



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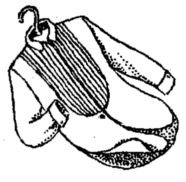

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total public interest or simply that of business and labor is certainly sharpened by consideration of the criteria that appear so compelling to the building trades in their assessment of the social and environmental worth of the Piceance Basin development. The worry is made greater by the advent of an Administration pledged, as an article of faith, to diminishing government's intrusions in the marketplace. Under that hands-off philosophy, many fear, labor-management coöperation might readily degenerate into cozy relationships in which both sides protect their profits and privileged pay and benefit standards while passing the bill on to the community in worsened inflation or despoliation of the environment.

HOW easy it is to stumble into ditches of this kind was underscored by the embarrassing points that arose during the confirmation hearings of the official whom the President has appointed chief guardian of the nation's interest in honest, responsible, democratic labor-management relations. Secretary of Labor Raymond J. Donovan, a wealthy New Jersey contractor who endeared himself to Reagan by his conspicuous success as a campaign money-raiser, is by every account free of any personal identification with corruption. But he made his fortune in a see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil industry and region in which the partnership of unions and bosses has often led into the sewers of collusion and graft. Long before Donovan stopped selling insurance and switched to the contracting business, in 1959, Joseph Fay, of the International Union of Operating Engineers, had established himself as the kingpin of heavy construction in northern New Jersey, selling labor peace on tunnels, highways, and aqueduct projects at high prices. After Fay was indicted for conspiracy to extort, in 1943, many of the leading contractors joined ranking politicians and civic leaders in parading to the court as character witnesses. In more recent years, the dominant unionist in the area was Anthony (Tony Pro) Provenzano, of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, another skilled hand at shaking down compliant employers; his rule was interrupted by a transfer to the penitentiary. When it came time for the Senate to pass on Donovan's confirmation, he sheepishly confessed that his company had been obliged under

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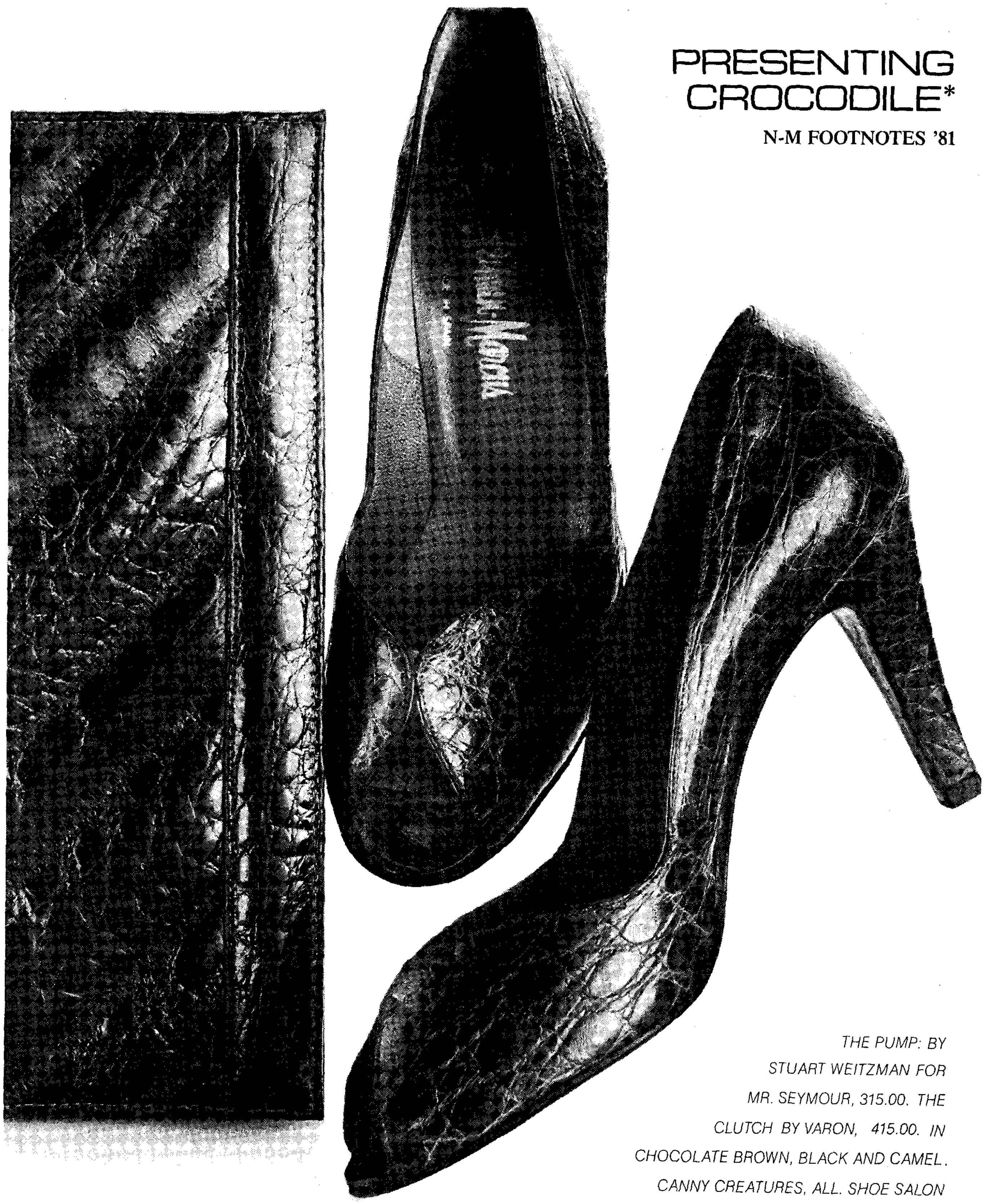

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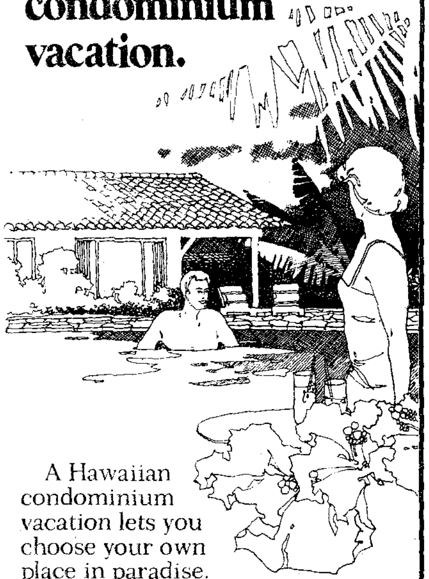

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its contract with a New York Teamsters local to accept uncomplainingly a union business agent's assignment of his chauffeur to a well-paid job as a night-shift "foreman" on a tunnel project financed by the taxpayers—a job for which the chauffeur drew wages for eight months but never showed up. Donovan's discomfiture was heightened by the indictment a few months ago of the business agent on federal charges of racketeering and extortion. The confirmation committee also investigated a charge that a thirteen-thousand-dollar check from Donovan's company had wound up in a fund used to launder kickbacks from contractors to Newark politicians and racketeers. Donovan acknowledged the payment, saying that he only later learned that the company to which the payment was made was not a legitimate enterprise.

Donovan came to Florida at Kirkland's invitation for his first formal meeting with the federation's high command. The day before the session, the Labor Secretary warmed up by addressing a luncheon of building- and maritime-union officials. He defended the Reagan economic package as pro-worker, because it would create jobs by restoring incentives for business investment. He recast the old saw about General Motors to put himself on record as believing that what was good for the wage earner in America was good for America. He also made a few pointed comments on labor leaders who lived high on the hog but bled for the impoverished. "When I hear criticism about our cutting back on poverty programs, I get pretty tired of that," he said. "That stuff about the hard-hearted Republican Administration picking on the poor should have gone out with high-button shoes." Then came the crusher: "Everybody thinks we ought to have wealth in this country, but no one wants wealthy people. You can't have wealth without having wealthy people. As I look around the room, I don't think I see any people earning less than thirty-five thousand dollars a year, and that's what the Bureau of Labor Statistics takes as its standard for being wealthy." The union officials grinned.

At the meeting with the Executive Council the next day, Donovan radiated friendliness. By way of breaking the ice, he reminisced a bit about his experiences as a contractor and about his boyhood, including a period when he thought of preparing for the priesthood. There were always two pictures

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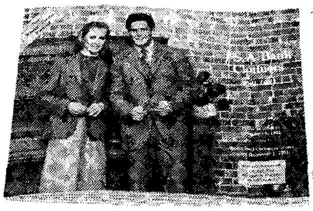

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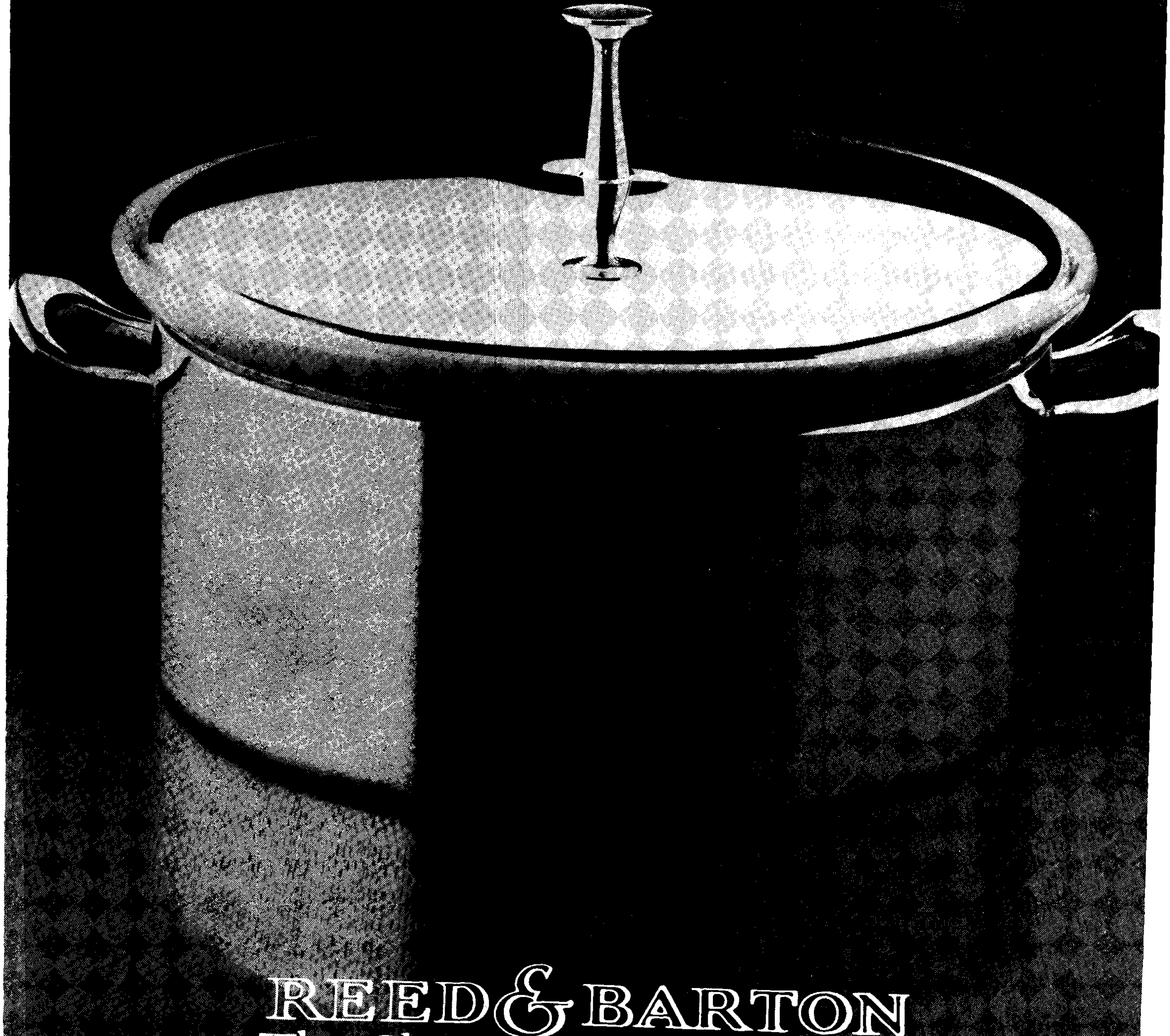

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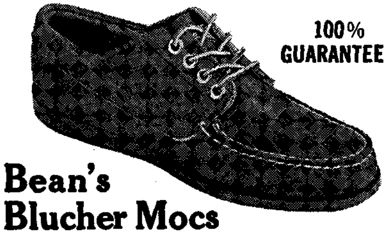

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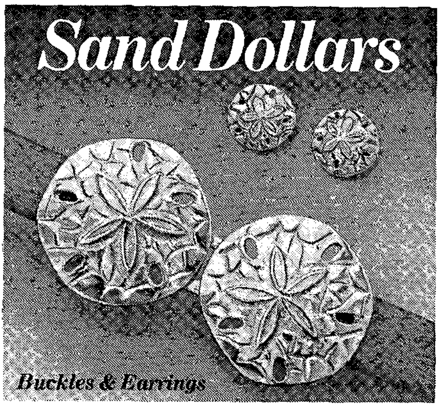
hanging on the wall of the home where he grew up, he said—one of the Pope, the other of F.D.R. "I believe it is God's will that I have been given this responsibility as Secretary of Labor," he declared. Some of his listeners winced, but the meeting proceeded amicably. Donovan took questions and comments from the Council members on Administration economic or labor policy. His responses were all conciliatory, running in general to the idea that he had a lot to learn about the details of his job and that his door would always be open to the union chiefs to talk about any suggestions, problems, or complaints they might have. No hitch developed until after the Secretary left the meeting and held a news conference, at which he expressed the view that there was much more agreement between the labor leaders and the Administration than press accounts had led him to believe. When he was asked for evidence to support that judgment, he declared that fully half the Council members had got up while he was present to say, in effect, "Let's give the President a chance at bat. Let's not pick this program apart." Kirkland, at his own regular news conference, a couple of hours later, icily dismissed this estimate of the sentiments expressed at the session. "I was not at the meeting he described," Kirkland said. He added a churchly embellishment the next day: "Ecclesiastically speaking, the Secretary was not in a state of grace when he made his remarks about how many Council members supported the President."

Since then, relations between the federation and Donovan have gone steadily downhill. Scarcely a week goes by without an A.F.L.-C.I.O. attack on some new policy announced by the Labor Secretary to abolish existing protections for workers in such fields as industrial homework and occupational health and safety. Even the bedrock guarantee of a basic eight-hour day on federal contracts has been put in jeopardy by proposed changes in regulations.

In July, the editors of *Solidarity*, the monthly journal of the United Auto Workers, plucked from testimony by Donovan before the House Education and Labor Committee an excerpt they relayed to the union's rank and file with the comment that "it tells us all we will ever need to know about the Reagan Administration's view of working Americans." Drawn from an exchange between the Labor Secretary



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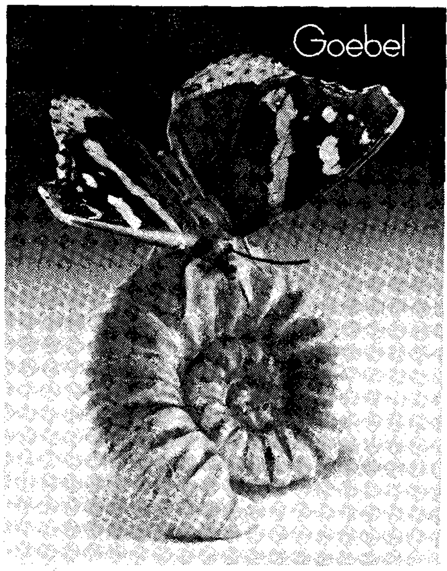
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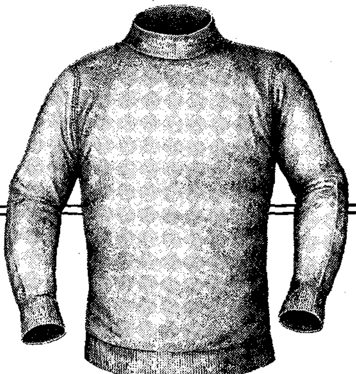
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and Representative Pat Williams, a Montana Democrat, it started with this observation by Donovan:

"What you have done is you have taken the incentive away from industry and from the individual worker in this country to the point where he does not see the value in work. That is what redistribution of wealth has done to the country, and you have tinkered with the free-enterprise system, and I am proud to use the term, because that is what made America great."

"It made a few Americans rich," Williams interjected.

"Who is against the rich? Are you?" was the Secretary's rejoinder. When the Congressman expressed puzzlement at the question, Donovan said, "You seem to be for wealth, but you don't like rich people."

"No, that's *your* statement, Mr. Secretary, not mine," Williams retorted. "My statement is that we ought to have *capital formation* in this country. We ought to increase productivity in this country in a way that the wealth that emanates from that enormous American productivity is shared—"

"By the stockholders," Donovan broke in.

Williams ignored the interruption and picked up his sentence: "—with some equality across all the people in this land. That is what America is all about."

"No, that's what Russia is all about," said Donovan.

THE President's other principal communicator with organized labor was also in Bal Harbour, though he was not scheduled to start formally on his White House job until the next week. He is Robert F. Bonitati, a tall, dark-mustached, confident college-administrator-turned-politician, who for the last five years has been legislative and political director of the Air Line Pilots Association. Crossing over into the Reagan White House required no vast ideological leap for him. Now forty-two years old, Bonitati grew up as the son of a machinist in the Bridgeport area, served as president of his class at the University of Connecticut, and then went to work as an assistant dean of men at Arizona State University in 1962. Two and a half years later, he switched to a similar post at the University of Tennessee, where he got to know Howard H. Baker, Jr., then a prosperous Knoxville lawyer, who had lost his first bid for election to the Senate, in 1964, and was about to try again, in

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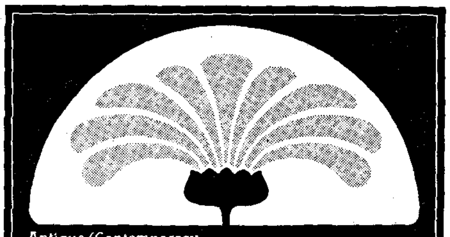
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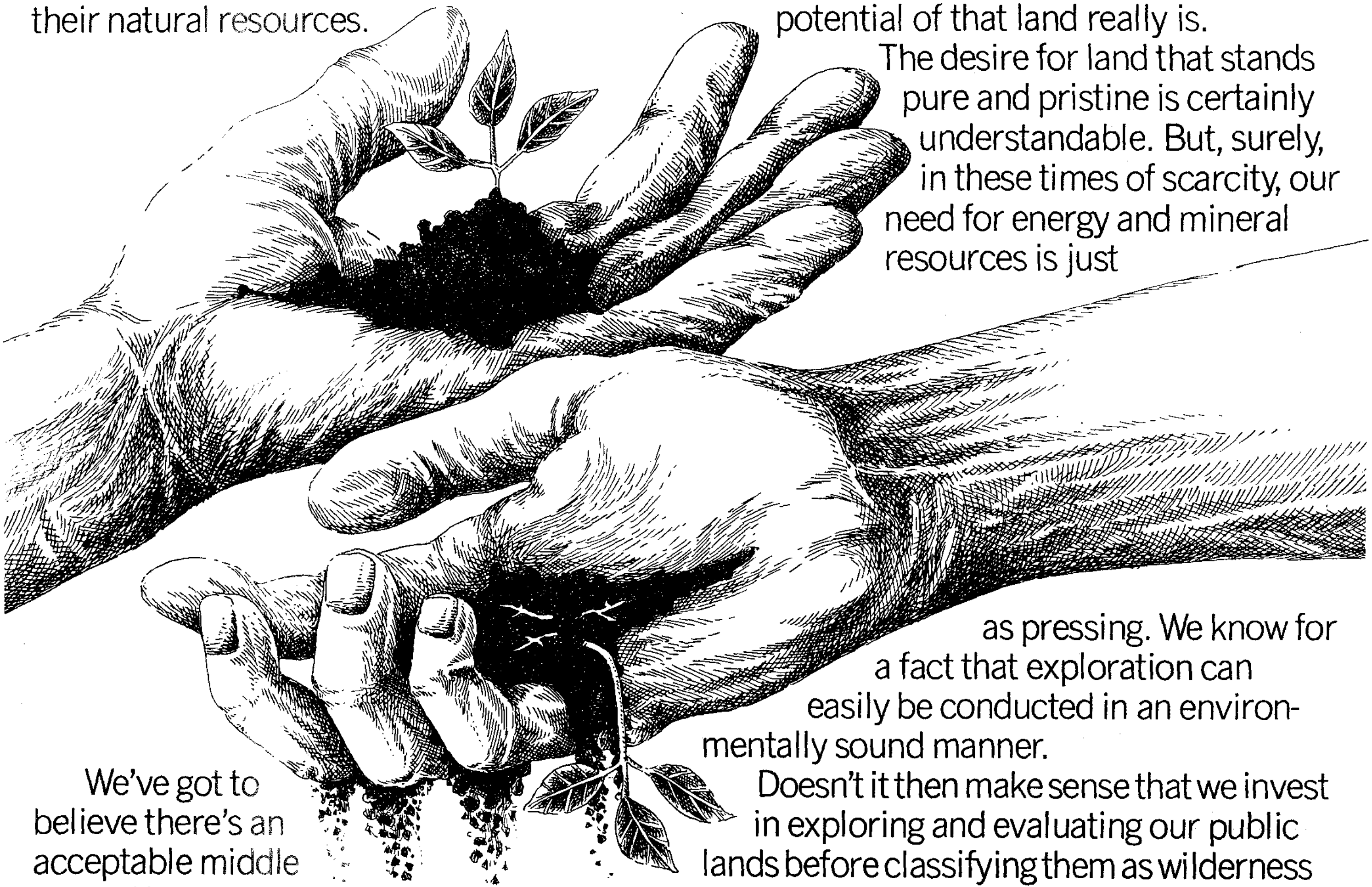

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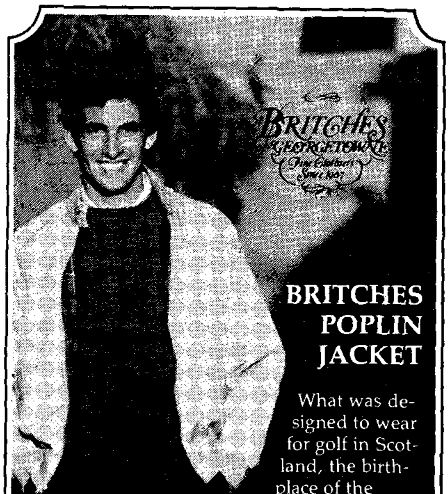

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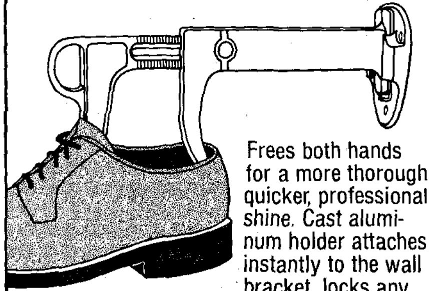

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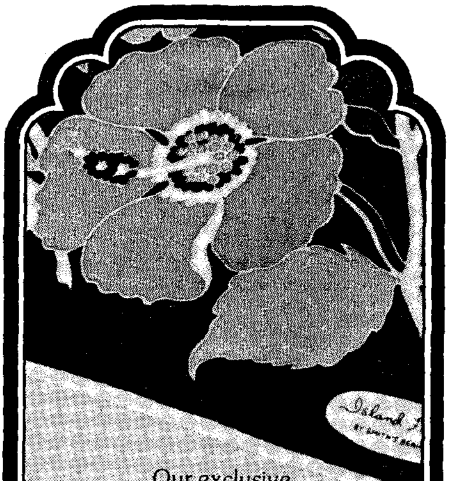
1966. Baker, impressed by favorable attention that Bonitati had received for organizing an interfraternity council that helped keep things cool on the University of Tennessee campus in the face of the Vietnam turbulence, asked him to join his campaign team. Bonitati built a network of two hundred high-school and college units that worked throughout Tennessee to drum up votes for Baker and the Republicans. "The kids were the campaign," he says. When Baker won the election, he took Bonitati to Washington with him as his administrative assistant. After a year in that job, Bonitati accepted a field assignment for the National Republican Congressional Committee, then switched to an entrepreneurial role as a professional campaign manager and political fundraiser. He wound that up with activity in Senator Baker's 1972 reëlection campaign, after which he moved into the executive branch as assistant director of environmental education for the Environmental Protection Agency and associate director for congressional relations of the Cost of Living Council, a job in which Professor Dunlop was his boss. Six months before the end of the Ford Administration, he left to join the staff of the pilots' union.

I visited Bonitati a couple of weeks after he moved into his new office, in the Old Executive Office Building, next door to the White House, where he serves as the link to labor on the public-liaison staff headed by Elizabeth Dole, the wife of the Republican senator from Kansas. Bonitati's relatively subordinate position in the President's command structure has caused skepticism among unionists about his ability to exert much influence within the Administration. They remember that Landon Butler, their contact in the Carter White House, was a member of the original "Georgia gang," with an office in the West Wing and direct access to the President. Bonitati assured me that the unionists' skepticism was misplaced. "People underestimate me if they don't feel I will have impact," he said. "I have already seen that I do in the appointive process." He wouldn't say what appointments he had promoted or stopped, but he did explain that his function went beyond arranging "dog and pony shows"—that he served as a catalyst in bringing decision-makers in government, industry, and labor together in the hope of solving pressing problems. "The President is not anti-union," Bonitati said. "He believes in the collective-



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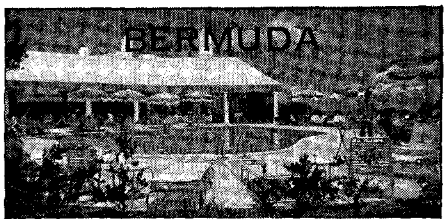

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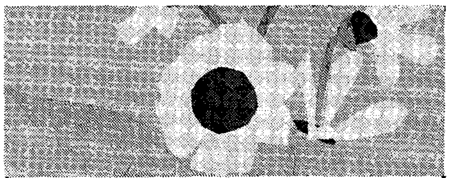

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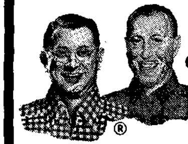

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When I asked Bonitati how he felt about the reactivation of the Labor-Management Group, he said that the Reagan philosophy was that government should not take the lead in forming such groups but that where the initiative came from the private side interaction with government was natural and logical. He added that his own confidence in the worth of such coöperative ventures had been fortified by his work with Dunlop and also in the airlines, where a coördinating committee representing all the unions and a counterpart group from the industry had done well in building mutual understanding and trust.

One thing Bonitati made clear was that promoting political reconciliation between labor and the Republicans will be part—perhaps even the bulk—of his endeavors. "I have always believed that unions ought to be doing their best to influence the policies of both parties, and particularly the one in power," he said. "I recognize that in the past Republican politics and labor politics have not encouraged talking to one another, whereas on the Democratic side they may have taken one another too much for granted. The one thing I've learned from my work in politics and in labor is that if you don't get to know the people and try to have impact you won't have impact."

How little real weight either Bonitati or Donovan has in influencing Presidential decisions on basic labor matters became glaringly evident in the showdown with the flight controllers. In every past Administration since the New Deal, there has been some official close to the President to whom union leaders could turn as confidential communicator in attempts to smooth out critical labor-management disputes before positions froze into irreconcilability. The value to both the White House and labor of such links was demonstrated with particular vividness in 1970, when a hundred and fifty-two thousand postal workers went out on a wildcat strike in New York and other large cities, the biggest stoppage ever by federal employees and just as much a violation of federal law as this year's strike by the

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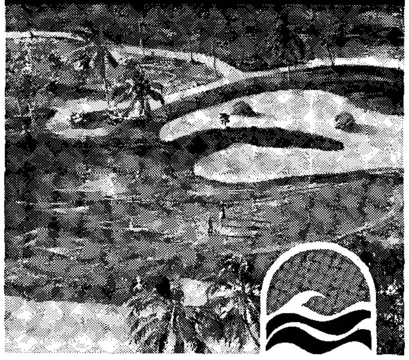

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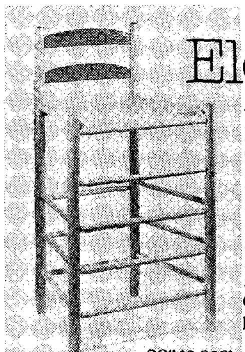

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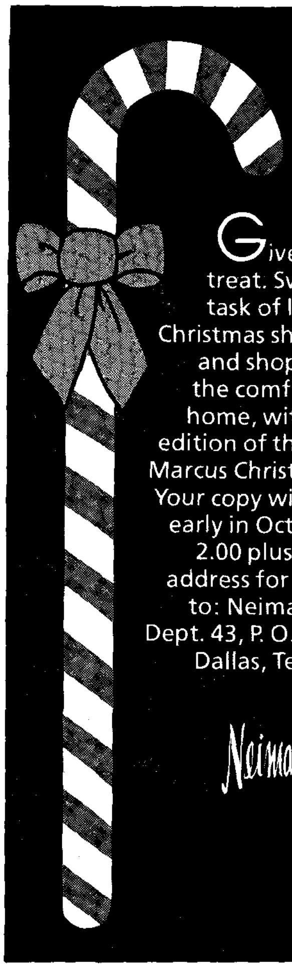

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controllers. President Nixon dug in initially on a get-tough position comparable to that taken by Reagan, but it never became necessary to carry his stand to the point of wholesale dismissal of the strikers. That need was averted through backdoor talks between Nixon's Secretary of Labor, George P. Shultz, and George Meany—talks that resulted in a return to work by the letter carriers and clerks and subsequent negotiation of a contract which many observers still consider a model for mutually beneficial bargaining in the public service. The foundation for the accommodation lay in the federation chief's confidence that, by superseding the impotent leaders of the postal unions, he could capitalize on the warm respect both labor and the President had for Shultz.

The lack in the Reagan White House of any high-ranking aide with comparable credentials proved an insuperable obstacle to meaningful two-way communication when the A.F.L.-C.I.O. sought to float a peace plan that would restore normal operations and bring cancellation of the death sentence the President had passed on the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization. O'Donnell, of the pilots, relayed the federation's first-day proposal for designation of a special mediator through Bonitati, who had worked for him on Capitol Hill until February, but that avenue proved a dead end. Frantic efforts by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to find another opening were equally fruitless. The result was the dispatch by the Federal Aviation Administration, after forty-eight hours, of the first of twelve thousand dismissal notices, and the immediate initiation of official moves to kill PATCO through decertification. A parallel result, in labor's view, was a challenge to the rest of the movement of such strength that Kirkland and his associates feel compelled to find ways of keeping resistance alive until amnesty is won for the ousted controllers. This resolve stems from no excess of sympathy for PATCO or its rank and file—who, through all of the union's thirteen years, have been resented as pampered loners by many in the labor establishment, and especially by those with whom the controllers work most directly in the airlines. There is particular resentment now over the peremptoriness of the PATCO strike deadline—less than seventy-two hours after overwhelming membership rejection of a deal originally endorsed as "fair" by the union's president, Robert E.

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Poli—and also over Poli's failure to bring the federation into the picture in any fashion until after his members had quit the control towers. Labor's irritation on these counts does not blind its leaders, however, to recognition of the probability that if the Administration is successful in carrying out its resolve to treat both the strike and the union as dead, a precedent will be set for the intensification, in many areas of public and private employment alike, of what unionists already consider a perilous trend toward union-busting. Jerry Wurf, at the head of his union of more than a million state, county, and municipal workers, sees the President's action as a goad to governors, mayors, and public administrators everywhere to turn the clock back to 1919, when Calvin Coolidge, as governor of Massachusetts, won national acclaim by putting down a Boston police strike with the edict that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." Douglas A. Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers, is convinced that much the same spirit will become assertive in private industry unless pressure by labor and its allies brings amnesty for the flight controllers. "We can't stand idly by and watch twelve thousand workers be fired for striking," he says. The trouble with all such declarations—a trouble that goes far toward explaining why labor ranks so low in public regard and in capacity for effective self-defense—is that solidarity stops with words, with symbolic marches by Kirkland and other Executive Council members alongside the striking controllers, and with ostentatious commitments to stay off planes till the PATCO members are restored to their jobs. The unions in a position to do most to force the Administration to reconsider its refusal to negotiate a settlement—the pilots, the flight attendants, and the airline mechanics, whose refusal to cross the picket lines could ground almost all air-passenger traffic in a few hours—remain resolutely on the job. The ties of brotherhood have never been strong among these unions. Ignoring one another's picket lines is more the rule than the rarity. Even by that slack standard, the controllers have been viewed as outside the club, with antagonism particularly strong among the pilots, who resent the frequency with which the operators of the radar screens and computers in the control system contend that they do all the vital work on landings and takeoffs

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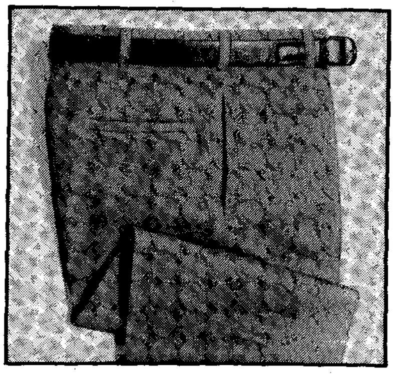

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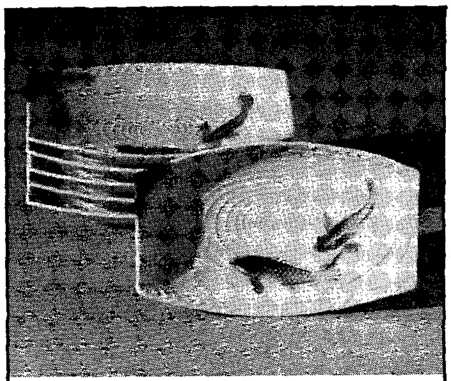

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while the pilots get high pay and short work schedules for following their orders. The implications of PATCO's current plight for unionism generally have brought no concerted shift away from this hostile attitude, except for some inconclusive stirrings among flight attendants—a group that ranks lowest in the airlines' scorecard of indispensability. The only real help the strikers have had, ironically enough, has come from abroad in the form of sporadic refusals by overseas air controllers to clear flights into United States airspace.

The multiplicity of setbacks labor has suffered in its conflicts with the Reagan Administration and the internal weaknesses that have made so ineffectual its response to the prospect of PATCO's demise have redoubled the pleasure Kirkland and the Council derived from the one clear-cut gain the federation has made this year: the decision of the U.A.W. under Fraser to bring its 1.2 million members back into affiliation after thirteen years of going it alone. The auto union quit the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in 1968, charging that it had become a complacent, contented pillar of the status quo. The U.A.W.'s return did not signify a belief by its present leaders that all the old complaints had been overcome but rather that the magnitude of labor's current afflictions makes maximum unity essential in the common fight against right-wing advances. Fraser, elected a vice-president of the federation last month, began at once to press for policy changes he hopes will help the battered movement to build broader and stronger coalitions. Comments the U.A.W. head made at his first Council meeting in Chicago led to drafting and adoption of a declaration that the federation's unwavering support for a redoubtable national defense should not be construed as "a blank check for the Pentagon." The statement urged elimination of waste in military outlays and warned that Administration moves to increase defense spending at the expense of needed social programs generated political polarization and a risk of creating anti-defense constituencies among workers, blacks, Hispanics, the elderly, and the poor. Fraser, content with this "clarification" of earlier federation pronouncements that had upset many of its partners in the Budget Coalition because of the federation's seeming endorsement of unlimited profligacy in money for arms to counter the Soviet Union, refrained at the Chicago meet-

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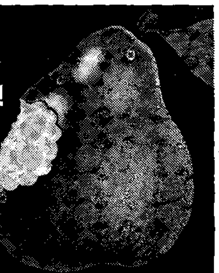

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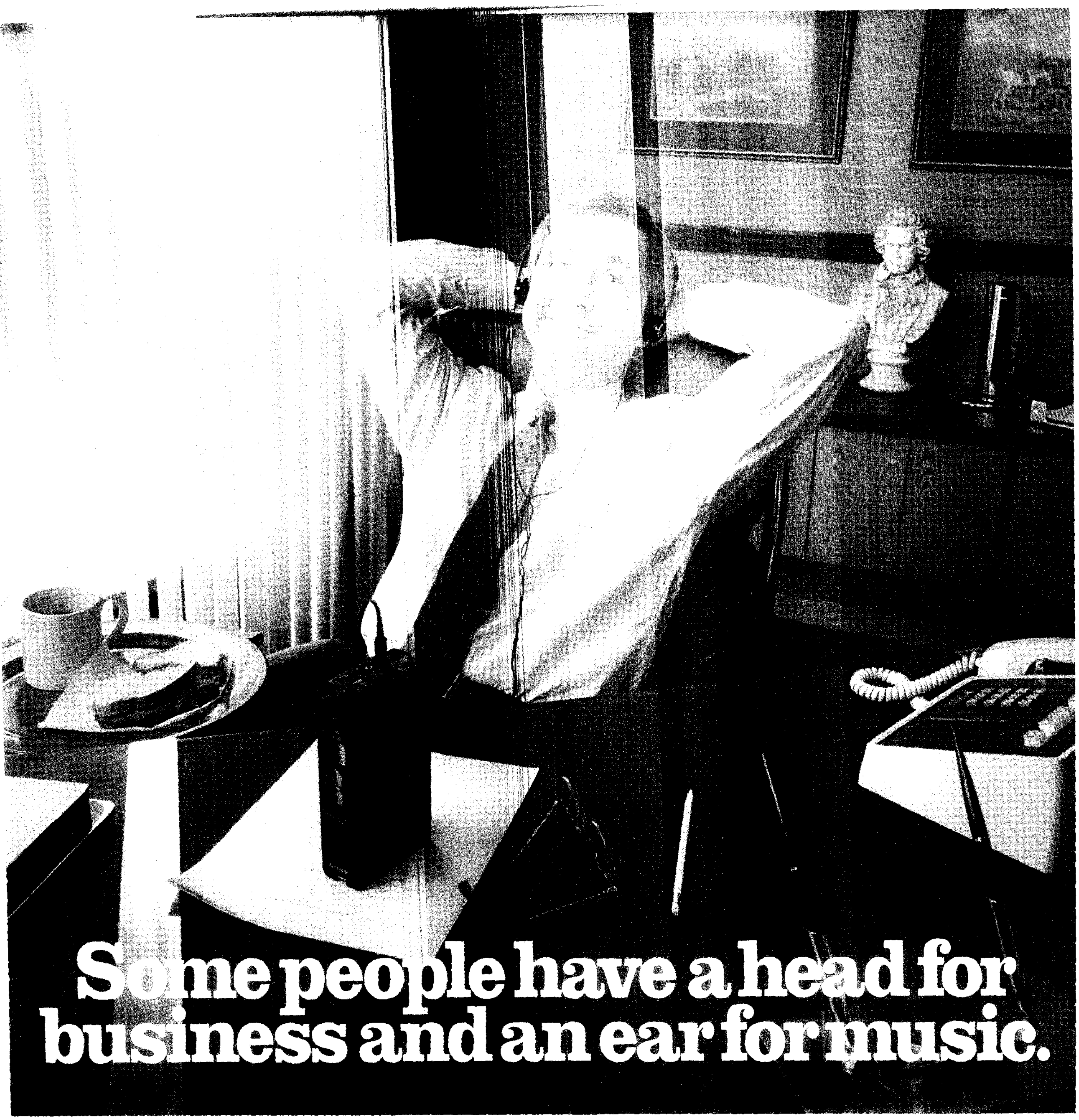
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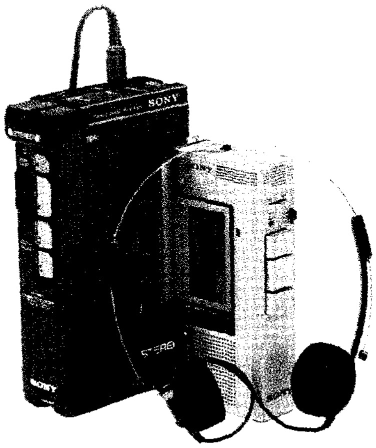

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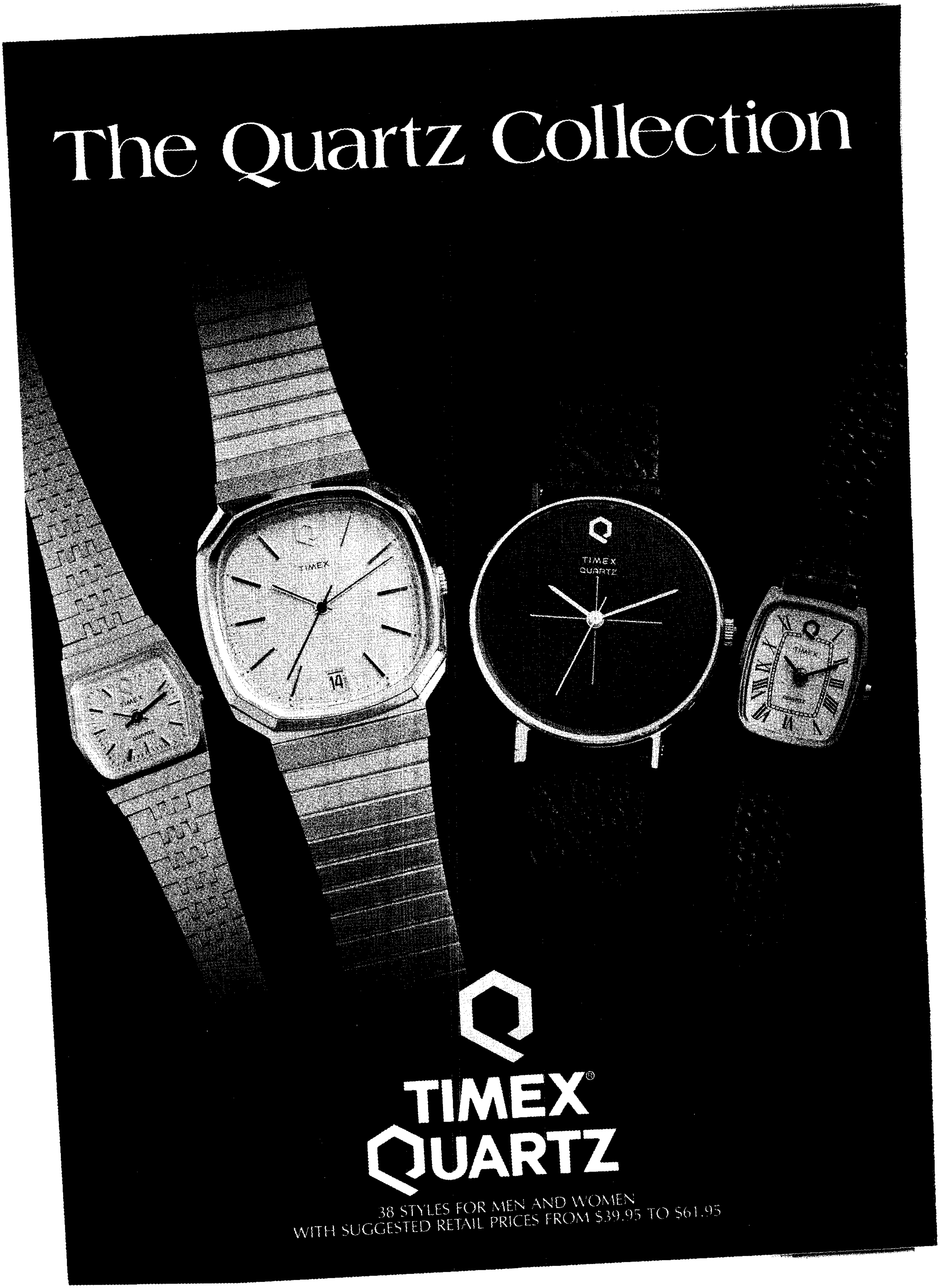
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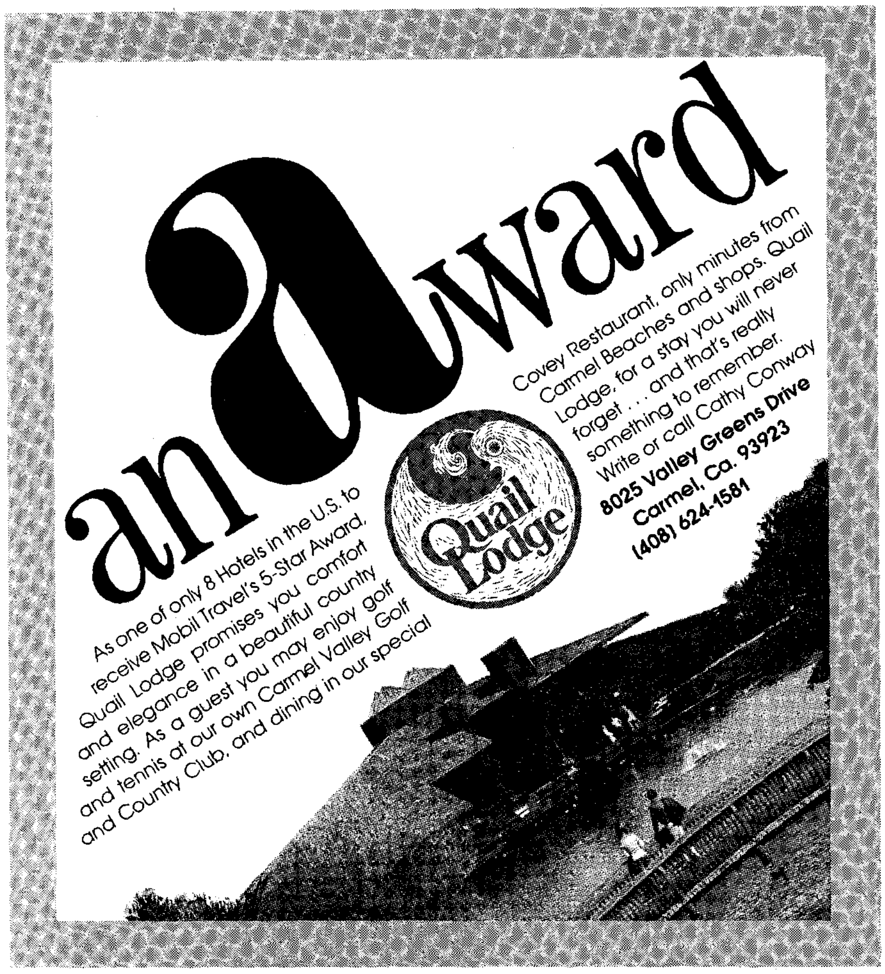
ing from pushing the touchiest issue in his catalogue of proposed reforms for the federation. This involves his conviction that reactivation of its abandoned program for cleaning out union corruption is imperative for labor's own health and for restoration of public faith in its integrity and idealism. Specifically, Fraser wants a rule that would oblige union leaders to resign or take a leave from their posts when indicted on charges of betraying their union trust. That yardstick would compel an immediate stepdown of one of Fraser's newly acquired colleagues on the Executive Council—Angelo Fosco, president of the Laborers' Union, who was indicted in June, along with two alleged underworld chieftains and a convicted fleecer of welfare funds, on federal charges of conspiring to conduct the affairs of the union through "a pattern of racketeering activity by giving and receiving unlawful kickbacks." Kirkland disagrees with the idea that unionists should be automatically relieved from duty on indictment, before any determination of their guilt or innocence. "The Attorney General would be able to decide who could be a union officer," he says. However, in the discussions preceding the auto union's reaffiliation, Kirkland indicated to Fraser that he would set up a committee to explore what might be done under federation auspices to fight corruption among its unions. "There is a wide variety of views in the Council on this question," Kirkland told me last month. "The more important mission at this point is to forge a higher degree of unity." But neither he nor any of the others who would like to see the issue go away believe that it can be avoided much longer.

THE gloom that appeared to envelop most of the Council members throughout the Florida meeting was as nothing to the distress I heard expressed there by one of their most respected confidants and advisers—Bayard Rustin, the chairman of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, who for many years has been labor's most resolute champion in the black community. Rustin is a man of singular personal grace, slim, erect, invariably elegant in garb, his features finely sculptured, his hair and mustache snowy. Normally, he is a match for Kirkland in imperturbability, and he looked as composed as always when I saw him in the lobby of the Sheraton Bal Harbour awaiting departure for the airport. There was



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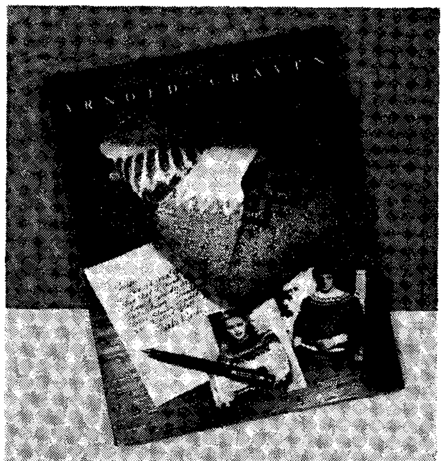

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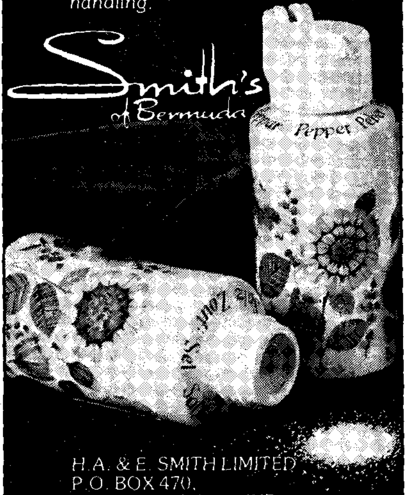

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no serenity in his words, however. "We are in much more serious difficulty than the people here like to think," Rustin said. "The election showed that there is tremendous agony among the lower middle class, who feel they are being put upon by everything from the busing of their children to high prices, high taxes, and high rents. We of labor must make common cause with this middle-class agony as well as the agony of the poor. Merely screaming about minorities and the excluded just aggravates our problem. We must find ways of identifying with the drives that make the Reagan cuts popular." He confessed to having no good answer to that problem, but as proof that it was a problem he cited the altered public perception of the status of minorities. "In the sixties, one of the tremendous advantages we as blacks had was that we were perceived as underdogs," Rustin noted. "Now many view us as top dogs, taking things away from them. The economy is closing down, not opening up. We're in for tough sledding."

When I headed back to New York, my own conviction about the bleakness of organized labor's future was much the same as Rustin's. A quality of desperation had seemed to underlie the frequency with which Kirkland himself kept deploring the speed of the American economy's shift from a production to a service base. The horrible example he is wont to cite of the downward spiral implicit in this trend is that the work force at McDonald's is now more than twice as large as the work force at United States Steel. The same sense of a well-upholstered way of life losing its stuffing helped explain to me the fascination with which this eminently sane leader had fastened on the still chimerical employment opportunities attached to shale-oil extraction in a tiny corner of Colorado as labor's overriding organizational challenge for the rest of this century. And I heard the doomsday note again in Kirkland's plaintive calls for acceptance by government and industry of the notion that they must enter into full partnership with labor to revitalize fading basic industries. "We just don't believe that you can write off major industries in this country without paying for it dearly in the future," he keeps telling the business community. "Nor do we believe that whole cities and regions of America can be allowed to decay—while other regions prosper like Arab sheikhdoms—without serious social and economic consequences.

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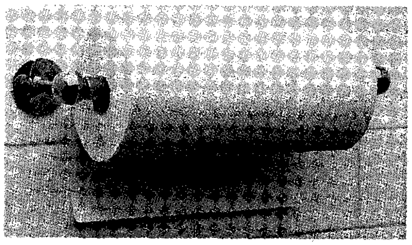

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It's the height of arrogance to talk in abstract, theoretical terms about letting certain industries disappear and then putting everyone else to work making microchips."

The concept of teamwork by labor and management to lift productivity and quality makes good sense, but not if it takes the form of top-level collaboration by the biggest of the big on both sides to perpetuate most of the evils that brought United States industry to its present state of competitive inadequacy. Nothing beneficial is likely to come of cartelist arrangements effected while a noninterventionist government averts its gaze. The pieties in the charter of the reconstituted Labor-Management Group about the duty of both sides to recognize "the just demands for equity by minorities, women, and those for whom social justice is still a dream" would carry more conviction if any of those outsiders were going to have a direct voice in the proceedings or if government were sitting in as a concerned surrogate. Even on the industrial front, the group's charter assigns no priority to a forward push for what is variously known as work humanization, job enrichment, or quality of work life—the most hopeful current movement to give workers a greater sense of involvement in the workplace, by allowing them a democratic say in all the decisions that affect their jobs. Many companies and unions, notably General Motors and the United Auto Workers, have found that everybody comes out ahead when a recasting of the paramilitary lines of authority within factories and offices persuades workers that they are respected as individuals with worthwhile ideas about how the workplace should be run. But that concept remains heresy to many union leaders, and their default has left a void that many employers eager to keep unions out have capitalized on. They bring in their own specialists in industrial psychology and behavioral manipulation to devise programs aimed at demonstrating how solicitous they are of their employees' every wish—a demonstration calculated to persuade workers that unions are at best irrelevant, at worst serpents in Eden.

On the surface, then, little now in sight would augur anything but a diminishing role for centenarian unionism—one that would ill equip labor to serve as a significant countervailing force in an economy where corporate conglomerates grow ever bigger while government shrinks in services to its

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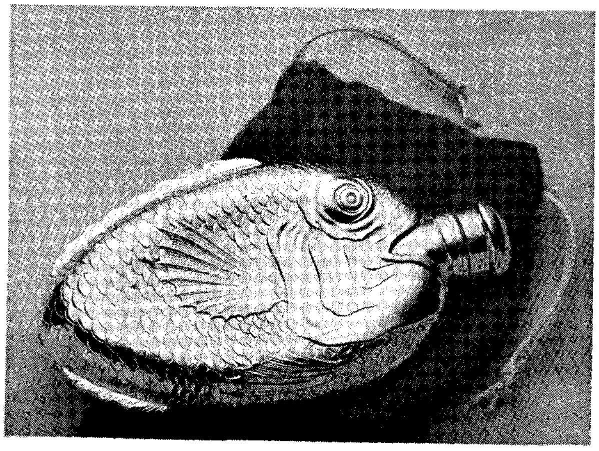

people and in both will and ability to protect them against abuses of private power. But to accept as inevitable a labor slide into obsolescence would be to ignore the dynamism that has often shaken the movement out of somnolence in periods of crisis or adversity. The uprising of Polish workers has profoundly affected American unionists, from Kirkland down. The strikes and the other evidences that Poland's workers have given of the irrepressibility of the urge for democracy in the workplace have been a tonic to the jaded leaders of unions on this side of the Atlantic, as has been revealed even beyond the federation's disregard for the State Department's objections to sending two hundred thousand dollars to the freedom fighters in the Solidarity organization. The White House assault on the air controllers moved out of the realm of the symbolic the sense of kinship this financial support was meant to convey. "It is the height of hypocrisy for President Reagan, on the one hand, to praise the courage and resolve of the Polish workers for standing up for what they believe in, and then use the full force of the Presidency against American workers who do the same in this country," says Glenn Watts, of the Communications Workers. Kirkland himself, for all his air of aloofness and his patrician antecedents, is much more the populist than his earthy predecessor, the Irish plumber from the Bronx, ever was. Kirkland finds personally distressing the present retreat from the compassionate impulses of America's expansionist era toward the degradation of the pauper's oath, but he attempts to blanket his distress in arch suggestions that the Administration will come forth someday with elaborate regulations in the Federal Register defining the distinction between the "truly needy" and the merely needy. Behind such sophisticated blandness is the Kirkland who broke with tradition by joining the miners in mass picketing of the White House and by sounding the call for a vast congregation of protesters on "Solidarity Day." A week later, Kirkland will be in Gdansk, attending the first national congress of Solidarity at the invitation of Lech Walesa.

If, as most federation officials expect, the Reagan economic policies prove a failure, the resultant worsening of both inflation and joblessness may bring within a year or two a sharp turn toward resistance tactics of the kind that labor now forbears to use

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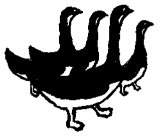

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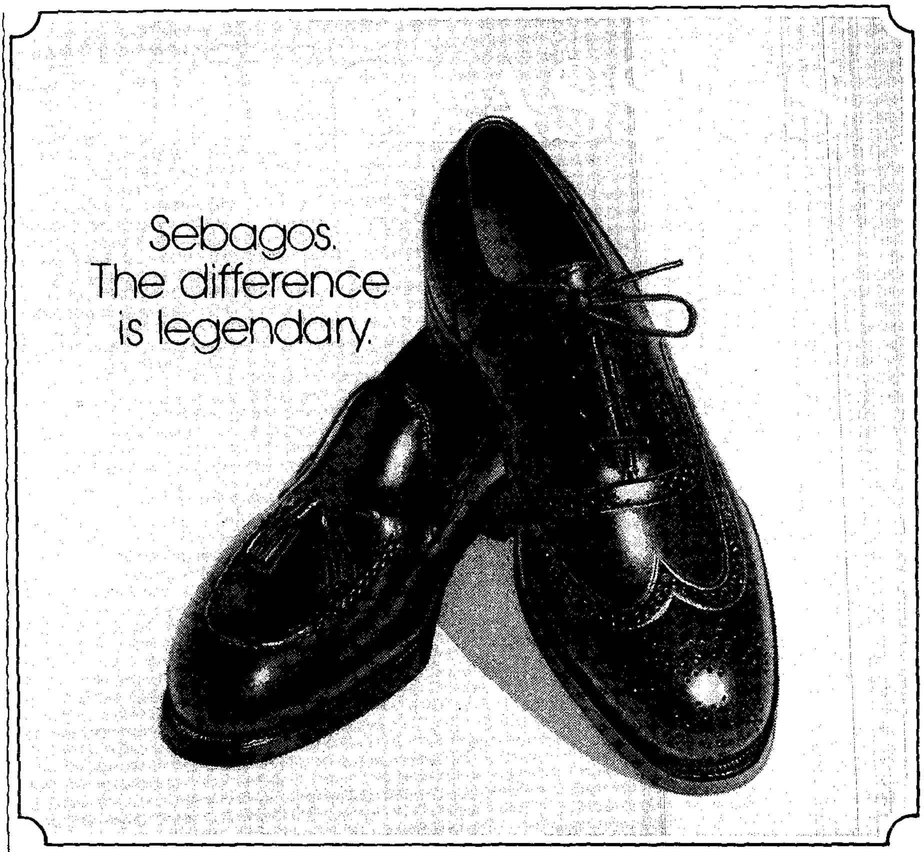
lest it be accused of obstructionism. Already, at unionism's grass roots—particularly in the mid-America centers of auto and rubber, where pay cuts have been taken to save jobs—there is grumbling about too much "statesmanship" by union leaders. The down-with-the-bosses spirit that sent the miners out on strike in the face of assurances of a fat new pay raise is perhaps unique to Appalachia. But docility is unlikely to be the permanent attitude of other unionists if they find that taking less fails to bring either job stability or a halt in the erosion of their living standards. In Britain, the Trades Union Congress, which Gompers and his associates took as their model a century ago, used to be a moderating influence in the Labour Party. Now, irked by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's application of laissez-faire policies that parallel Reaganomics, many of the British unions are in the vanguard of the Labour Party's pell-mell leftward thrust. The irresolution that currently paralyzes American labor will not necessarily be resolved in the same way, however. If there is an upheaval here, the reactionary right may find at least as many adherents within unionism as the left will. Little wonder that Kirkland and the majority of the Executive Council have opted for watchful waiting as the safest tactic until the fog lifts.

My personal faith that the movement's future is not all black was strengthened by a chance encounter with a youthful true believer early in my visit to Bal Harbour. He was Harry Kaiser, a twenty-four-year-old graduate of the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations at Cornell University, whom I first met in Ithaca a few years ago, and who now works as labor liaison for the National Consumer Coöperative Bank, a federally created corporation that makes loans to consumer coöperatives, health centers, or similar ventures started by unions and other groups. He was the happiest person I talked to at the federation meeting, though he had ample reason to be the unhappiest. Kaiser, who had gone to work for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Food and Beverage Trades Department two weeks after leaving Cornell, in 1978, had switched to the bank a day before President Reagan's election victory. It was one of the institutions nominated for extinction by David Stockman's Office of Management and Budget, but the likelihood of imminent unemployment had not dampened Kaiser's



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spirit, much less his enthusiasm for organized labor. "I would not trade my involvement with labor for any experience in the world," he said.

His statement startled me, because I knew that only ten per cent of the labor school's alumni had chosen to work for unions, and among that small group I had met were a number whose subsequent disillusionment with deadhead leaders made them wish they had followed the majority in going into management, government, law, or teaching. Kaiser, who is slim, dark-haired, and intense, and is thoroughly bankerlike in dress and manner, has no such reservations. He had come to Florida after several days in Chickasaw County, Mississippi, where he had worked with unionists setting up a child-care coöperative to help mothers employed in a porcelain plant and in other local establishments at wages not much higher than the federal minimum of three dollars and thirty-five cents an hour. "It was one of my first real contacts with rural poverty," said Kaiser, whose father operates a taxi service out of Grossinger's, in the Borscht Belt. "I was horrified at what these women told me of having to leave twenty-five kids in a house with no one competent to look after them. The kids would play in sewers, run wild. The places were nothing but storage depots. Now the children will have something enriching to look forward to while their mothers work."

When I talked to Kaiser again in mid-August, he was even more enthusiastic. He had been working on union-sponsored coöperative projects in Louisiana, Arizona, Texas, and the Washington metropolitan area, and the bank itself appeared to have survived the Administration's initial drive to put it out of business. In June, by bipartisan vote, a House-Senate conference committee on appropriations assured it of full funding for this year, and in July basic agreement was reached by negotiators for the White House, Congress, and the bank that it would be transformed on December 31st into what will be essentially a private bank operating under congressional charter with some assist from the government. The President, who now appoints twelve out of the fifteen directors, will designate only three under the new structure, and the rest will be chosen by the coöperatives' stockholders. "Lane Kirkland helped a lot," says Kaiser, "but what really impressed the Administration was the great grass-roots support for the bank,

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much of it keyed by the labor movement. It was all a tremendous learning experience for me in how government works."

For Kaiser, his earlier experience working directly with the federation, as a field representative assigned to link delegates from fifteen international unions in local and regional food-workers' councils in the South and Middle West, had been equally exhilarating. He said that Robert F. Harbrant, the president of the Food and Beverage Trades Department, had taught him things that were invaluable—"little things like returning phone calls and having everyone participate at meetings and letting people know that I was there to help them." He paused a second, then continued, even more earnestly, "Too many union officials go out from Washington and say to the people in the field, 'This is the way to do it.' Their haughtiness has a lot to do with the movement's problems in politics and in organizing. But that doesn't keep it from being the most successful progressive instrument in American history." When I asked him about the corruption that the federation has stopped trying to check, Kaiser said, "It bothers me very much that there should be any of that, but I know that, of the hundreds of people I have worked with, ninety-nine per cent are totally honest. Our big need is more education of the membership and of the millions who ought to be members. The thirties were a long time ago. The sitdowns were a long time ago. Today's workers don't remember. We have to show them that our labor movement has a great track record. Our social stability is built on it. It is the heart of America."

—A. H. RASKIN

•

Malpractice insurance premiums don't hurt just doctors: It is the doctor's patients who will ultimately pay the bill, in the form of higher per-visit fees. When the price of a loaf of potatoes goes up, you can eat rice. But when doctors' fees go up, what is your alternative?—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

Get a firkin of lettuce.

•

The Bill Haney Show will be at 8:00 p.m. Saturday night at the high school gym and will be preceded at 7:00 p.m. by the rock fight. Earlier reports had said the rock fight would be after the Bill Haney Show.—*Humboldt (Tenn.) Courier Chronicle.*

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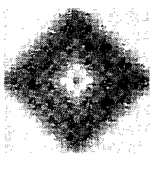

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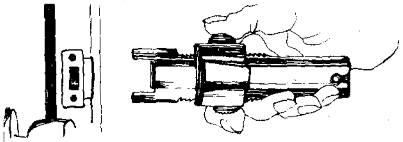

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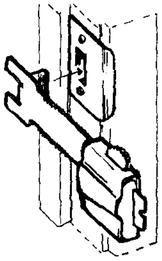

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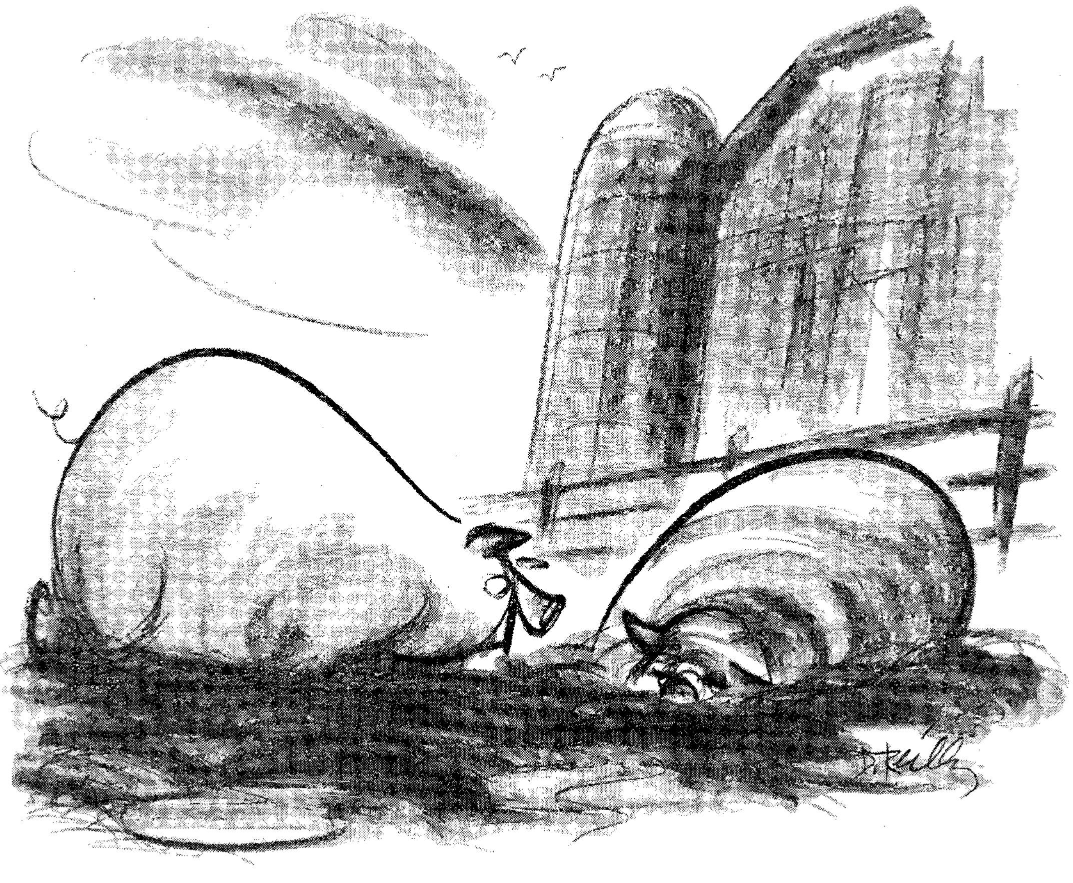
THE WOOING OF RICHARD WATERS

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS
AUGUST 21

IF you phone my friend Richard Waters in Newton Center, Massachusetts, and don't get him, you get a woman's recorded voice saying "This is Mr. Waters' office. He is out." The message is conveyed in high-class British tones. The speaker, who sounds as though she might be lounging in a deck chair aboard H.M.Y. Britannia, is Waters' wife, Juliet, and her accent is no affectation. She is authentically and chauvinistically English. On the eve of the wedding, on July 29th, of her favorite royal Romeo, Juliet, inadvertently neglecting to inform her unimpeachably American husband in advance, invited a covey of chums to join her at 4:30 A.M. to watch the nuptials on the Waters' television set, which happens to be in their bedroom. A more or less concurrent event that also upset Dick Waters' household was the struggle for Conoco. His portfolio at the time of the St. Paul's ceremony included four hundred and forty-eight shares of that by now very common stock. Waters' slice of the Conoco pie—slightly more than one two-hundred-thousandth of the eighty-six million shares then outstanding—had been worth $40,432 at the end of the previous day's trading, when Conoco had closed at ninety and a quarter. (Dick knew from an April 1, 1981, proxy statement that Conoco's chairman, Ralph E. Bailey—whose total pay for 1980 was $637,710—owned a heftier chunk, 29,669 shares, and also had options to buy seventy-nine thousand more at an average price of $39.70.) By the time the Conoco war was apparently over, on August 5th, Waters had been courted for the acquisition of his shares as ardently as any damsel was e'er pursued by a lovesick swain.

Dick Waters is a financial consultant who works at home—a suburban manse west of Boston—but a certain number of his laboring hours are consecrated to the nurturing of his own investments. Although the phone-answering machine makes it appear that he has a secretary, and an elegant one at that, in fact he has none. He takes calls himself when he is on-premises, and he opens his own mail. On a run-of-the-mill business day, he averages sixteen or seventeen communications—quarterly reports, proxy statements, dividend checks, and the like—that concern his own fiscal affairs. During the Battle of Conoco, the average escalated sharply. He began thinking seriously of engaging a secretary, or an aide-de-camp, to act as a buffer between himself and three importunate and swashbuckling musketeers who were paying him suit—Du Pont, Mobil, and Seagram. When the commotion stopped, Waters retreated to his Cape Cod summer place, and I ran into him on the ocean beach the other day. He looked pale and haggard; his thin fringe of hair seemed grayer than I remembered. Fingering a pile of documents he had brought along, which, I gathered, had scarcely left his side for quite a spell, he began to recount some of his recent adventures in the romantic world of corporate finance.

DICK'S documents were stuffed into a frail and wrinkled paper shopping bag that most people would hesitate to use for carrying cat food. He is by nature a frugal chap. Because his two teen-age daughters, Suzanne and Elizabeth, rarely have time to read newspapers—he himself has a brisk twenty-minute workout every morning with the financial pages of the *Times*—he decided, not long ago, for the girls' sake, to subscribe to a news magazine, but he held back until a half-price-subscription offer from *Time* turned up. (He may not renew; the cover story of one of the first issues he received dealt with ice cream.) It troubles Dick that large brokerage houses, along with multinational corporations like Conoco, Du Pont, Mobil, and Seagram, have been spending enormous sums of money trying to curry his favor by first-class mail. "Look at this!" he told me, pulling out a fat envelope from E. F. Hutton & Company, postmarked July 31st and bearing the inscription "First Class Mail Impor-



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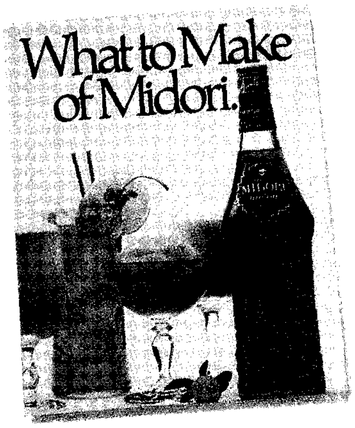

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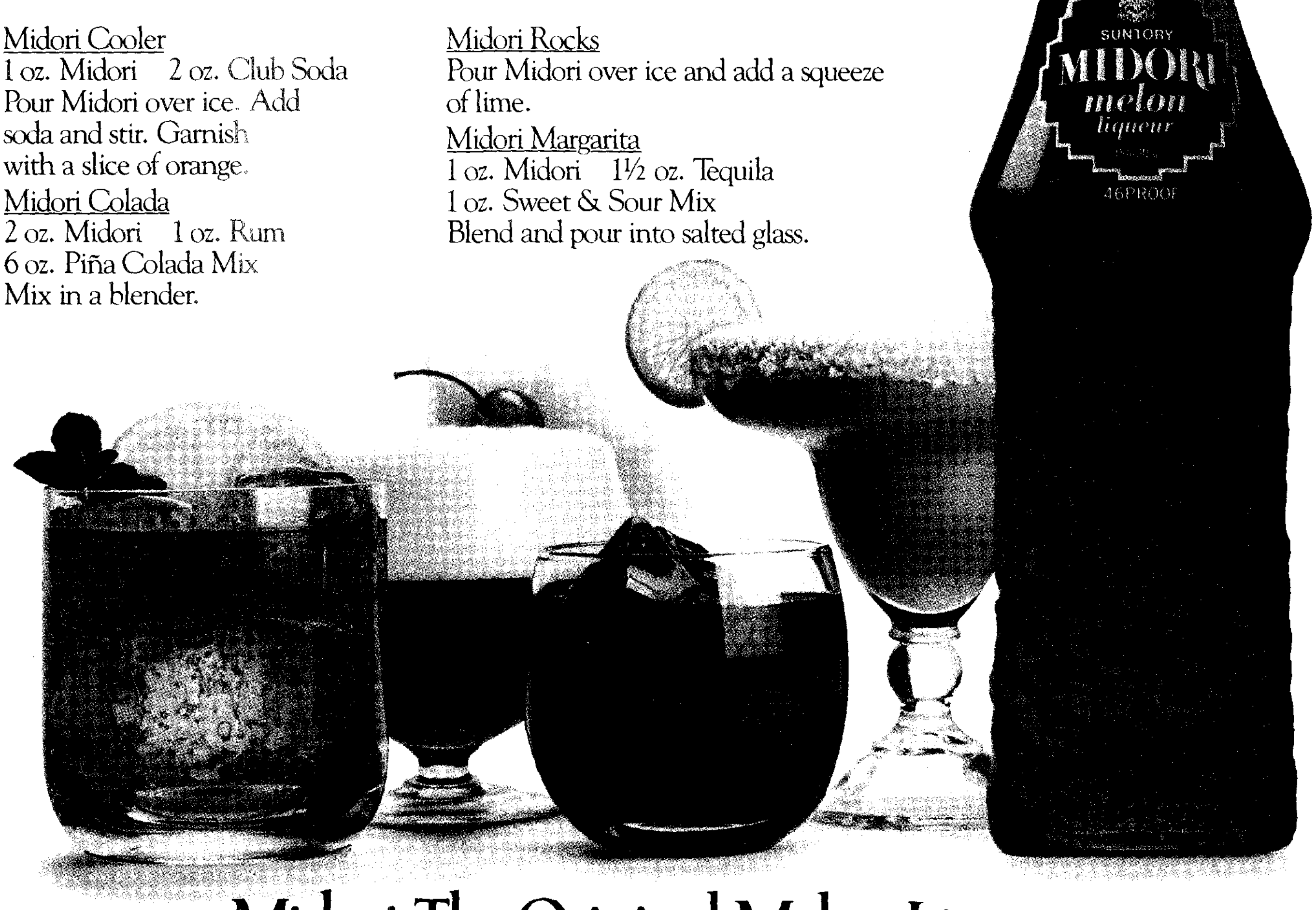
Blend and pour into salted glass.



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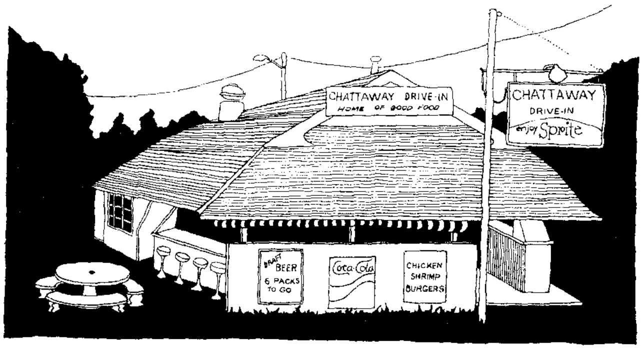
tant" on the outside. The envelope contained information about one of Mobil's offers for his Conoco stock. "Fifty-two cents' postage! And, worse still, they sent me two identical copies. A dollar and four cents!" According to the mailing, Mobil's offer for Conoco stood, at that instant of turbulent corporate history, at eight billion two hundred million dollars, as opposed to Du Pont's paltry offer of seven billion three hundred million.

Dick sighed, lay back, and braced his head against a beach ball that some wayward child had just bounced off his skull. "You know, I never thought much about my Conoco stock till all this ruckus began," he said. "I'm a poor stock seller. When I buy stocks, I generally just tuck them away, and my reason not to sell—a debatable reason, maybe, but my own—is that I always assume that if I do I'll have to pay capital-gains taxes. That's my excuse for doing nothing. I came into my Conoco in 1963, from my father's estate. The stock had been bought by the trust department of the First National Bank of Boston, back in the days when the company was straightforwardly known as Continental Oil, before so many perfectly decently named organizations began driving the world crazy by changing their names to Nabisco, Pepsico, Sunoco, and the like. My sister and I each got half of the estate's Conoco. My cost basis was around eleven dollars a share. If I sold it this summer for, say, ninety a share, I'd be paying, in my income bracket, about a twenty-per-cent capital-gains tax on the seventy-nine-dollar profit. So that was a reason right off for my lack of interest when all this takeover talk originated. In *my* mind, though, this Conoco was never a mere hundred-dollar stock. It was a two-hundred-dollar stock. I realized that the fight to win me over, and I guess other shareholders, too, was going on because these three big corporations were trying to steal something—buying stock in an operating oil company at perhaps a quarter of what they'd have to pay for going out and drilling for new supplies of the stuff themselves. So, in my mind, if I sold my Conoco stock now"—here Dick reached into his bag for a pocket calculator, conceivably the only one on the beach, and made some calculations—"I'd be getting about twenty thousand dollars over what I would have got for the stock last spring, before all this bidding started. Not bad, but if I held out for another five or ten years I'd own stock that might be worth six or seven times what it's allegedly worth today. And why should I be in a hurry to get rid of something I've been sitting on quietly for eighteen years?"

Dick paused for a swig of Cranapple juice. "When this whole insane bidding war broke out, I had no particular interest in any of the rivals," he went on. "I owned a little Du Pont once, but I sold it years ago. I've never had anything to do with Seagram, except for a few of its products. I do own a mite of Mobil—maybe four hundred shares—but their gas isn't any cheaper than anybody else's, so I have no special feelings about them. Moreover, when it comes to any stocks that involve natural resources, I buy them with an eye on the huge potential value of materials that are still underground, and I figure if I hang on to them for ten or fifteen years they're bound to explode. So I wasn't panicked at the outset of the fight into committing myself. I resolved to sit back and see how much these guys really wanted me. I simply ignored the first three or four tender offers that came in, and threw the solicitations away. I didn't know any of these people well enough to take their overtures seriously. Besides, at the start nobody made what seemed to me an ironclad proposition for outright cash. It was all 'We'll pay X amount of money for X per cent of the stock, and X amount of shares for the rest,' or whatever, and everything seemed to be hedged with deadlines and conditions. In the case of Seagram, the offer was strictly for cash, but if I tendered they could take some of my stock and return the rest, and thus once I'd pledged myself I would to some degree have lost control of my fate. It could have been not unlike plighting a troth and then being left in the lurch at the altar."

WATERS excused himself to take a dip in the Atlantic. When he had returned and shaken himself, like a large, refreshed dog, all over his shopping bag and me, he went on. He said that for a couple of months he had been spending about ten per cent of his waking hours brooding over Conoco et al.—roughly, I calculated in my head, the time a bride-to-be might spend thinking about her trousseau. "This Conoco of mine did not represent an amount of money that would change my life in any fundamental way," Dick said, "but it was a big hunk for me. I said as much to Juliet once or twice, but she was too preoccupied with Lady Di's problems to listen to mine. In truth, though, I've been far less interested in my Conoco than in my ninety-one acres near the Rhode Island shore south of Kingston, which I bought, with a partner, five years ago at a thousand an acre. I hope to make my fortune on it. All that aside, the Conoco issue posed a kind of moral dilemma for me. What was the *right* thing for me to do—for Conoco, for Du Pont, for Mobil, for Seagram, for the country, for my children, for my wife, for myself? I began keeping a little log of developments." Dick pulled some sheets of paper out of the bag. "Listen to this: 'July 12th: Sea will give eighty-five a share for fifty-one per cent of all Con stock. July 14th: Dupe'—that's short for Du Pont—'ninety-five for forty per cent Con stock and one-point-seven shares Dupe stock for additional shares.' By the way, these Du Pont guys can't seem to make up their minds on how to spell their own name. It's a capital 'D' half the time and a small 'd' when they get fancy, with that 'du Pont de Nemours' tag. 'July 17th: Ninety from Mob. July 23rd: Ninety-two from Sea.' And so forth and so on, until Mobil peaked at one-twenty—not that the government had approved its proposal at any price—and Du Pont came through with a ninety-eight-dollar offer for the first thirty-eight million-odd shares to be tendered to it. What burned Juliet up was that one of the Mobil offers was mailed on July 29th—*the very day of Lady Di's wedding*, when they might have had their minds on



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higher things. Juliet was more kindly disposed toward a Mailgram from Chairman Bailey, of Conoco, dated July 31st—here it is—which began, 'You have been, in recent weeks, subjected to an unprecedented barrage of rather complicated "proposals" to buy Conoco.' Old Bailey, who was all gung ho for Du Pont, went on to say that Seagram and Mobil 'are working in their own interests and for their own stockholders and not for you. After all that is their job. You also should understand that only the Conoco board of directors is acting exclusively in your interests.' I was not persuaded that it was. You are talking to a guy who's fed up with big companies that are run for the benefit of management. Screw the stockholders, their attitude seems to me to be—and, when it comes to that, the general public, too. In my opinion, this whole Conoco thing has been an act of disgraceful behavior on the part of its management. If they'd been pumping out dividends at the rate at which their earnings increased, the stock could have been selling at a hundred or a hundred and fifty—sufficiently high so that nobody would have wanted to make a deal for it. There is no new production of energy involved in an acquisition of Conoco. It just helps rich people get a little richer."

Dick paused to rummage. He plucked forth a single sheet of paper, and said, "Things got so addled along the way that one day—let's see, this is dated July 30th, when we were honeymooning at Mountbatten's place—I got a letter from an assistant sales manager of the Boston office of Merrill Lynch, asking me to phone him pronto, and saying, 'Mobil Corporation has increased its opinion to purchase the common stock of Conoco.' That, whatever it meant, made me increase my opinion not to sell to Mobil. I didn't ever phone the Merrill Lynch fellow, but my phone kept plenty busy. I never heard directly from Bailey, of Conoco, or from any of the other big shots, like Chairman Rawleigh Warner, Jr., of Mobil—Juliet thought it was sort of cute that Warner and I have the same initials, but I don't let my business judgment be skewed by factors like that—but a lot of people who'd heard through some grapevine or other that I had this Conoco kept calling to wonder what my intentions were. I had a hell of a time keeping my phone clear enough so that my daughters' social life wouldn't be wrecked. But I ended up talking to a broker two or three times a day, to keep myself posted on swift-moving developments. I kept asking him, 'Look, there's some son of a bitch who owns fifty thousand shares and is out on the Pacific somewhere on a sailboat and doesn't know what's going on, and if he just sits tight what will happen to his stock, not to mention the four or eight or ten shares belonging to the seven thousand widows who don't follow the financial news the way you and I do?' I never could get an answer. I suspect the broker wasn't as much interested, actually, in to whom I might ultimately yield as in my doing whatever I did through him. While he was at it, he was trying to persuade me to go into something called risk arbitrage. There weren't, in all honesty, enough phone calls to make anybody lose any sleep, but I half expected that before it was all over at least one of the concerned parties was going to send me a box of candy or a bunch of flowers."

THE sun was threatening the yardarm, and I asked Dick to confide to me, if he felt inclined, to whom he had capitulated.

"I'm going to surprise you," he said. "I did lean for a fleeting moment or two toward Seagram, because they were being given such a hard time by Conoco. From another point of view, though, it might have been better—fifteen or twenty dollars a share better—if I'd tried to help Mobil prevail. Even if I'd got paid in Mobil stock, that would have been all right with me, because I think Mobil stock is better than Du Pont stock. But it seemed preposterous to imagine that Mobil had a chance—despite the fact that, seventy years after the Supreme Court busted up the Rockefellers and Standard Oil, the incumbent government appears to be sympathetic to the notion of putting big oil companies together again. For several weeks, I was so open-minded about my decision that I might have been won over if any of the contenders that kept besieging me with honey-worded stock-tender literature had had the courtesy to enclose a prepaid-postage return envelope. But no, they all expected me to take care of that. Finally, I decided to accept the last Du Pont offer, which provided that if you got in line early to accept it you could receive all cash, at ninety-eight a share. And even if I ended up, instead, with those one-point-seven shares of Du Pont for each of my Conoco shares, that would give me about seventy-seven dollars a share on a straight stock swap, with no tax to be paid until—if ever—I sold the Du Pont. Moreover, up to a certain moment I could withdraw my Du Pont tender if Mobil came through with an ironclad deal. In my opinion, it never did.

"So I said yes to Du Pont. They were supposed to begin paying off their cash people on August 5th. But nine days went by before I received the $43,904 that I had coming. It's possible that everybody along the way was taking a piece of the float. While waiting for my check to arrive, I called my sister, to see what she'd done with her half of the estate's Conoco. She had sold it so many years ago that she'd forgotten she ever had it. Being deprived of my proceeds all that time was no laughing matter. These guys can talk all they like about their seven- or eight-billion-dollar deals, but from where I stand"—Dick stood up and toyed with his calculator—"it's important to remember that $43,904 invested in money-market funds produces a return, after nine days, of a hundred and eighty-six dollars and fifty-seven cents. You could buy a pretty nice wedding present for that kind of change." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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For the main performance in the symphony hall, the usual bareness of the stage was embellished, elegantly, with a profusion of green plants. The musicians doffed white dinner jackets and blouses rather than their winter black.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

In Pittsburgh, elegance knows no bounds.

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The temporary flare up described above is in no way indicative of faulty performance of the appliance, but rather a situation which is unavoidable and which may be prevented by observing the simple precautions described above.—*Flyer that accompanied a butane-powered lamp from Camping Gaz.*

Only you've got to be quick!

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Blotter in the Collinsville* (*Ill.*) *Herald*]

Edward Elbe of the 200 block of Harrison told Collinsville police that yard fixtures valued at about $500 were stolen from his front yard sometime between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. Friday. The fixtures taken included a stork, two flamingos, two frogs, three rabbits, a Smokey the Bear, a skunk, two squirrels, a possum and a Bambi.

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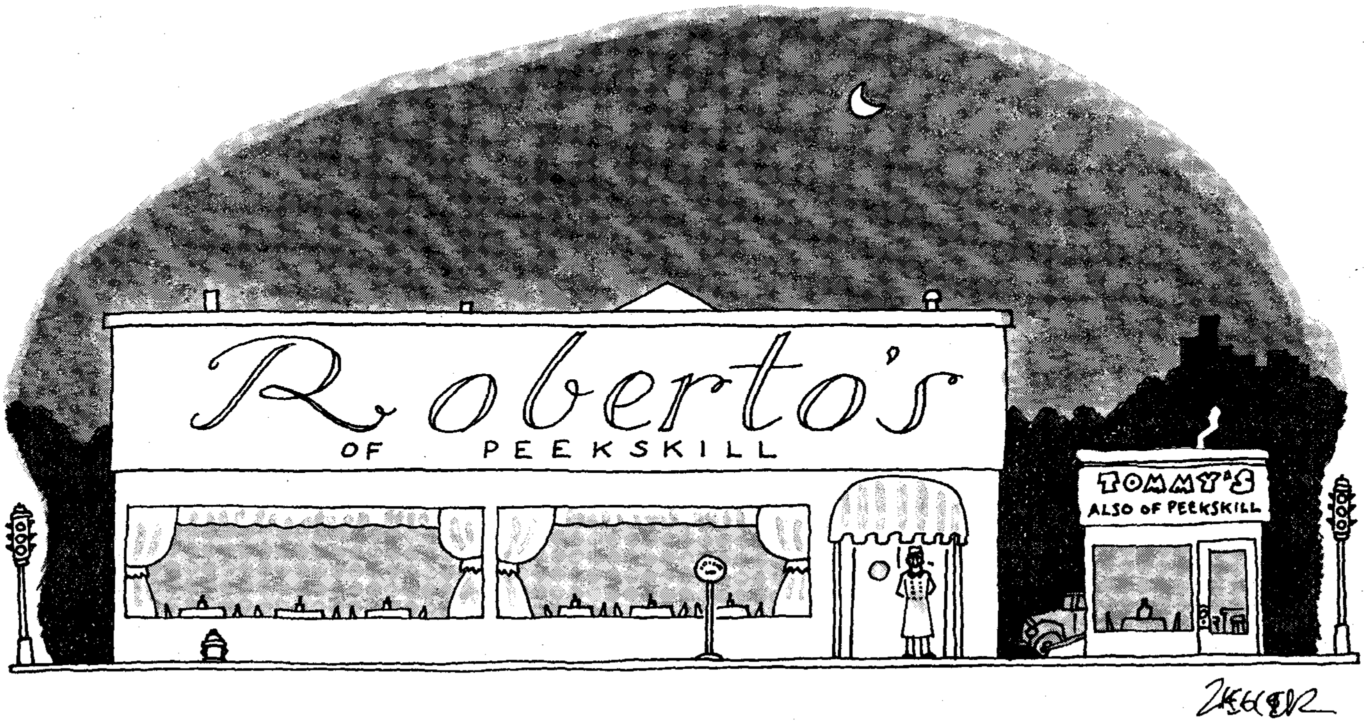
BOOKS

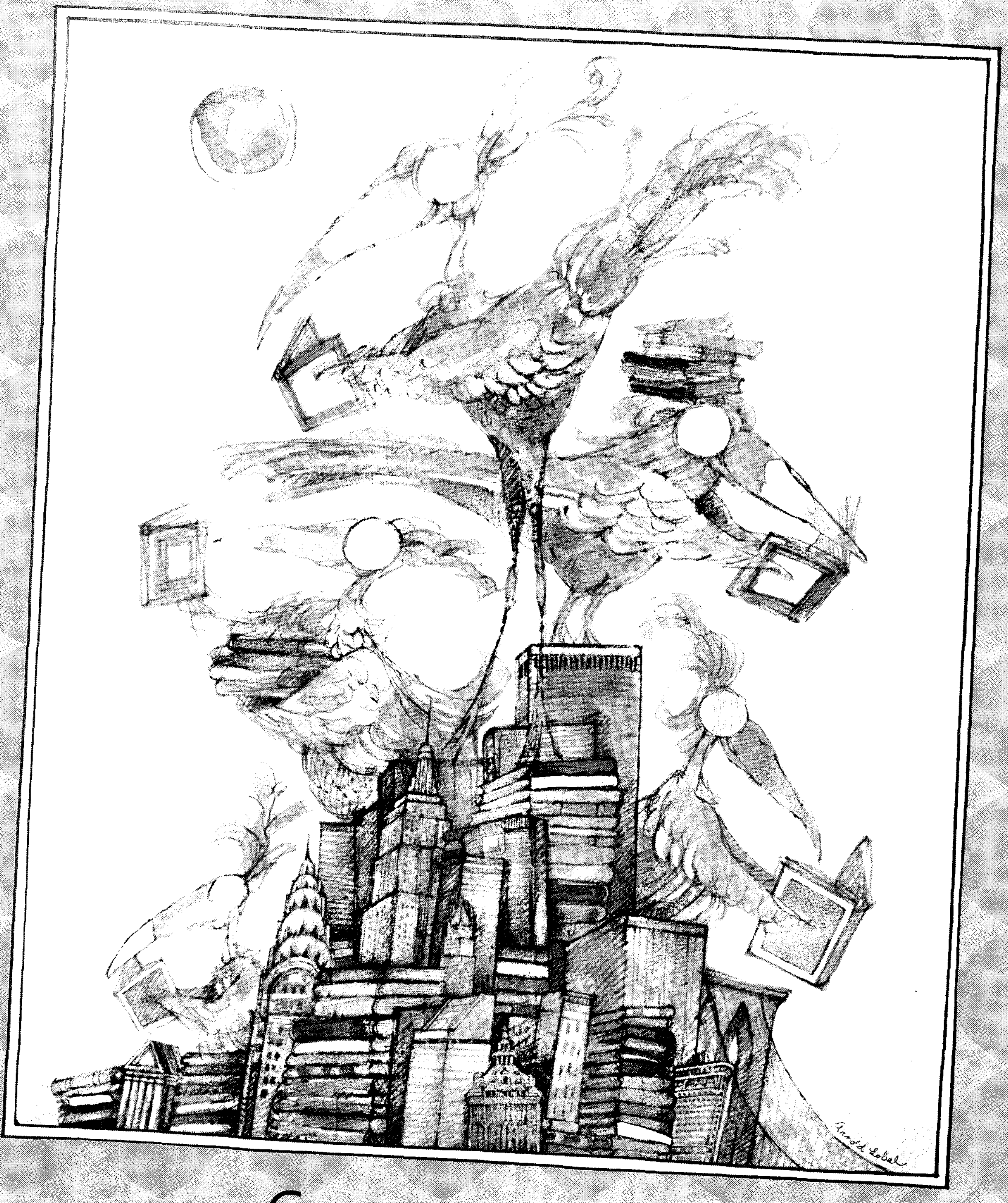
A Woman and a Foreigner

ISAK DINESEN'S "Letters from Africa, 1914-1931," edited by Frans Lasson and translated from the Danish by Anne Born (University of Chicago; $25), is the raw material from which the author quarried her world-famous memoir "Out of Africa," published in 1938. Reserved, stoic, and tactful, that work gave little hint of its author's painful private life, and its admirably pure and exact prose produces an effect of self-possession and self-sufficiency. The letters, an unconscious—and unself-conscious—self-portrait, were written to her mother, her brother Thomas, her Aunt Bess, and her sister Ellen, and their spontaneity reproduces the reality of the author's life in Kenya: struggle, anxiety, and loneliness, with intermittent periods of elation. The letters demonstrate her culture and her intimate involvement with art, literature, and ideas—particularly social thought about the role of women—and they share with the memoir a passion for Africa, its landscape, its peoples, its plants, and its wildlife.

The editor has given us ample assistance, and explains, first of all, how a Danish woman came to be running a coffee plantation in a British colony. In 1912, Karen Dinesen (as a writer, she preferred masculine pen names), at twenty-seven, became engaged to her second cousin Baron Bror Blixen-Finecke. He was a younger son, not an heir, and their rich uncles suggested that British East Africa (later called Kenya) was a land of opportunity. With money provided by her family, Bror went to Africa and bought a coffee plantation. The family, legally embodied as the Karen Coffee Company, retained ownership; Bror was to manage the property on their behalf. At the start of 1914, when this volume opens, Karen joined him, and they were married at Mombasa. He infected her with syphilis, for which she received treatment in Denmark over the years. In the letters, her health always seems uncertain, and she frequently attempts to minimize what was evidently a fifteen-year battle against her own physical fragility in a harsh country. (Though the syphilis was arrested, it ultimately affected her spine, causing great pain, necessitating several grave operations, and contributing to her invalidism in the last seven years of her life. Her family was sympathetic, probably because her father, a distinguished soldier, author, and political figure, had committed suicide in 1895, depressed, the editor tells us, by the "prospect of complete physical and mental disablement resulting from syphilis, contracted many years earlier and never cured.") Bror was a good shot, and was handsome, plausible, and charming, but he could not keep accounts or maintain a conventional relation between income and expenses. In 1921, Karen's uncle visited Kenya and, despite her loyal pleas, fired Bror. He wanted to divorce her, and did, and the family wanted to sell the property, but, against their better commercial judgment, they kept the company going and allowed Karen to stay on as sole manager, because she begged for a chance to make the plantation pay. In ten years, she could not, and the letters end when the family sold. We cannot know how realistic Karen's ambitions and efforts were, but Kenya has not been kind to grand agricultural plans; just after the Second World War the British government sponsored an extensive peanut-growing scheme, which failed. Karen often felt that her family mistrusted her, and in periods of discouragement resented their judgment. She conjured up harrowing scenes in which her aunts gossiped about her marriage and her uncles complained of her extravagance. These letters are partly the inventions of a depressed novelist-to-be, but there is some truth in them. One's creditors *are* one's judges; nowadays, when banks have largely replaced families as sources of capital or credit, they collect bits of information about our marriages and extravagances, to feed into computers, as they sit in judgment on our fiscal reliability.

One of Karen's consolations during these trying years was her liaison with Denys Finch-Hatton, the younger son





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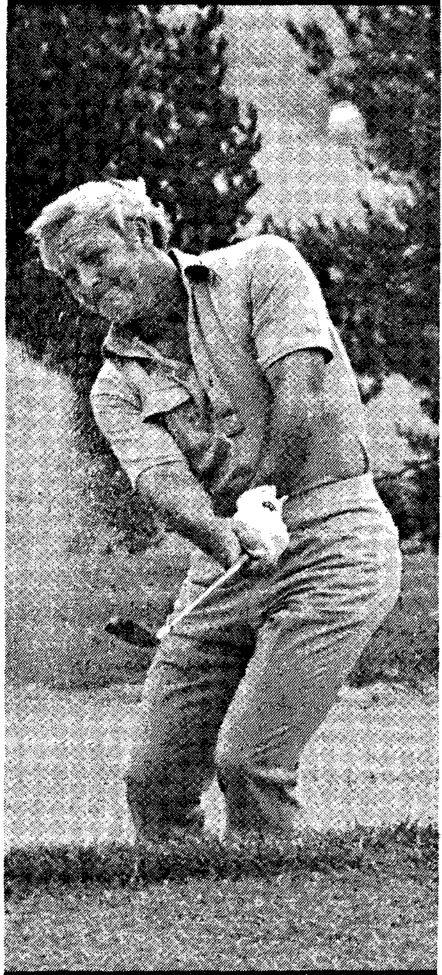

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of the Earl of Winchilsea, who worked in Kenya as a white hunter. He reads like a more polished and magnetic version of her husband. The editor believes that Denys broke with her in the year before she left Kenya, but she continued to worship him, and the last disaster before she went home to Denmark for good was his death in an airplane crash. When these letters close, their author, at the age of forty-six, is returning to live as a dependent on her mother—a failure in her own eyes, with no formal profession, no husband, no lover, no child, no money, and ruined health. She had invested her ego in the lost plantation; two men she loved had both left her; and though she had written and painted, her record of publication and exhibition was scanty. She cannot have known that in writing "Seven Gothic Tales" and "Out of Africa"—two international best-sellers—she was about to find what she had been seeking in Africa: a recognized use for her abilities.

The solitary decade on the plantation may have been an exhausting detour, yet it bears more than a passing relation to her literary work, since it was at once a quasi-literary romantic flight and a romantic pursuit. Like many white settlers in Kenya, Karen was fleeing modern business civilization (although, since plantation agriculture is enmeshed in international finance, she could not flee very far), and, just as the Romantic movement rediscovered the Middle Ages, Karen's first blissful evocations of her life in Africa recall the life of the heroes of Norse sagas. Her letters suggest that Kenya's white-settler society took its tone from culturally retrograde Europeans: restless younger sons, like Bror and Denys, for whom a romanticized, Walter Scott version of feudalism was congenial, and who, like their medieval ancestors—and like the Africans they hired as bearers and servants—found only war and hunting really interesting. It is confusing to think of such men, a thousand years behind the times, as agents of modernization, but that, apparently, was how they justified their presence in Africa. Karen, too, romanticizes the exotic, the primitive, and the violent: her comment "I do not believe that any normal person can live in lion country without trying to shoot them" is as dated as "I should like to give all young women two pieces of advice: to have their hair cut short and to learn to drive a car." Both comments, however, reflect her feminism. Her pride in

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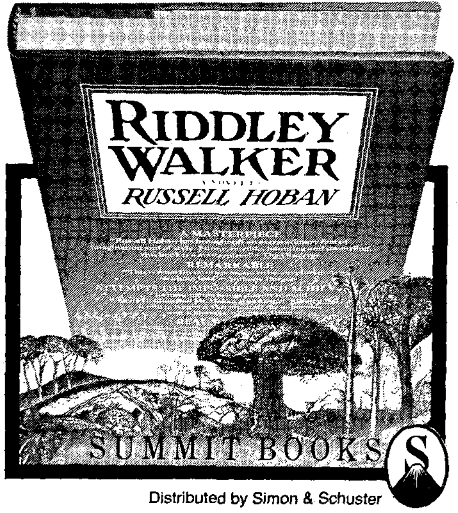

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her marksmanship and her pleasure in shooting wild animals that we now seek to preserve arose at least in part from resentment of European shooting parties she recalls, from which women were excluded. She saw the plantation as a feudal manor of which she was the traditional lord with the traditional lordly privileges, such as hunting (about which she sometimes expressed heroic and mystical feelings that I find hard to understand), and the blameless lions suffered.

Most of her discussions of the role of women, however, are pithy and sensible, and many of her observations clarify present problems. I particularly like her riposte to her aunt's statement that the true role of women is to live for others: "One can 'live for' humanity, or for the poor children of Sengeløse, but one cannot 'live for' Mr. Petersen, at least without spoiling him or making him unhappy, usually both." Unfortunately, her abstract wisdom did not translate into practical judgment; she writes of "giving up my life to loving the independence-seeking Denys," who, like other spoiled men (and women, too), in the name of independence became undependable. There is no sign that, coming and going as he chose, he wasted any thought or effort on Karen's problems.

It is likely that the most satisfying human relations Karen knew in Africa were with the black population. Her feelings evolved from a blanket, patronizing approval of the natives to an appreciation of individuals which allowed her to be genuinely angry and genuinely affectionate and genuinely respectful. She speedily noted that African men had, in their own eyes, lost their raison d'être, because the British had suppressed intertribal warfare. Working for wages on other people's plantations was no more alluring to these erstwhile warriors than it had been to Bror, and Karen commented with indignation that some British settlers' notion of solving the labor problem was to raise taxes, so that the need for cash would force more blacks out of the native subsistence economy and into the cash-wage labor market. Through these letters, we glimpse the workings of a most unsystematic system: one set of colonial policies—suppressing war and the slave trade and diffusing medical care—tended to increase the black population, while another set of policies allocated an inadequate amount of land to the existing population. Well before Karen left, there was not enough room in the na-

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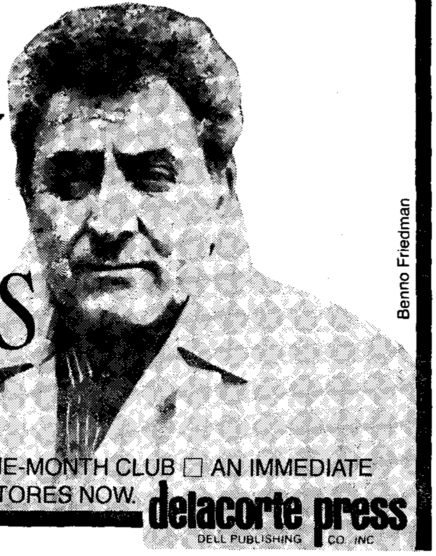
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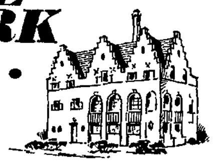

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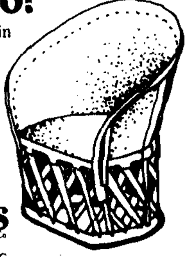

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tive reserves—the only places where blacks had any secure tenure. With the benefit of hindsight, this all looks less like a government than like a self-destroying machine—a happening rather than a colony. Karen saw it as oppressive but durable. It seems never to have crossed her mind that colonies would cease to be. As a historic rarity—a beneficiary of injustice who fought injustice—she busied herself with every kind of practical assistance to her "black brother," convinced that "as a woman and a foreigner" she could not express her anger freely, except, of course, in letters home. I have the impression that she was occasionally scrappier in her dealings with the colonial administration than she meant to be; she was a brave woman who did not always know when she was foolhardy. She did not, like Tolstoy, to whom she refers (the breadth of her literary references is awesome, and does honor to her correspondents as well as to her), formulate a universal philosophy to eradicate oppression but worked directly and intimately to help individuals. Though she tells her correspondents about lords and ladies and her meetings with the Prince of Wales, who dined at her house, most of her letters are populated by Africans. She was an exception to the common rule that unhappy people are self-absorbed. Some of her letters to her brother are heartrending in their frank expression of her loneliness, her uncertainty, and her self-doubt, yet she never lost sight of other people, their realities, their problems, and their concerns. Her intelligence and her fluency are attractive, her character yet more so. She remained superior to her circumstances, and her generosity was always stronger than her misery as she failed—perhaps inevitably—in her attempt to assert the rights of twentieth-century women in an existence imagined by nineteenth-century men.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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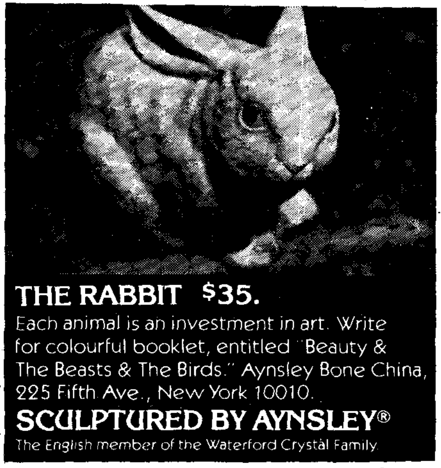

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